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A VICTORY UNFORESEEN

By Ralph D. Paine

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. C. LEYENDECKER

"THAT'S enough for to-night. Turn around and go home. You are a disgrace to Yale, all of you, and you're the worst of a bad lot, Number Five."

The Head Coach roared his convictions through a megaphone from the bow of the panting launch, and the coxswain caught up the words and flung them in piping echoes at the heads of the eight sullen oarsmen facing him. The grind of the slides and the tearing swash of blades abruptly ceased as the slim shell trailed with dying headway to the skitter of the resting oars. Backs burned dull red by the sun of long June days drooped in relaxation that was not all weariness. John Hastings, at Number Five, remembered when to slip along the shore, heading homeward in the twilight after pulling four miles over the New London course, was the keenest joy he had ever known. Now, with the Harvard race less than a week away, the daily toil was a nightmare of ineffective striving. The pulsating shell hesitated between strokes, it rolled without visible cause, and seemed sentiently to realize that the crew was rowing as eight men, not as one.

The boat circled wide and the men swept it listlessly toward the lights of the Quarters at Gales Ferry. They had just undergone the severest ordeal in all athletic training in their race against the stop-watch, yet if the work had been good, they would have finished vibrant as steel springs, spurting in this welcome homestretch like the sweep of a hawk. Squatted on the boat-house float a little later, dousing pails of water over his sweating shoulders, Hastings heard the Stroke growl to Number Seven:

"What's the matter with you loafers back there?"

"I'm not behind," retorted Seven, with hair-trigger irritability. "The trouble is in the middle of the boat. Hastings is too heavy to row in form this year, and he seems to have gone to pieces in the last month. That's where the worst break in the swing comes. Did you hear the Old Man threaten to take him out of the boat and get him a job as a farm-hand?"

The Culprit wearily picked himself up, and dressed in a dark corner of the boat-house, shunning conversation. After the training-table supper, the Head Coach and his younger staff of graduate experts who had flocked back to help stem the adverse tide, summoned the crew into the parlor of the homely old farm-house. The Nestor of Yale rowing, who, for twenty years, had taught Yale crews how to win, leaned against the battered piano, and looked at the ruddy and wholesome young faces around him. It might have been a council about to weigh matters of life and death, so grave was the troubled aspect of the waiting group, so stern the set of their leader's bull-dog jaw.

To-night he had something of their nervous uncertainty, and it showed in the way his strong fingers played with the fringe of the faded piano cover. Picking up the well-worn log-book in which was recorded year

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by year the daily work of Yale crews from January to July, he turned the leaves until a text was found. Then, slamming the book on the piano with a vigor that made the aged wires complain, he said:

"The work has been discouraging ever since you came to New London, but to-day it was so bad that it made me sick. I never saw faster conditions on this course, and yet you clawed your way up river in twenty-two minutes and ten seconds. That is nearly a quarter of a mile slower than last year's crew. Do you know what this means? You are strong enough; you have had plenty of coaching, and I intend to work the very souls out of you to-morrow. If there is no improvement—well, you had better jump overboard and drown yourselves after the race than go back to New Haven. No man's place is safe in this crew, even if the race is only four days off. This means you, Number Five."

There were no songs around the piano, as was the custom in happier evenings, nor did the Head Coach pound the tinkling yellow keys and lead the chorus of "Jolly Boating Weather," as he had done so many nights of so many years when the work had been satisfactory. At nine o'clock, the Captain called out gruffly:

"All out for the walk, fellows."

The squad filed through the gate into the darkness of the country lane for the end of the day's routine, with John Hastings trailing in rear of the procession. He had become fond of this nightly ramble, feeling on terms of intimacy with every stone wall, low-roofed farm-house, and fragrant orchard, and courting the smell of the lush June country-side as the rarest of sleeping potions. But to-night he strode with head down, turning over and over in his mind the haunting list of his sins as an oarsman. Always with him of late, they had been driven home anew by the events of recent hours. He looked up at the quiet sea of little stars, and his self-reproach unconsciously changed to the form of a prayer:

"O Lord, help me to get my power on, and to keep my slide under me. I never worked half so hard, but I know I am heavier and slower than I used to be. Help me to stay on the crew. I don't ask it for my sake, but—but Mother's coming to the race, and this is my third year on the crew, and she never saw a race, and if I'm kicked off now, it will break her heart. It means so much to her, and I am all she has. And —and there's Cynthia Wells—she's coming, too. Oh, it means everything to me, everything."

Such a man was he in the glory of his superbly conditioned strength, such a boy in the narrow limits of his life's horizon, bounded in this crisis by the Quarters, the boat-house, the crew, and the shining stretch of river!

The next morning sparkled with a cool breeze from the Sound, and its salty tang was a tonic after the sultry days that had tugged at the weights of all the men, except Hastings, until they were almost gaunt. When the crew was boated for the forenoon practice, the exhortations of the Head Coach were even hopeful. But after he had sent them on the first stretch at full speed, even the *blasé* old engineer of the launch could see that things were going wrong in the same old way. The emotions of the Head Coach were too large for words and with sinister patience he made them row another spurt. Before he could begin to speak, Hastings knew that there was still a break in the swing at Number Five, and the confirmation came in almost a tone of entreaty from the launch:

"You are still behind, Number Five, while the rest of the crew is swinging better. Try, for Heaven's sake, to get your shoulders on it, and swing them up to the perpendicular as if the devil were after you. Do you want seven other men to pull your hundred and ninety pounds of beef and muscle like so much freight in the boat? I have told you these things a thousand times, and you must hang on to them this time, or I can't risk bothering with you any more. All ready, coxswain, steer for that red barn across the river."

"Forward all. G-e-t ready. R-o-w-w," shrieked the coxswain.

Within the first thirty strokes Hastings felt that he was rowing in no better form than before, although never had he been so grimly determined to row better. Stung to the soul by the taunt of the coach, he threw his splendid shoulders against the twelve-foot sweep, striving always to be a little ahead of Number Six, whose instant of catch was signalled by the tell-tale tightening of the crease in the back of his neck. The Captain called:

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"Give her ten good ones, and look out for the stroke. It's going up."

"O-n-e, T-w-o, Thr-e-e, F-o-u-r, F-i-v-e," gasped the eight, in husky chorus to the cadence of the catch.

"Sl-o-w down on your y-o-u-r slides," yelled the bobbing coxswain. "You're be-h-i-n-d, Number Five."

Hastings could have throttled the coxswain for this. He had heard it so often that it cut him on the raw. The Head Coach picked up the damnable refrain:

"You are behind, Number Five."

Recalling how once, to fill an idle half hour, he had enumerated sixty-four faults possible in rowing a single stroke, Hastings was sure that in this spurt he was committing all these and several as yet unrecorded. The futility of his flurried effort became maddening. Where was his strength going?

The verdict befell as the launch steamed alongside, and a substitute perched on the cabin roof jumped to the deck at the beckoning of the Head Coach, who said, with a ring of sincere regret:

"I am afraid I'll have to try a change at Number Five, to see whether we can patch up that break. Get in there, Matthews. Better get out and take a rest, Hastings."

The cast-off crawled aboard the launch and went aft to the cock-pit under the awnings where he could be alone. Holding himself bravely under the sympathetic eyes of his comrades, he watched the substitute grip the oar, still warm from his own calloused hands. Nor did he yet realize what had befallen him, and felt vague relief that the struggle was done. At dinner, he was cheerful and flippant and the other oarsmen admired his "sand."

The reality began to overtake him when he went to his room under the eaves, and anxiously asked the Stroke:

"Well, how did it go with a new Number Five?"

"A little better," replied his room-mate, with evident reluctance. "The Old Man says he is going to keep Matthews in your seat for the race. It's a hard thing to talk about, Jack. You know how broken up we all feel about it, don't you? We know you tried your level best, and your extra weight this year made you slow, and you couldn't help that. Heard from your folks lately?

Hastings was reminded of things he had feared to let rush into the foreground. He had been too preoccupied to think of looking for mail down-stairs, and was started for the door, when the Stroke halted him with:

"Oh, I forgot to tell you I brought up a couple of letters for you. There they are, on the bureau."

Hastings recognized his mother's handwriting on one envelope, that of Cynthia Wells on the other. He appeared to hesitate which of them to open first, and in this hour of trial, his choice was swayed by an impulse as old as the world:

The letter which he preferred was dated on board the yacht *Diana*, off New Haven, and he read slowly to himself:

DEAR OLD JACK:

I am so happy to be almost at the scene of your victories, past and to come. And I think I have never seen you row. How foolish and inconsiderate of father to drag me abroad so early two seasons on end. But I am bringing all the heaped-up enthusiasm of three years—think of that! I suppose you are as calm as *blanc mange*, while I am jabbering rowing at everybody in sight, and am getting really awfully clever about strokes and catches (are they so very catching?). Your class-mate, Dickie Munson, is on board, and has been coaching me up on the technical mysteries, and spinning many jolly yarns about you. I hear you are to be elected captain of next year's crew, the very grandest honor at Yale. May I offer congratulations in advance? I do so want to see you, and will be one of the worshipping admirers of your prowess! Of course you will be busy until after the race, and then you are to come down to the *Diana* as soon as ever you can. Don't forget that I will have an eye on you all the way down the course.

Yours as ever, CYNTHIA.

Hastings tucked this letter in an inside pocket with reverent care, and without speaking, sought next what his mother would say:

MY DEAREST BOY:

I have decided to come North by sea, and will sail on the *Mohican* to-morrow. The fare is considerably less than by rail, and as you have insisted upon paying the expenses of my wonderful trip, I want to save you all I can. The ship is due at New York late in the afternoon of the twenty-seventh, the day before the race, and I plan to take the earliest train to New London, to reach there that night, if possible. I have the address of the boarding-house in which you have reserved the nice room for me, and you will not have to worry at all about having me met, as, of course, you will not be able to come down from the Quarters. It will be hard to bear, this being so near you on that last night unable even to kiss you good-night and God bless you. After the race you can come to my room, and we will go to New Haven on the special train with the crew.

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Of course you are going to win again, when your mother is coming all the way from the South to see her boy fight for old Yale. Oh, I want so much to see my big, handsome boy, and it will be music for me to hear the thousands cheering him. I received the ticket for the observation train, in car fifteen, and I can find it at the station, as you directed me, so don't have me on your mind for a moment. I pray for you each night, and may God bring me safe to you.

Your loving and adoring

LITTLE MOTHER.

"I don't see how I can let her know," observed Hastings with a long sigh.

"Which?" asked the Stroke, as he searched his comrade's face with shrewd kindliness.

"I mean Mother, of course," was the reply, followed by a sharp prick of conscience. "She is coming up by sea, she is on the way now. The other letter was from a—from a friend. She is to be here, too."

"You ought to meet her in New York—your mother, of course. She is first in your thoughts, I am sure," advised the Stroke, with a perceptible shade of disbelief. "Just let her see that you are sound and lusty, that's what she will care most about. She will be sorry for your sake, not for her own."

Throwing himself across his cot, Hastings looked out of the nearest window, down the river to where the flag above the Harvard Quarters slashed the sky like a ribbon of flame. There were the enemy whom he had helped to defeat, and now it seemed an honorable thing, greatly to be desired, even to row on a beaten crew. The towsled head went to the pillow, and he could no longer help pouring out his heart to his friend:

"Nothing can make it any worse than it is. I have worked every summer so far, and I was going to have a real vacation this year, the first since I have been in college. Now I can't bear to think of any good times, with disgrace hanging over me. I am going to apply for my summer job again, but I've been working in the office of a Yale man, and I am afraid he won't want to have a slob around him who was kicked off the crew four days before the race, will he? Of course he won't. The last month has been simply hell. Mother has been living in the thought of this trip just to see me row against Harvard, and—and, there is a girl—well, I am a big, whining useless baby, that's all."

The Stroke was an older man by five years, who had known a man's stress and sorrows before his college days began. Had he been a man of readier speech, he would have tried somehow to make the sorrowing boy realize that there were other worlds to conquer, wider and more inspiring fields in the years beyond. Yet there was something quite fine in this absorption in the crew; it was what one ought to feel at twenty-one, and it might be better for him to fight it out alone. The Stroke was glad when the youngster marched out of the room without more words. "I hope he stands the gaff," thought the elder man.

Hastings's first impulse had been to flee the place, and he was still busy with the longing to be anywhere away from the sights and sounds that racked him because they were so infinitely much to him. While he struggled with the decision, the eight began to make ready for the long afternoon practice. As the shell swung out of sight around the curve of the shore, Hastings had not believed it possible that anyone could feel as lonely and neglected as he at that moment. Just then he saw a University substitute standing idly in the boathouse door, and he remembered that with one transferred to the eight, and another laid off with a cold, this youngster, Bates, was the sole survivor of the trio which had its own thankless duties and burdens. The intending fugitive made a choice then and there, as he slid down the bank, shouting:

"Aren't you going out to-day to keep tabs on the Red-Heads?"

The solitary substitute ruefully shook his head:

"No, I haven't anyone to man the pair-oar with me, and I'm no good in a single shell. And I ought to be over at the start right now, for the tip is out that Harvard is going to try the four miles on time, their last attempt. How am I going to catch their time, I want to know, with nobody to help me?"

Hastings laid hold of the bow of the pair-oared boat as he said:

"Get hold of the other end of the tub, and we'll put her in the water. I might as well be a substitute, too, if there is work for me to do. We'll hold the watch on the Johnny Harvards in great shape."

The substitute glimpsed something of the sacrifice and struggle in Hastings's offer to help him, but he could not know it all, because he was only a "sub." The two were bending over their stretchers lacing

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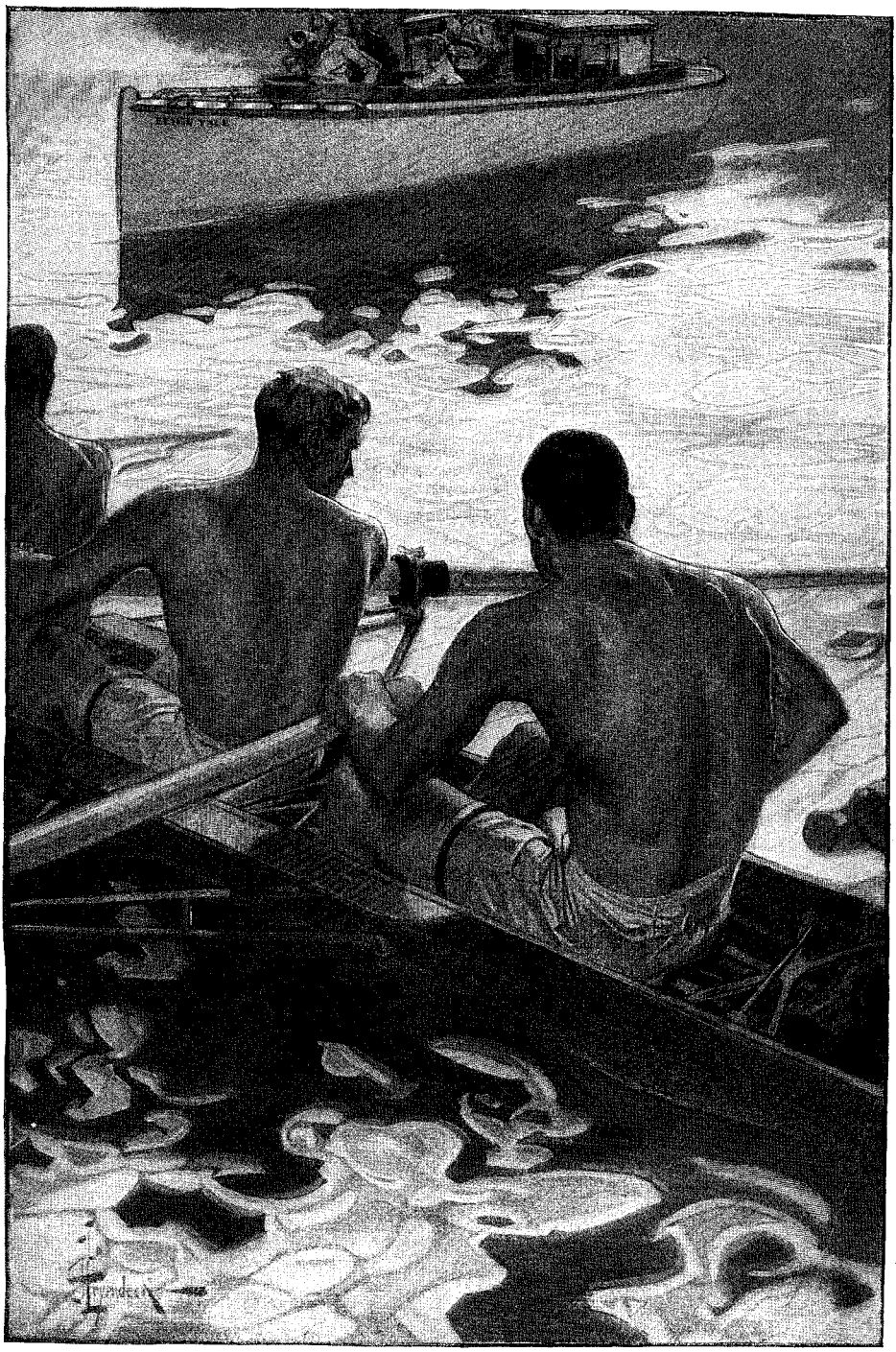

Drawn by J. C. Leyendecker.

"You are a disgrace to Yale, all of you."—Page 1.

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the shoes, when the launch slipped past the float so quietly that the substitutes did not hear it. The Head Coach, however, standing on the forward deck, heard Hastings say to his mate with an evident effort:

"I came pretty near playing the baby act and running away, but if I can help the Yale shell to go faster by being out of it, I am glad of it. That's what I am rowing for, anyhow. And if I can be of any use as a substitute, why, that's what I am here for, too. It is all for Yale, isn't it?"

The two in the pair-oar rowed across the river, landed a half-mile above the start of the four-mile course, and walked down the railroad track.

"We can't do anything more than catch their time over the first mile," observed the experienced Bates; "but that will give us a good line on the gait they are going." Hastings meekly followed instructions to hurry to the hill opposite the first-mile flag, and be ready to wave his handkerchief when the Harvard crew should pass him. Bates, at the start with a stop-watch, would snap the time at this signal. In dust and quivering heat, Hastings trudged along the ties, crept up the hill, and lay on his stomach under a tree, waiting the appearance of the Harvard crew. The tears could not be held back at thought of this humiliation, of the abyssmal gap between this petty spying

Squatted on the boat-house float a little later.—Page 1.

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Hastings lay on his stomach under a tree —Page 6.

in ambush, and all the days in which he had swung by this first-mile flag in the University eight.

There was much time for meditation, and while the first shock had wrecked his every hope, he began to patch the fabric of his dearest dream, until he was ready to believe that, even more clearly than his mother, Cynthia Wells would understand. She would see that he had tried to do his best, that the failure was blackened by nothing left undone, and that his great disappointment was of a piece with those troubles which knit closer the bonds of friendship. She would know that it was "all for Yale," that winning the race was more important than anything else in the world, and he ached for the words of comfort and inspiration she would be so eager to offer. If friendship meant anything it meant help in such times as this.

II

On the day before the race Hastings's occupation as a substitute was gone. The shadow of the morrow was over the Quarters, the atmosphere was funereal, and the strapping oarsmen were coddled like infants. He had no part in the excitement, and was free to meet his mother in New York that afternoon. The news he must bear her made him as nervous as if he were facing the tussle of the eights. After farewells with his other comrades he sought the Stroke, who grasped the hand of the sorrowful exile in a crushing grip.

"Keep your nerve, Jack," said he; "it will all come out in the wash. I know there's a girl in it, and if she is the right sort, she will understand"

Hastings flushed at mention of the feminine factor, as he stammered:

"Of course she will understand. She is that kind, all right. But I hope to Heaven I'll never clap eyes on Gales Ferry again. Damn the place! Good-by. You've been a brick to me, and lots of comfort."

After he had gone, the Stroke looked up from his book for some time, while a tender smile softened his strong mouth. He had found a girl who could understand, and he hoped the same good fortune for his friend.

When the train passed through New Haven, Hastings wore a hang-dog air, fearing recognition. A runaway from New London the day before the race, his college town was

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Leaned toward her to ask whether he could help.—Page 10.

the last place on earth in which he wished to be seen. As he neared New York he braced himself for the meeting with his mother, blindly fearing that she would be sorely disappointed in him. But the *Mohican* had been delayed by heavy weather along the coast and a smothering fog off Sandy Hook, and could not be expected to reach her dock before seven o'clock of the following morning.

Hastings felt as if he were cast away on a desert island. He yearned for his mother now, but she was somewhere out in the fog, and he was alone in New York, alone through the long night before the race with all its smarting, thrilling memories. Long after midnight, unable to coax drowsiness, his thoughts went homing back to the Quarters as he knew the place in these last hours.

He could hear the call of the robin at daybreak in the tree by his window, the call that had aroused him to face the issues of two races when he was Number Five. He could picture the morning scenes, the hush of lawn and house, the enforced lounging on bed and sofa until the summons to be ready and dressed at the boat-house.

Then he recalled the tense waiting on the float for the call of the whistle of the referee's yacht, how the year before they had sat together in the sunshine and sung the chorus of "Jolly Boating Weather." Since then it had become to him a battle song, a chant profoundly burdened with sentiment

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and solemnity. He could not hear it without feeling a lump in his breast. Now the shell would be launched, the men seating themselves with unusual care, and the coaches would shake hands from stroke to bow as the eight shoved off to row over to the start. . . . He wiped the sweat from his face and came back to the stifling room of the hotel in New York, and the sense of cruel isolation.

It was almost daylight when Hastings fell asleep, more tired than he knew, and when he awoke, a glance at his watch told him that he had overslept, and that it was nearly ten o'clock. The reply to a frantic telephone message was that all the passengers of the *Mohican* had gone ashore shortly after eight o'clock. His mother had gone to New London without him, and the express train into which he dove was due to arrive at the scene of conflict barely in time to connect with the observation train, if all conditions favored. Ten minutes behind time, he was running through the New London station, as the tail of the rearward observation cars was vanishing around a curve of the track yard, with cheering in its wake.

Vainly pursuing on foot, Hastings came to a standstill, stranded and alone, unable even to see the race, about to start five miles up the river. Walking down to the nearest wharf, he could see through the arches of the great railroad bridge, the festooned yachts stretching in squadrons beyond, and between them only a little patch of silver lane where the crews would finish.

III

Shortly after noon, there stepped from the first "special" into New London a fragile yet sprightly little woman in rustling black, alone, but confident and unafraid. Her sweet face was made beautiful, even youthful, by the flush of excitement that tinted her cheek so delicately beneath her silvered hair. Violets were pinned at her waist; in one hand she carried a flag of Yale blue, and in the other a decorative souvenir programme "containing the pictures of all the crews." Those near her in the car had watched with pleasure her vivacious interest in this booklet, but only the gentleman sitting next her had been taken into her confidence. Thirty years out of college, he was come from the far West to his class reunion, and he, too, had a boy in Yale. Fortunately or otherwise, he had not kept in touch with the most recent news of the heroic figures of aquatics, and he knew not even the names of the crew of the year at Yale, so that she could enlighten his lamentable ignorance and right willingly. The "souvenir" booklet had been printed a week before the race, too soon to record the change in the *personnel* of the Yale eight, and there was her boy's picture filling a page, a massive young giant, most scantily clothed. The man from the West saw in the picture the mother's brown eyes, and his heart was stirred, for he knew what it was to have an only son with his mother's eyes.

"Yes, John has been on the crew three years," she confided, "and he will be the captain next year. I fairly live with him in spirit through the whole six months of the training season. He has had a very hard time this season, and lately his letters have been a little despondent. But I was never so delighted as when I learned from the head-lines of this morning's newspapers that there has been a wonderful improvement in the last week. Oh, I am excited, there is no use trying to deny it. It is almost too big an event for an old woman to survive."

The gray-haired stranger was comforting, and in the recesses of his memory found certain eulogies pronounced by his son regarding "Jack Hastings, the biggest man in his class, by Jove!" He insisted upon presenting two of his own class-mates, and they bowed low in formal tribute to the "mother of the next captain of the crew."

The porter must leave her bag in the station, for she could not wait to go to the boarding-house when the air was full of tingling sights and sounds, all the excitement and flaunting color paying homage to the prowess of John Hastings. She found Car Fifteen, and sat in a beautiful dream, watching the holiday crowds fill the canopied lengths of open train. What a tale to tell when she should come again to the little colorless village in the South! It seemed impossible to drink it all in when the train began to move and in a few moments the amazing panorama of the Thames flashed into view. The eager eyes of the oarsman's mother passed quickly over the gorgeous marine pictures, by the twisting length of the riotous train, up, up, the river toward the quiet reaches, hoping to discern the white house on the

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high bank and the big blue flag floating above the Quarters at Gales Ferry, a scene she knew from many descriptions.

Soon the train had passed the yachts and the crowds massed on shore, and was opposite the red-roofed home of the Harvard crew, whose crimson flag seemed to her to flaunt an insolent defiance. In near-by cars fluttered many Harvard flags, as the partisans from Cambridge chanted their slogan, inspired of the sight of their rowing camp across the river. She turned to look at the offenders with reproof in her manner. How could they be so misguided as to cheer for Harvard? How dreadful it was to think that if John should be beaten, every one of them would be shouting even louder for joy. So she turned to gaze at the Yale Quarters, which she could see quite plainly, and the ugly brown boat-house squatted at the water's edge.

Her color came and went, and stayed in a brilliant patch when she saw, with a quick intake of breath, a yellow streak appear in front of the boat-house and a number of Lilliputians walking beside it. There seemed an eternity of delay before the wisp of a shell settled on the water, and nine figures climbed into it, while her heart was tripping it furiously.

The thing became in motion, it was crawling across the river like a mechanical toy, with frequent pauses. Could this be The Crew, this fragile thing that moved over the water so slowly? A roar from the Harvard cars, and Mrs. Hastings turned to see a similar set of manikins swaying in as absurd a boat, heading out from "Red Top." The mother looked at them only for an instant, because the Yale crew was crossing the river faster than she could realize, and soon it was half a mile above the start, paddling and drifting down with the tide to get into position at its stake-boat. She wanted to call imploringly to the referee to bring the crew nearer, nearer, so that she might see the men, and count from the bow, to two, three, four, *five*. Presently the shell swung round, parallel with the shore, and manœuvred into position scarcely twenty yards from the observation train hanging on the edge of the bank.

At last the mother could look for Number Five. She counted with an eager and quivering finger. No, she must have made a mistake—that was not John at Number Five. They must have shifted him to another seat at the last moment.

She flung away all method and searched the stern young faces from stroke to bow, from bow to stroke and back again, with yearning agony of intensity. She made bold to ask that the gentleman next her lend her his field-glasses for a moment, and focussed them on the shell, seeking in vain. The color had fled from her cheeks, and she sat back, white and silent, beyond speech. Around her raved the cheers of thousands, but the rocketing "rahs" for Yale sounded in her ears like some barbaric funeral chant. She had become old and weak far beyond her years.

Her distress was unnoticed, and through a haze she saw the long shells leap from their leashes with incredible suddenness in tearing cascades of foam. To the mourning mother the race was no more than an exhibition of automatons, as Harvard took the lead, and then the long Yale swing cut it down remorselessly, foot by foot, until the gap was closed. She closed her eyes with a weary sigh, but rallied in a little while to try to make herself heard above the din. Yale was spurting gallantly, and those around her were oblivious to the quavering voice and its vital questions:

"Where is John Hastings? Number Five in the Yale Crew? Where has he gone? What have they done with him? Oh, tell me, tell me, tell me, please. I am his mother."

Yale hopes drooped as Harvard met the spurt, and in the lull a young man of a kindly face saw that she was ill, and leaned toward her to ask whether he could help. She was able to make him understand, and there was a huskiness in his voice that came not all from cheering, as he said:

"Why, he's all right, safe and sound as a dollar. He was taken out of the boat four or five days ago, and Matthews put in his place. No, I don't know what the matter was. Too heavy, I fancy. I'm awfully sorry for you."

Where else should a boy flee in time of trouble than straight to his mother's arms? Therefore the reason for his disappearance must be an alarming one. Then she felt a blaze of swift anger. It was an outrageous act of injustice, this deed of the Yale coaches. They were no better than conspirators thus to treat the best oarsman they had. It was not in a mother's

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philosophy to grasp the viewpoint that what was best for Yale was best for all who fought for its glory. She vowed that a reckoning was due, and that her duty was to see these coaches, and tell them the truth before she left the scene. And so, between wrath and tears, she saw the race end, saw the Yale crew sweep across the finish line, victors over Harvard by four lengths. This was what she had come to see, what she had lived in the hope of seeing through three long years, and now all had turned to ashes.

Wearily she threaded a way through the thronging railroad station, found a cab, and gave the driver directions for reaching the boarding-house where a room awaited her. Her steps faltered as she toiled up the stairs, and all that gave her strength for the ascent was the flicker of hope that John might be there, or that some message had come from him. The room was empty, the table bare of letter or telegram. Carefully laying her bonnet and jacket on a chair, she looked at her face in a mirror, and it frightened her. Although she was eager to be out again in search of the way to Gales Ferry, rest was imperative, and she crossed over to the bed and lay down for a few moments until the dizzy faintness should pass.

IV

When John Hastings drifted down to the wharf nearest the railroad station, he laid an almost aimless course. While he could not see the race, he was drawn to the harbor into which flowed the river, the river by whose bank, five miles away, his comrades were waiting for the summons, and perhaps even then singing "Jolly Boating Weather," as it was never sung at any other time.

Through the maze of fragile shipping flying the flags of a dozen yacht clubs threaded a naphtha launch hurrying toward the bridge, the cock-pit gay with white gowns and blue uniforms, and Yale colors fluttering at bow and stern. The outcast bestowed no more than a scowling glance on the glittering, humming pleasure craft, and was about to saunter shoreward with a vague intent of hovering near the telegraph office until the result of the race should be known, when the beckoning flurry of several handkerchiefs delayed his retreat.

He walked to the end of the wharf in idlest curiosity, and the possibility staggered him only an instant before he knew the fact. There was no mistaking the trim and jaunty figure in the bow for anyone else than Cynthia Wells herself, as she flicked the steering-wheel over and ran the craft close to the string-piece, while the sailor in the stern held fast with a boat-hook. Her voice was lifted in peremptory command:

"Scramble right down here this minute, and tumble aboard, Jack. We are awfully late already. Broke down on the way from the *Diana*. I don't know what in the world you are doing here, but we can't pass such an image of desolation. Hurry, please. I am the skipper to-day."

Jack would have vastly preferred to run away. This meeting was not at all what he had planned. His misery loved company limited to one, and that one was hedged about by half a dozen laughing men and girls out for a holiday lark. He realized how sorry a figure of a man he was in this scene, but retreat meant cowardly flight, and there was the shadow of consolation in being near her. The grip of "Dickie" Munson's hand spelled understanding of the situation as the classmate said:

"We're tickled to death to kidnap you this way, Jack. It's a tough day for you, I know, but you must not miss the race. Get forward. There's room by Miss Wells, and, of course, she is dying to see you."

When he found himself standing by the side of Cynthia, she was alert and absorbed in steering the launch with confident ease toward the swirling channel between the arches of the bridge, where small craft darted and drifted in common eagerness to find positions along the last mile of the swarming course.

The jolly wind whipped a straying lock of gold-shot hair across her eyes, and she brushed it aside with an impatient gesture. Her adorable face, warm with the glow of many summer days of sun and breeze, was set in serious alertness. Standing straight and tall, head thrown back and shoulders squared, the poise and look of her were as athletic as the bearing of the man at her side. With her mind wholly intent on the business in hand, she said crisply:

"I have the right of way over that tub to port? Why doesn't he head inshore? How is the tide through that middle arch, Jack? You ought to know."

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He made brief reply. Unreasonably sensitive, he did not realize that her preoccupation was essential. At the least, he had expected she would speak some ready word of the sympathy he craved, because he stood for a tragedy in which she ought to show concern. Did she not know, could she not feel what this flight up the course meant to him, "Jack Hastings, Number Five"? But the girl at the wheel was too busy even to note the gloom in his face, as she shot the launch into a roomy berth near the three and a half mile flag, at the edge of the streak of open water. Then Cynthia turned to Hastings, held out a firm brown hand, and said with a happy smile:

"There, congratulate me. Could your coxswain, with his absurd little megaphone and all his importance, do a neater trick of steering than that? Now, you poor unfortunate boy, I am ready to hear all about your troubles. We heard yesterday, when we came ashore at New London, that you had been evicted, or had gone on strike, or something of the sort. Are you all broken up over it, and how did it happen? I am terribly disappointed, too. I came on to see you win a race. I don't care a rap for the other heroes. Poor old Jack! He looks as if he were chief mourner."

She patted his hand with a motherly air, and the mourner sighed heavily. Evidently she was making a gallant effort to hide her genuine emotion from the alien company. He tried to imitate her lightness of manner as he replied, with a laugh that was a trifle shaky:

"Yes, I have been out of the crew four days, Cynthia, and it seems four years. It was awfully good of you to pick me up, but I don't know whether I am glad or not. Perhaps you ought to have left me alone."

"And why, Mister Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance? Didn't you want to see me?"

There was archness in the query, even a trace of pretty coquetry in her air. Where was the kinship of souls, that wonderful symphony of understanding he had dreamed of as come true? With a fierce onset of earnestness, he confided:

"I wanted to see you more than anyone else in the world. I wanted to see you more than I wanted to see my mother. She is looking for me now. She is on that train up yonder. It has been a pretty hard day for me, and I thought it would be for you."

She tried to make amends:

"Why, of course, it is a dreadful disappointment for you, and for me, and for all your friends, Jack. But aren't you glad it gave you the chance to be here? I certainly am. And I'm trying to make the best of it, and so must you. You are the same old Jack, you know, in the crew or out."

The first smile in days broke over his face. If he was the same old Jack to her, the rest of the world could go hang. He was about to tell her what he ached to reveal in a rush of pent-up desire, what THE CREW stood for, and how much of his life was bound up in it. She caught the kindling light in his face, and before he spoke, she thought this light was all for her. That his interest should be absorbed in the crew, rather than in Miss Cynthia Wells, piqued her, even now, as he began:

"I was afraid the crash was coming for some time. Nobody can know how I hoped and worried through those weeks, when I felt that I was slipping back. I did not write you about it, because I could not believe there was any serious danger of my being thrown out at the last moment, and I knew it would harrow you to share this worry with me. I—I—wanted your——"

The class-mate behind him jumped to his feet and shouted:

"There they come! Yale! Yale! Yale!"

Hastings glanced along the water level up-river. Two black dots were visible, each fluttering thread-like tentacles. Abreast of them trailed the observation train, like a huge serpent of gaudy hues. He bit his lip and trembled with sudden excitement, while Cynthia Wells stood, one hand shading her eyes, so eagerly intent that it was plain that she had forgotten the oarsman out of the shell. The sea of blue, rippling along the train, told him that Yale was leading. He shut his eyes, fearing, until it sickened him, that some accident might happen to Yale, even with what seemed to be a safe lead.

V

To those who did not know, the winners seemed to be playing with rowing as they swept toward the finish. With no apparent effort the blue-tipped blades flashed in and out, without even a feather of spray. Forward and back again rocked eight bare

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He found himself standing by the side of Cynthia.—Page 11.

backs, working as if coupled on the same connecting rod. Hands slipped easily into arched and heaving chests, and shot out with lightning speed; slow, slower, swooped the shoulders squared beneath necks like fluted columns and heads poised with airy grace. As Hastings leaned far out on the bow of the launch, waving his hat in a fury of approval, the shell rushed by him not twenty feet away, and the complaining roar of the slides was music in his ears. He could feel with that agony of effort to keep in form when every muscle cried out in rebellion, and the choking fight for breath, and yet, with it all, the glory of making the swing and catch fairly lift the quivering shell. And he knew, also, the intoxication of the sight of the Harvard crew laboring astern, as seen through eyes half blinded with sweat.

Hastings was lifted out of himself until he saw his crew cease rowing and the oars trail like the wings of a tired bird. Then the defeated crew went past him. There were breaks in the swing, heads nodded on the catch, backs were bending, and bodies swaying athwartships. It was anything now to cross the line and rest.

Hastings had a new realization of what these whipped oarsmen felt, they whose high hopes were wrecked, whose labor, as long and as faithful as that of the winners, had gone for naught. After all, he did not belong with the winners, he was one of the

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losers, and he wished he might shake their hands. He cheered with all his voice, and Number Five of Harvard turned a drawn face to this salutation so close at hand, and in a quick glance recognized his dethroned rival, whom he had once met on the lawn at Gales Ferry. The man in the boat flashed a smile of comradeship to the man in the launch, and both felt better for the incident.

Cynthia was clapping her hands, then she tore the violets from her gown and flung them as far as she could toward the distant crew.

"Yale! Yale!" she cried. "Cast off. I want to work the launch down that way to see them. Wasn't it glorious? Oh, I never saw anything half so fine. I want to shake their hands, every one of that beautiful, blessed crew. I'd give ten years of my life to be one of those men at this moment."

She had not looked at Jack, but he was determined to obtrude himself somehow.

"How about the man who worked just as hard, and gets none of this hero worship? Doesn't he deserve anything from you?"

"Poor old Jack!" she said tenderly. "Why, I forgot all about you for a little while. It is a shame you are not there. You ought to have tried just a little bit harder, hadn't you? Now you can't be a hero, but don't you care. We are all as sorry as sorry can be."

The launch had daringly poked a passage close to the float on to which the crew was now clambering from the shell. Big brown, half-naked men were hugging each other, and clumsily dancing in stockinged feet. Eagerly Cynthia asked her companion:

"Do tell me which is which, Jack. I want to be able to know them all by name. Which is the Stroke, and which is the man at Number Five? I want to see if he looks like you."

Hastings gave the information very soberly. The Stroke caught sight of his clouded face, and yelled to his fellows:

"Hey, here's Jack Hastings! Three long cheers for him. Are you ready?"

The cheer given by men still struggling to regain their normal breathing came so gratefully to John Hastings that he felt like whimpering, because *they* understood. The launch was deftly steered alongside the float, and grabbing the outstretched hand of Hastings, the Stroke nearly pulled him overboard, as he whispered:

"Jack, I am glad you could see the race with the Only One. It must have helped you over the rough places. There is nothing like it when things look blue. God bless you both. Where is your mother? Be sure to come down to New Haven to-night, won't you?"

The Stroke jumped to help load the oars on the coaching launch just as Cynthia said to Hastings:

"Why didn't you present me? I think you are a stupid old Jack."

Where was his mother? Guilty and ashamed, he stammered:

"Please set me ashore anywhere as soon as you can, and I shall be eternally grateful."

She pouted.

"Do you want to leave me so soon? Certainly, I will put you ashore if you wish. You have been as cross as a bear. You must do penance by coming off to dinner to-night."

"Thanks, I have another engagement," said he shortly

The observation train had gone to the station, and it must be emptied of its freight by this time. There was no more time for talk with Cynthia, and he did not know what else to say to her to whom the day was an outing, vastly exciting and enjoyable. Still he sought one last word of sincere realization of his ill-fortune, and found no response to his own heart hunger. He said "Good-by," as he stepped ashore, and holding her hand for a moment:

"I am glad that you have had such a pleasant afternoon, Cynthia. A friend in need is a friend indeed."

The tribute touched and pleased her, and the irony of it wholly escaped her, as she gayly called after him:

"Be sure you don't forget to look us up to-night."

VI

HASTINGS did not look behind him, as with lowered head he ran along the railroad track to the station, jumped into a cab and urged the driver to speed to the house where his mother must be waiting.

Someone within heard his footstep, knew it for what she craved most to hear, and was in the door-way of her room, when he saw her. Picking her up like a child, he covered her white hair, her tired face, her hands, with kisses, and as she clung weeping on

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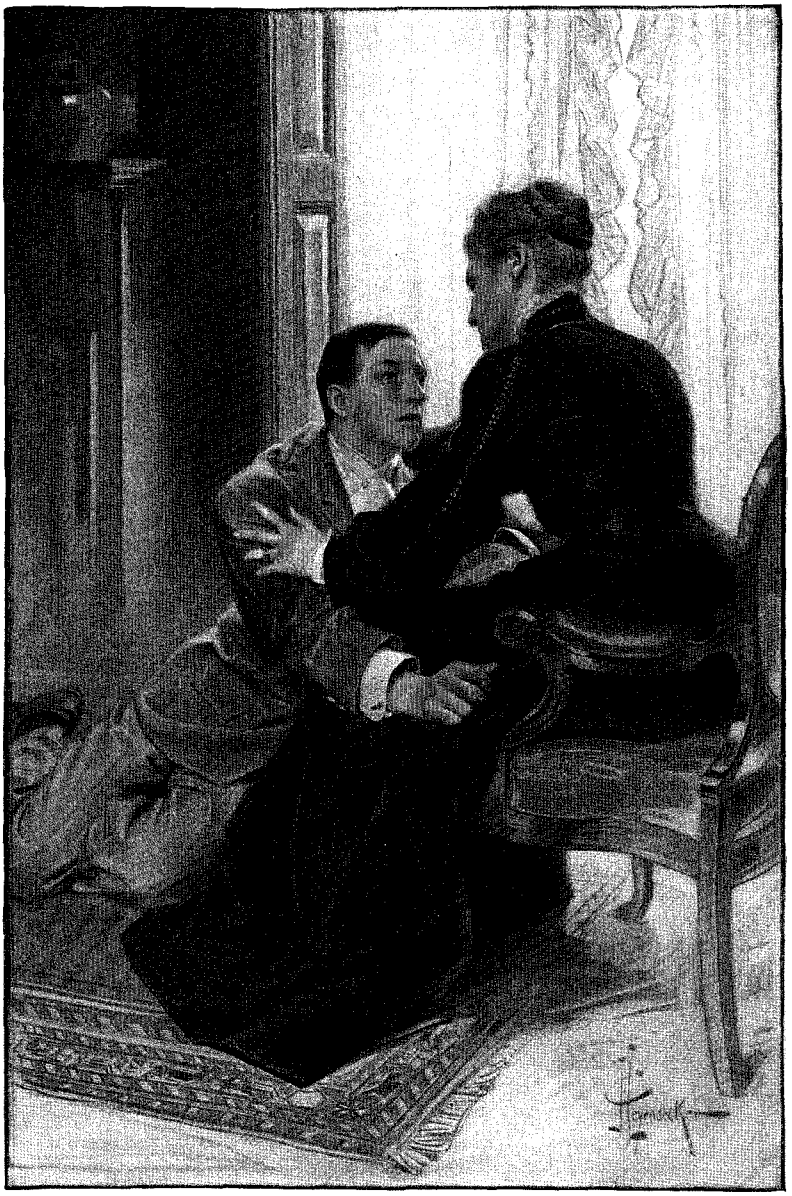

He was the little boy who used to flee to that dear sanctuary in every time of trial.

his breast, he carried her to a big arm-chair in the bay-window. He was on his knees with his rumpled head in her lap when she found broken voice to say:

"Oh Jack, are you well? Are you all right? My own precious boy! I have come to comfort and love you. Nothing else matters. Nothing else matters to me, now that I have found you safe and sound."

She twisted her slim fingers in his thick brown hair, and as she felt the warm pressure of his head in her lap, the years had stepped aside, and he was the little boy who used to flee to that dear sanctuary in every time of trial. And to her this was only another trouble, which only Mother could understand and clear from his path. When at length he looked up, she was shocked to

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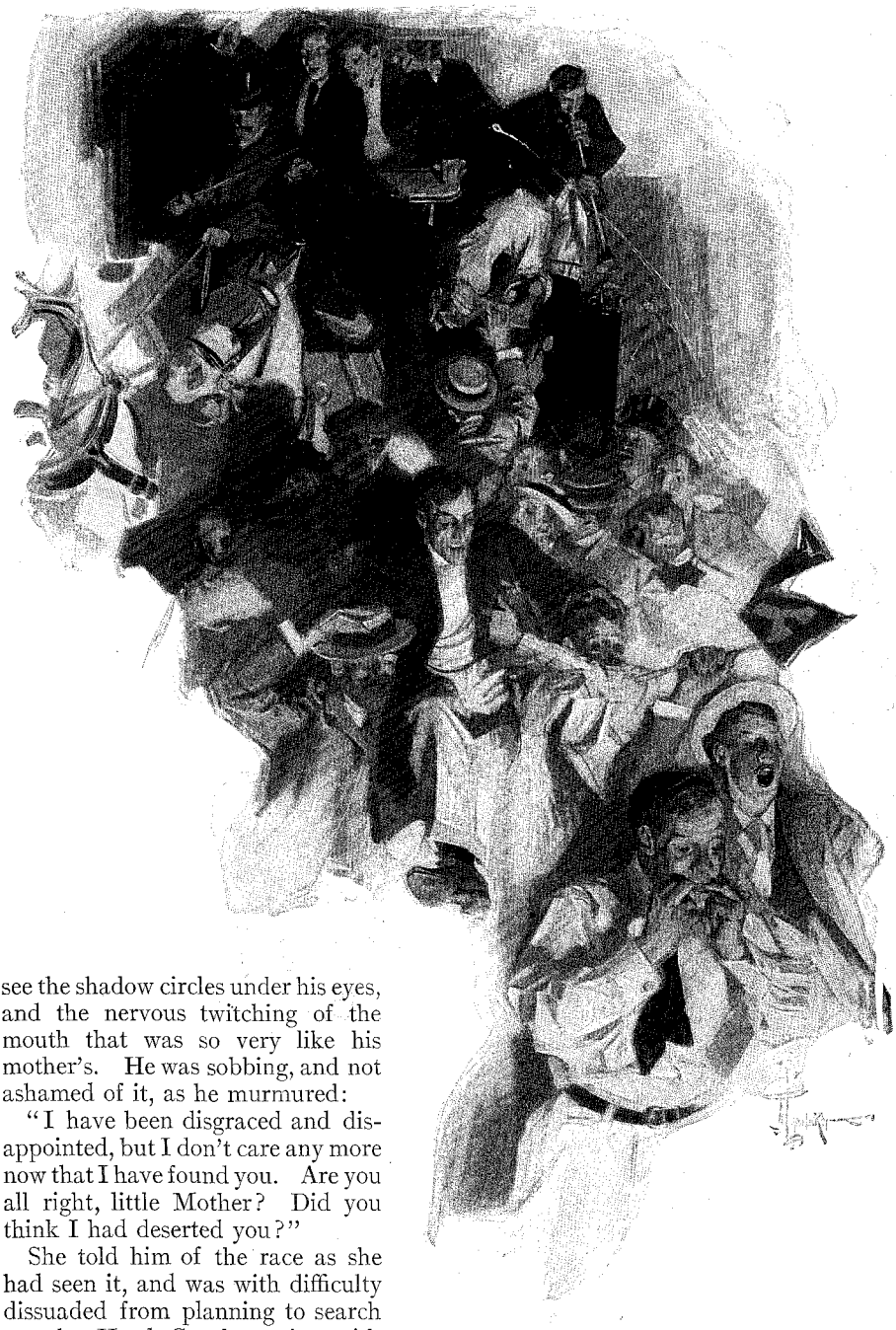

The crew were borne on tossing shoulders.—Page 18.

see the shadow circles under his eyes, and the nervous twitching of the mouth that was so very like his mother's. He was sobbing, and not ashamed of it, as he murmured:

"I have been disgraced and disappointed, but I don't care any more now that I have found you. Are you all right, little Mother? Did you think I had deserted you?"

She told him of the race as she had seen it, and was with difficulty dissuaded from planning to search out the Head Coach, crying with the angry sparkle he loved of old:

"It is not lady-like, Jack, but I would like to scratch his horrid eyes out. Of course, he should have kept you on the crew, but we are not going to cry over spilt milk, are we? I want you to tell me all about it—everything—so that we can look and find some consolation. Every cloud has a silver lining."

While he carried the tale down to the parting with Cynthia she smiled and frowned in

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turn, and wiped her eyes before he had finished. A mother's intuition read between the lines and when the rueful confession halted, her arm stole around his neck, and she kissed him again.

"It is a sad story," she said; "but never let me hear that word disgrace as long as you live. Of course, I was nearly killed about it to-day, and I should have been crying for four nights at sea if I could have heard the news before I started. But it would have been only because you were unhappy and disappointed. What else are mothers for than to understand when the world seems upside down? When you were seven years old, you were kept home from a Sunday-school picnic by the chicken-pox, and you told me in floods of tears that you didn't 'b'lieve you could never, never, be happy again.' I knew how small your world was, and that the chicken-pox was big enough to fill it to overflowing.

"Now you have tried your best, you rowed as well as you knew how, and the crew was everything to you, just as it ought to be. But some day you may have larger troubles, and they, too, shall pass away, and more and more you will come back to the simple gospel of living I have tried to teach you, that there is only one standard by which to judge success or failure. Is the thing worth while, and have you done your best in the best way to gain it? I don't mean to preach, my boy mine. You don't want that. You want your mother. I know, I know."

She stroked his cheek as he went deep into his heart, and brought up more than he had ever told her before of his dreams of love, first love, and of what he had been building. His mother knew that she must be careful, and she hesitated, as if pondering how best to speak her view-point.

"She did not understand, poor girl. It is not all her fault, and it is not yours, laddie boy. When the race began and I saw that you were not in the crew, it seemed as if I were in the depths of a bad dream. I was with you all the way, and I thought of nothing else. And I know that while you would have been with me if you could, yet if the girl were here you would wish in your heart to find her first. No, don't try to deny it. But she did not know at all what it meant to you, she could not know. But if she had loved you, she would have understood as I did. We will talk about her all night if it will make your heart-ache any better. What are we going to do now?"

The boy straightened himself and threw back his wide shoulders, because his mother saw no cause for reproach in his downfall. But he did not want to see the crew again, and he wished to avoid the riotous celebration soon to burst. Obviously the best plan was to go to New Haven at once, where they could find refuge in his rooms, and pack his trunk for the vacation departure.

To him this little journey from New London was a panic flight, to her it was made radiant by the one fact that her boy had come back to her. After dinner, in a quiet corner of the college town, they went to his rooms on the campus. The sight of the two twelve-foot oars on the walls, his own trophies of two victories, their handles stained dark with the sweat of his hands, made her turn to him as they entered:

"Nothing can ever take those away from you, with all their splendid story of success."

The boy looked at them for an instant, then brushed a hand across his tired young eyes.

"Better make kindling of them," he said. "Look at that one over there. I won it as a raw, overgrown Freshman, and three years later I can't do as well as I did then. Matthews, "the sub," will hang my third oar on his wall next year. I am going to curl up on the window-seat and rest a while, Mother. I feel all played out."

She, too, was very tired, but felt that her son had need of her, and she tried to soothe him to sleep, and smiled as she found herself half unconsciously humming a slumber-song she had crooned to him twenty years before. Her photograph was on his desk, and framed near it the winsome face of Cynthia Wells, and she crossed the room to look closely and comprehendingly at the girl who had acted in her own world as naturally as had the youth in his. When she returned to the window, her son was asleep, and she softly kissed him.

Looking across the green, she saw a blaze of red fire that colored the evening sky. Rockets and Roman candles began to spangle the illumination, and presently the far-away blare of a brass band crept nearer. She knew that these were signs of the home-coming of the crew, of the celebration whose glories Jack had eloquently portrayed. It was not disloyalty to him

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that she should want to see what it was like, although she knew he would not want to be there. Yet feeling traitorish qualms, she scribbled a little note, saying she had gone out for a "breath of fresh air," and stole down the staircase.

When she came to the corner the procession was rioting up Chapel Street toward the campus. The band preceded a tally-ho, on top of which were the heroes in their white boating uniforms, nervously dodging innumerable fiery darts aimed straight at them by wild-eyed admirers on the pavement. Behind, surging from curb to curb, skipped thousands of students and townspeople, arm in arm, in common rapture. The wavering line of fireworks told that the tail of the parade was blocks and blocks away.

The coach was stopped at the corner of the campus, as a hundred agile figures swarmed up the wheels, and dragged the crew to earth, from which they were instantly caught up, and borne on tossing shoulders to the stone steps of the nearest recitation hall. There they were held aloft, still struggling, while cheers greeted each by name.

VII

Now the celebration programme would have been halting and inadequate if the Assistant Manager of the Yale Navy had not hurried to New Haven on an earlier train. He had been in the car with John Hastings, and took it for granted that the sweet-faced woman of the silvery hair must be his mother. He was plunging through the crowd on the stone steps, trying to rescue the oarsmen in order to head them toward the banquet hall, when beneath the arc light on the corner, a little way out of the tumult, he saw the timid lady for whom he had felt much sympathy. The Assistant Manager was ably fitted for his official task of looking after details, because he fairly boiled over with initiative, and with him to think was to act, as the powder speeds the bullet. He dashed across to Mrs. Hastings, and said, with a hurried and apologetic bow:

"Beg pardon, but this is Jack Hastings's mother, are you not? Yes, thank you, I was sure of it. It may seem presumptuous, but I have heard lots about you, and Jack has convinced me that you are the finest mother in the world, bar one. I have been so infern—so very busy since I got in town from New London, that I have had no time to look up Jack. We want him at the dinner, everybody does, and we want you just as much. In fact, you must be my special guest, and hear the speeches, anyhow, if you won't stay any longer. Jack's asleep, is he? Well, we'll wake him up, all right."

The alarmed little mother tried to protest several things at once. Jack had sworn he would not go to the dinner, and that he would break the neck of the man who should try to rout him out. Of course, Jack would not do that really, but he was all worn out and needed the rest. Please not to disturb him, and she would not dream of going without him, and she did not want to go at all. Her earnestness was almost tearful, but the Assistant Manager, who had heard perhaps the first ten words, darted off and was back with two young men whose fists were full of cannon crackers. He had each fast by the coat-collar, and shoving them into the foreground like a pair of marionettes, he breathlessly blurted:

"Mrs. Hastings, may I present Mr. Stower and Mr. 'Stuffy' Barlow, both Seniors, highly dignified and proper persons. This is Jack Hastings's mother. You are to escort Mrs. Hastings down to Harmonium Hall, and see that she has a nice seat in the gallery or near the door. No trouble at all, Mrs. Hastings, I assure you. Awfully glad to have had the honor of meeting you. Good-by. I'll run over to Jack's room and drag him down there in five minutes."

Mrs. Hastings had all the sensations of being kidnapped. She tried to protest, even to resist, but was like a leaf caught up in a torrent, as Messrs. Barlow and Stower, both talking at once, handed her politely but firmly into the depths of a hack, climbed in after her, and slammed the door.

Almost in a twinkling, as it seemed to the agitated mother, she was being ushered carefully into a small music gallery overlooking the banquet floor, where, from a shadowy corner she could overlook the festivities in semi-seclusion. She waited only until her genial abductors were out of sight, and then slipped furtively toward the stairs, intending, of course, to return to her boy if he did not appear forthwith. Uneasy and fluttering, she was also keenly interested, for had not John placed this picture before her, and what it had meant to him in other years?

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He met her at the top of the stairway, looking sheepish and alarmed. She tried to explain, but he cut her short with a laugh:

"I know all about it, Little Mother. You fell a victim to the wiles of a terrible set of villains. You couldn't help yourself. Neither could I, when I heard how you had been spirited away. Now you are going to stay and see the fun, aren't you?"

She tried to persuade him to leave her and take his seat with the celebrants.

"No, I have lost my seat," said he, with the old shadow on his face. "I don't belong there any more. . . . I don't want to be seen. But the fellows promised not to give me away. It is pretty nervy for me to come at all. But I am here only to escort you."

She took his hand and held it while they sat well back in a corner of the gallery and watched the company trooping in. To the young oarsmen, so clean-cut and strong, tired but happy, all their woes and fears forgotten, this was their day of days. In a long row were seated the University eight, the substitutes, and the Freshman crew, which had also won its race. At the head of the table was "Big Bill" Hall, stout oarsman of thirty years ago, now a much stouter citizen. The captain of the crew was at his right, and at his left hand the beaming Head Coach, burned as black as any Indian. In another group were the younger coaches, most of them old strokes and captains, and mighty men at Yale in their time. Other oarsmen of other days were welcomed, regardless of the formality of invitation. Perhaps forty men around the board had known the test of the four-mile course, brothers of the oar through nearly two generations of rowing history.

The outcast was able to keep his poise until the Glee Club quartette rose to sing, by special request of the Head Coach, "Jolly Boating Weather." The first tenor had a sweet and sympathetic voice, and he had heard the story of the singing of this song on the float just before the race, wherefore he did the verses uncommonly well.

Then the old fellows, some with grizzled thatches, and some with thatches scant and thin, had their innings and pounded the table to emphasize their harmonious declaration that

> Twenty years hence such weather
> Will tempt us from office stools,
> We may be slow on the feather,
> And seem to the boys old fools,
> But we'll still swing together——

The song carried to Hastings as the last straw to break the endurance which had pulled him through the long, long day. He did not want his mother to see his quivering lip, and he thought she would not perceive that he was near to breaking down. Did she know? Why, she felt his emotion in the hand she clasped tighter than before, she read his thoughts in the very beat of his pulse, and when he whispered that he must have caught a cold in the head because he was getting an attack of sniffles, she needed no words to enlighten her understanding. If his tears were those of a boy, then she thanked God she was childish enough to feel with him at every step and turn of the way that was blocked by the biggest sorrow of his life. She asked him whether he would like to go home. He shook his head and said that he would stick it through to the end.

VIII

SPEECHES were in order, and the presiding alumnus hove himself out of his chair, and hammered the table with the rudder of the winning shell, thoughtfully lifted and provided by the able Assistant Manager. There were cheers for "Big Bill" Hall, of the '73 crew, more cheers for Yale, and before the uproar was quiet his great voice roared above it as he began to speak. Presiding Judge of the Supreme Court of a New England State when at home, he was all a Yale man come back to his own upon such occasions as this, and because Yale men loved him they called him "Big Bill."

"When we get into the big world beyond the campus," he began, "it may seem to some that this intensity of purpose, this absorption in a sport, were childish, yet we do not regret those convictions, we are proud of them, for these same qualities make for manhood in the larger duties of a wider horizon. And, after all, are the things for which we are striving in after-years any more worth while? Are they always sweetened and uplifted by so much devotion, unselfishness, loyalty, and singleness of purpose? Are they thrilled by as fine a spirit of manliness? We hear it said that the old Yale spirit is losing its savor, that men are working for themselves rather than for the college, that they hold in light esteem things that were sacred and vital to us. I do not believe these criticisms are true.

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"The young man I wished most to see is not here to-night. He would not come to help us celebrate a victory over an ancient and honorable foe. He believes that he has lost the respect of his comrades and that he has been proven a failure. For three years he has been a University oar. This season he could not keep his weight down to the limit of former years, he found that he could not keep up with the eight, although he tried as never before, and he was not helping the crew. The day came when he had to be removed, and he experienced as bitter disappointment as could befall a young man of spirit and pluck. The coaches and captain expected that he would throw up training, leave the Quarters and go home. It was the natural thing to do, because he was cut to the soul, and it was like attending his own funeral services to hang around the place.

"Without a word he slipped into the place of a substitute, and did a substitute's work as long as there was need of it. I venture to say that he would have scrubbed out the boat-house if it would have been of service to the crew. Do you know why he took this stand? Not because he did not care, but because he cared so much. When he offered to help as a substitute he said:

"'If I can help the Yale shell to go faster by being out of it, I am glad of it. That is what I am rowing for. And if I can be of any use as a substitute, why, that is what I am here for, too. It is all for Yale, isn't it?'

"He did not know that he was overheard. It was not meant to be overheard. But it expressed his whole attitude, and he stood by it to the end. You youngsters who licked Harvard to-day deserve all the praise and rejoicing that comes to you. We are all proud of you, and we know how hard and well you have worked. But while you are the heroes of this celebration, THE hero did not row with you. His name is 'Jack' Hastings, the man who was glad to help a Yale crew go faster by getting out of it.

"And when you hear it said that the Yale spirit is dying out, I want you to think of that remark. That man absorbed the spirit right here that made him take that view as a matter of course. It was because he did not think of anything else to be done under the circumstances that he epitomized the spirit that will make this old place great as long as it stands. Endowments and imposing buildings can never breed that spirit. It grows and blossoms as the fruitage of many generations of tradition, and when Yale loses it, she is become an empty shell, a diploma factory, and no longer a nursery of the right kind of manhood needed in this country.

"Three long cheers for 'Jack' Hastings, who, if he did not help to win this race, will help to win races long after he is gone from the campus world, and so long as his words are remembered Yale men on football field, on track and diamond, and on the dear old Thames will feel their inspiration. Are you ready?"

The men rose the length of the table, and shouted, with napkins waved on high. Before the last "rah, rah, rah, Hastings, Hastings, Hastings," subsided, the Assistant Manager had become red in the face and exceedingly uneasy. He wrestled with a weighty ethical problem, because while he had pledged his word not to reveal the secret of Hastings's presence within sight and sound of this ovation, he realized that to lead him in would be a crowning and dramatic episode. A compromise was possible, however, and he slipped around the table and whispered in the ear of "Big Bill" Hall.

In the gallery the little mother had shrunk farther back into the shadows, half afraid of this uproar, yet happier than ever before in her life. She looked at her boy, sitting close beside her, his face hidden so that she could not see the illuminating joy in it, the dazed look of unreality, as if he were coming through dreamland. There was no surprise in her mind. Of course, this triumph was no more than what was due, and she could have hugged the massive chairman as a person of excellent discernment. The boy whispered:

"He does not really mean it, Mother. There is some mistake. He has been out of college so long that he does not know what things mean."

She patted his burning cheek and whispered:

"Why, I knew it all the time. But you would not believe it if your mother said you were a hero. I wonder how the Head Coach feels now? I wish I——"

With a quick leap Jack had wrenched himself away and was clattering down the stairs. He had seen the whispered conference and "Big Bill" Hall staring up at the gallery, and fearing that he was trapped

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and betrayed, he fled into the street and was running for the nearest corner before the Assistant Manager could pass through the hall to the foot of the stairs. The conspirator had not promised silence regarding Hastings's mother, and before she knew what was happening he was by her side, so quickly that she thought it was Jack returned to her. As she looked up in alarm, the Assistant Manager had her reluctant hand, and was insisting upon leading her to the railing of the little gallery. She gazed at the upturned faces, and there was a moment of expectant silence. Then Judge Hall shouted the command: "Three long cheers for Jack Hastings's mother."

She was trembling now, and the lights and faces below swam in a mist of tears, as she timidly bowed. Then, as the full realization of the tribute swept over her like an engulfing wave, she became youthfully erect, she smiled, and blew kisses with both her slender hands toward the long table. She was thanking them in behalf of her boy, that was all, because, they, too, understood. Certain that he must be waiting not far away, she bowed again, and hurried down the stairs, meeting the Head Coach in the hall. His face was serious, his manner abashed, as he said:

"I want to ask whether you will shake hands with me, Mrs. Hastings. I am proud that you do me the honor. I wish to tell you something more than you have heard to-night, and I am going to tell it to all the men, when I return to the room. Your son was too heavy to handle himself as well as he did last year and the year before. But I believe he would have rowed in the race if a mistake had not been made. I found out when it was too late that his rigging, or measurements, in the shell was not right for him, and it would have made considerable difference if he could have been shifted in time. It was wholly my fault, and nobody else was to blame in any way. I can never make it up to him, and my only consolation is that you have found what I have learned, that he is a good deal finer man than we thought him, and an honor to Yale beyond all the rest of us. You must hate me, more than anyone else in the world. I remember how my mother shared my joys and sorrows in the crew."

The mother put out her hand again, and clasped that of the Coach, as she said simply, but with a catch of emotion in her voice:

"I did hate you to-day. I thought you had broken my boy's heart. Now I have to thank you. God's ways are not our ways, and I rejoice that while I have lost a captain of the crew, I have gained a man, every inch of him, tried in the fire and proven. This is the happiest night of my life. I would rather have heard the speech of Judge Hall, and the cheers that followed it, than to have my son in four winning crews and captain of every one of them. Of course he is a hero. Didn't you know that?"

The Head Coach started to speak, when the elbow of "Big Bill" Hall nudged him. The bulk of him filled the passage-way, and his voice boomed out into the night:

"If you don't bring that boy around to the hotel to see me in the morning, I will take back all I have said about him, Mrs. Hastings. Now I know where he gets all his fine qualities."

She blushed and courtesied, and the two men escorted her to the pavement, as John Hastings slipped from a door-way across the street and came over to them. His mother's escort, believing that he had been no nearer the banquet than this, made a rush for him, which he nimbly dodged, slipped his mother's arm in his.

"He is mine now," said she. "He has a previous engagement, and, besides, I don't want him spoiled. Good-night to you. Come along, Jack, you are not too big to mind your mother, are you?"

The two walked slowly across the Green toward the campus. The communion of their uplifted souls was perfect, their happiness almost beyond words. She was first to break this rare, sweet silence, and strangely enough, she said nothing about the vindication and the triumph. Looking up into his face, she almost whispered:

"Are you caring so much that Cynthia disappointed you to-day, dear boy of mine? Does it hurt and rankle? I could see it in your eyes to-night. Do you want to marry her very much? Are you sure of your heart?"

He winced a little and held her arm tighter than before, as he replied:

"Little Mother, it has been my first real love story, as you know. The thought of her has helped me over many a rough place. Before to-day she was always so quick to understand. And—and she seemed to like

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me better than any other fellow she knew. I was fairly aching to be worthy of her, to make my place in the world for her. I wasn't conceited enough to think she loved me. I was only hoping that some day—— Any man has a right to do that, has he not?"

It was not easy for the mother to say what she wished to tell him, but at length her response was:

"I don't want you to think I am criticising her, or sitting in judgment, but you must not let her mar your faith and hope and happiness. I want to help you to guard those precious gifts. You must not blame her too much. You have been believing that she understood you, because you would have it that way. She is no older than you, a girl of twenty, accustomed to a wholly different life than yours. She was flattered by your attention, for you were a great man in her eyes. She liked you because no one can help liking you. But it made a difference when you were a hero knocked off his pedestal. And yet you expected to find in her sympathy, a balm that even your mother could not give. Poor lad, mothers are handy sometimes, but most boys do not find it out until their mothers are gone from them."

"I thought I knew her so well," said he, after another silence. "It looks as if I had amused her and nothing more. But I have found you, and I have fallen head over heels in love with you, Little Mother, all over again, and I am going to kiss you right under this electric light."

Even yet she was not sure that she had sounded the depths of the ache in his heart, but as she looked up at the light in his campus rooms, she said softly:

"Some day you will understand, and will thank God your mother understood. He giveth you the victory unforeseen."

THE OPEN

By Edith M. Thomas

I SEEK no throned beatitude
  In drifting cloudland lost,
No alp prismatic-hued
  With sun and frost.

Nor seek I buried glades
  The mountains overbrow;
For me no breathless shades,
  With dream-hung bough.

Mine be the intervale,
  Wide—open—free;
The breeze, and the beaten trail,
  And the wayside tree!

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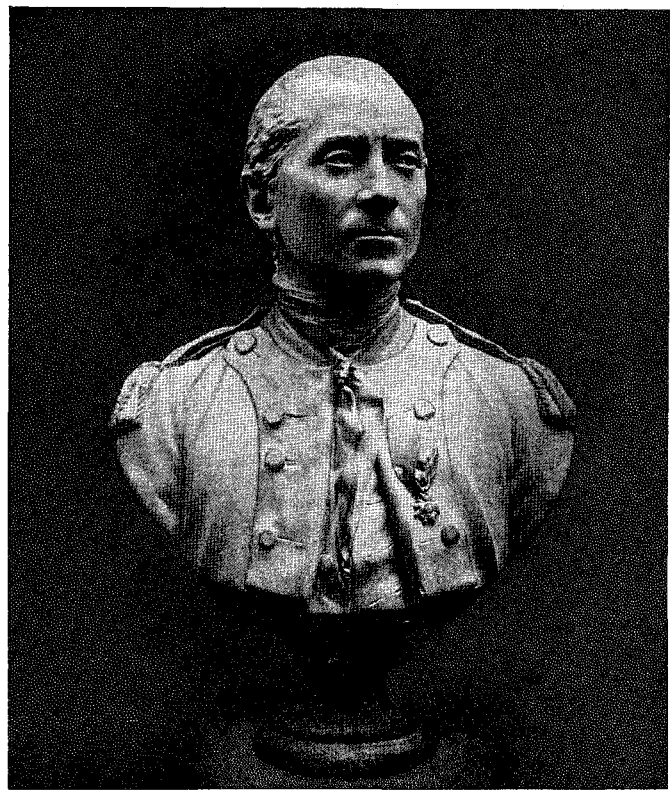

JOHN PAUL JONES

FROM THE ORIGINAL BUST BY HOUDON IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS PHILADELPHIA

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NARRATIVE OF JOHN KILBY

Quarter-Gunner of the U. S. Ship "Bon Homme Richard," under Paul Jones

With introduction and notes by Augustus C. Buell

SOME time after the publication of the "History of Paul Jones, Founder of the American Navy," by the house of Scribner, I received a letter from Bradford Kilby, Esq., a prominent member of the Virginia bar, informing me that his father, Judge Wilbur J. Kilby, of Suffolk, Va., had in his possession an unpublished narrative written by his great-grandfather, John Kilby, who served under Paul Jones in the *Bon Homme Richard*, and afterward in the *Alliance*, 1779-80.

The name of John Kilby was familiar in the roster of the *Bon Homme Richard*, in the published narratives of his shipmates, and in public documents relating to prize-money afterward. Shipping at l'Orient in July, 1779, as ordinary seaman, he soon became able seaman, and then petty officer (quarter-gunner, or gunner's mate). His career derives additional interest from the fact that he was one of the American prisoners of war exchanged in the spring of 1779 for the crew of the *Drake;* his earlier service having been in a privateer whose fate he relates in his narrative. His record as a seaman in the *Richard* and the *Alliance* was perfect. Altogether he was an admirable type of the genuine American sailor of those days—a type which, though numerically a minority of the *Richard's* crew, was the predominant moral and mental factor and the leaven of daring enterprise and unconquerable resolution that enabled Jones to gain his immortal victory.

The Americans on board the *Richard* numbered only 147 in a total of 375 at the beginning of the cruise, and 128 in a total of 325 in the battle off Old Flamboro Head. Of these a considerable majority were, like John Kilby, exchanged — or escaped — prisoners of war; at least eighty at the beginning, and not less than seventy in the battle itself. Among them were Richard Dale, John Louis White, Samuel Stacey, John Mayrant, Nathaniel Fanning, Henry Gardner, Thomas Potter, and many others of their kind; and John Kilby, though only a "man before the mast," was by no means least of them in value or honor.

In my "History of Paul Jones," Vol. I, pages 173-174, I state, from the records of Jones himself, that the total number of exchanged or escaped prisoners of war he enlisted at Nantes, in July, 1779, was 114; and that "about half of them were the remnant of the *Lexington's* crew (a sloop-of-war of the Continental Navy), captured more than a year before;" also that "the rest were men taken in privateers . . . or in recaptured prizes." To this last-named class, as will appear in his narrative, John Kilby belonged.

Further, on page 175 of the same volume, I venture the suggestion that "this force formed the fighting backbone of the *Richard's* final crew. What she did with them aboard is the plainest kind of history. What she might have done, or have failed to do without them, it is neither useful nor pleasant to conjecture."

After the Revolution, John Kilby followed the sea in the merchant service, where he rose to the rank of master mariner and became one of the most competent and successful captains of his day. When he retired from active sea-service, he settled in Hanover County, Virginia, where he died on the 9th day of February, 1826. In 1810 he was induced by Mr. Thomas Ritchie, familiarly known as "Father Ritchie," a distinguished editor and politician of those days, in Richmond, Va., to write out his recollections of the imperishable events in which he had borne such a hearty hand.

The Narrative speaks for itself. Its style is plain, simple, and rugged, yet terse, explicit, and always to the point. Consid-

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ering that he wrote thirty years after the events he describes, wholly from memory, and with little or no opportunity of reference to books or documents, the historical accuracy of his general recital is extraordinary. In fact, the only errors that the most exhaustive student of history in these later times can detect—with all the then buried official and documentary evidence before him—are occasional instances of confusion, or lapse of memory, as to the first names of individuals; and these are hardly half a dozen in number throughout. There are also a few errors in the spelling of names: as, for example, he spells Landais, "Landas," and a few other cases like that; none of which affect the historical value of his text.

With this introduction, prepared at his request, and partly upon information furnished by him, Mr. Bradford Kilby, in behalf of his father, offers the veteran's recollections just as they were written nearly a hundred years ago; such explanations being added by myself, here and there, in footnotes, as seem necessary to reconcile the author's unimportant lapses of memory or of orthography with standard history. Mr. Bradford Kilby has also added several notes as indicated.

AUGUSTUS C. BUELL.

THE NARRATIVE

HANOVER COUNTY [VA
September, 1810.

MR. THOMAS RITCHIE,

Dear Sir:—You have many times requested me to give you a full account of the conduct and behavior of the brave honorable John Paul Jones, as also of my sufferings during the Revolutionary War, and as often have I neglected to comply with that request, all of which I beg leave to apologize to you for, but now will endeavor to give you a correct statement of his, the said Jones, behavior and conduct during the time I had the pleasure to sail with and under his command, which was nearly one and a half years; having followed the sea from my early days. On the 6th day of August, 1776, in the Town of Vienna, Dorchester County, Maryland, the place of my birth (date of birth, 15th September, 1758), I, with many more, entered on board of the brig, *Sturdy Beggar*, of fourteen double fortified six pounders,* and to be manned with one hundred men. The brig belonged to Messrs. Lucks, Baley, and Provines, of Baltimore, was then lying at Newberne, North Carolina, and was to be commanded by James Campbell. We went up to Baltimore, where we lay eight days. Then went down the bay under the command of First Lieutenant William Garlin, Second Lieutenant Benjamin Chew, Sailing-master Gabriel Slakum, Prize-masters George Sampel, Jesse Harding, Robert Ewart, and many more officers of lower rank. On our way down the bay we were pursued by the enemy and compelled to put into a place, called Chesconnessex, on the Eastern Shore of Virginia, where we lay eight days. At length we arrived in Portsmouth, near Norfolk, Virginia, where we lay three days. Then we set out and arrived at North Landing, Virginia, at which place we all remained eight days, waiting for craft to take us on. Then we set off and arrived at Newberne, North Carolina, where the brig then lay. At this place we found our Captain, James Campbell, the commander. We then dropped down to Ocracoke Bar. A lighter was to bring down our guns, because we could not get over the Bar with them on board. The lighter on her way down sunk with all our guns on board, which detained us some time. At length we got them on board and sailed on a cruise. Campbell shaped his course for the Bay of Biscay. On the 15th day of November, 1776, we fell in with a double-decked brig, called the *Glasgow*, from Glasgow bound to St. Johns, New Foundland, loaded with King's naval stores. We engaged her and after one and one-quarter hours action, captured her. The sailing-master, Gabriel Slakum, was put on board, she being a valuable prize, with orders to get in any friendly port that he could. On the first day of December, same year, we fell in with the ship called

* The *Sturdy Beggar* was a brig of 180 tons, old measurement, built about two or three years before the outbreak of the Revolution. She had been used in the whale fishery, and had carried a cargo or two of tobacco and other products of the Chesapeake region to England. When she was converted into a privateer in 1776 her name as a merchant vessel—which had been the *Dolphin, of Ann Arundel*—was changed to the somewhat rugged designation under which she passed into history and—as will appear in the narrative—to the bottom of the sea.

The "double-fortified six pounder" was a gun of that calibre cast with a "reinforce" on the breech, reaching nearly to the trunnions, to resist the strain of "double-shotting" with round-shot and grape, or langrage, or double-headed bar-shot, which at that time had recently been introduced in naval ordnance.

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the *Smyrna*, galley of eighteen guns, from Smyrna bound to London, and after an action of three-quarters of an hour, captured her. The invoice of her cargo was eighty-thousand, pounds sterling. We were then in the Bay of Biscay. Prize-master George Sampel, an Irishman, was put on board with a sufficient number of hands to work the ship. I was one of the hands put on board, the *Sturdy Beggar* being still in company with us. For several nights after, we frequently fell in with many Dutch Doggers.* Sampel, the prize-master, fired into them many times. I suppose he thought they were enemies. Campbell having his doubts of Sampel's true love for the cause he was then in, took him out, and put on board Second Lieutenant Chew, an American, who had been an old commander of ships out of Baltimore, although a young man. On the 9th day of the same month (December) and year (1776), we were captured by the *Resolution*, seventy-four guns, commanded by Sir John Chandy [Chandler] Oglesby. The brig *Sturdy Beggar* being then in sight, the man-of-war gave chase after the Rebel, as they so called her. The little brig hauled her wind and out-sailed the seventy-four. The evening began to be very squally, and the brig hove to, and reefed topsails. The officers of the seventy-four cried out: "The Rebel has struck." Lieutenant Chew observed that they had not got the Rebel yet, nor would they get her. The brig filled her topsails and kept close on a-wind. The seventy-four pressed so much sail that about one half an hour by sun at night, she carried away her fore topmast, off by the cap, and lost three men overboard. They then gave over the chase. On the 13th day of the same month and year, we had an uncommon gale of wind which lasted nearly fifty hours. The seventy-four lost her main-yard, and it was with great difficulty that the ship could be saved. In the same gale, the *Sturdy Beggar* was foundered and every soul lost. On the 22nd day of December, 1776, we arrived in Spithead, England, where to our great mortification we found our other prize, the brig, *Glasgow*, laying in port, all prisoners together. We were all put on board the old *Princess Amelia* of ninety guns, then a guard-ship, where we lay two months. Then we were carried up to Hazel Hospital for trial and condemnation (a mock-trial, to be sure). After calling over all our names, the Judge rises up and pronounced sentence in these words, to wit: "You are all condemned for piracy and high treason on His Majesty's high seas." (Here permit me to say I wish to know who gave him the high seas). So it was that we were all marched up to Fortune's Jail,* formerly Queen Anne's Hospital, under a strong guard of soldiers, and locked up by nine o'clock at night in the cold sweating walls with about three hundred more brave Americans, many of whom were from this State (Virginia). Some of them I will now name: Captain John Harris, of Hampton, Commander of the *Musquito* Brig; Captain Alexander Dick, his Captain of Marines; a Mr. Moore, Captain Meredith, also of Hampton, and many more not necessary to name. Our crew lay in this place twenty-two months. Some much longer, Captain Harris and his crew lay there twenty-eight months. During this time we were on Rebels' allowance, which is two-thirds of what is allowed to prisoners of war. I will here state what we got without any change during the time we were there. We had nine ounces [per man, per *diem*] of the worst kind of beef. The whole bullock was cut up, bone and all, with a butcher's cleaver, then weighed out together and tied up in messes for either four or six, just as we chose to have it, and then it was boiled all together in one large copper, or in coppers, in nothing but clear water. At twelve o'clock, one man from each mess attended at a window and received our allowance of beef and one pint of the soup, as they so called it. We had bread served once every three days, and four ounces of salt per week. This we got every day, Saturdays excepted. For on that day, all the Navy of England has banyan† day and gets only cheese and burgoo,‡ the cheese being of the meanest kind. We had on these days nine ounces of cheese and a small wooden platter of burgoo. Upon that allowance we all lived during the time of our imprisonment. For me to inform you how many plans we laid to extricate

* A kind of fishing-vessel with one or two masts—used by the Dutch.—BRADFORD KILBY.

* This is better known in history as "Portsea Jail," from the name of the suburb of Portsmouth, where it stood.

† "Nothing Day" when seamen have no meat served out to them.—BRADFORD KILBY.

‡ A kind of oatmeal gruel.—BRADFORD KILBY.

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ourselves from that unpleasant place, will perhaps astonish you. But they are as true as that we were there. Although there were forever, both night and day, soldiers keeping guard in every part of the jail, it being three or four stories high, we would cut holes through the ceiling, go up in the garret and then cut a hole in the chimney. (All the fire-places had long before been fixed up with brick, so that not one spark of fire was allowed us during our stay there.) We would then go down the chimneys by cords taken from our hammocks, and first dig under the foundation of the wall and then, with the pockets cut out of our clothes, haul up the dirt and store it away. This was done until we had gotten outside of the pickets. Then we would draw lots to determine how many and who should go and take their chances for liberty once more. This was done in many parts of the house that we were confined in. If detected and brought back, the penalty was this; they were put in the black hole, a dungeon, for forty days and nights, put on bread and water, and also put on the list of the last Rebels that were committed [and of course, the last to be exchanged]. Although the penalty was so great, many made the attempt and some actually succeeded in getting away. Case No. 1. Captain Cortney, Commander of the *Oliver Cromwell* of Philadelphia, and one hundred men laid a plan to make their escape. It was to mount the pickets, kill the sentinels, and run off in the open day. The watchword was given and they did make the attempt. The whole guard fired on them as they ran by. Some were killed, Cortney fell but actually got away. Many were taken up and brought in again, then condemned to the Black Hole, a dungeon, for forty days and nights on the allowance before named. Case No. 2. The pavements of the lower floors were all laid with bricks. Some managed to take up the bricks, and dig down until they got below the wall, then dig outside the pickets. This was all done by concealing the dirt in some parts of the prison and by drawing lots as before. At this time ten men, all officers, made their escape, to wit: Second Lieutenant Benjamin Chew, Jesse Harding, Robert Ewart, Benjamin Whalen, all of whom were my officers; Captain Meredith of Hampton, Captain Dick, a Mr. Moore, a Mr. Martin, Colonel Webber and Colonel Bibbitrong,* the two last afterwards sailed in the *Bonhomme Richard*, and had commands as colonels. Case No. 3. A like plan was laid, when many more got off nearly as before, among whom was a Mr. Lehrer, of South Carolina. Case No. 4. A Mr. Greenleaf, a printer by trade, of Philadelphia, by some means procured ladies clothes and actually marched out of the gates in the day time as the turnkeys were often passing to and fro. Case No. 5. We cut a hole through the ceiling up in the garret, went down a three story chimney and then by tunneling under ground, thirty more men went out. However, by bad judgment in the measurement of the ground, when they were to rise up, they fell short, for just at the dawn of day they broke ground directly in a very large hog sty. The hogs made a such noise that the turnkeys gave the alarm and every soul was brought back. Case No. 6. At another time, very much in the same way, Captain Dennis, of Boston, Commander of the *Duke of Linotes*, his doctor, Burns, and several others got off. Case No. 7. Captain Hinman and his first lieutenant Richards and others made their escape. Case No. 8. A much worse one than any heretofore mentioned: A certain Captain Parsons, who did duty over us, openly told his guard that if any one of them would kill a Rebel, he would give them five guineas. A certain man by name, Patrick Spellman, a corporal, one of his guard, went into the guard-house, brought out his musket, pointed it through the pickets, and fired through the yard, when about three or

* The "Colonel Webber" of Kilby's Narrative was Weibert de Mezieres, First Lieutenant of Marines in the *Richard*. He was an officer of Marine Infantry in the French Navy, and had been captured early in 1778, soon after the declaration of war between France and England. His rank in the French service in 1779 was only that of Senior Lieutenant, though Jones speaks of him as "Lieutenant-Colonel Weibert" in papers dated some years later (1784), when he had actually attained the last-named rank. Kilby's "Colonel Bibbitrong" was, doubtless, Captain Barbrêton, also an officer of French Marine Infantry. He had been captured in the *Alceste*, frigate, by an English squadron in 1778, and escaped from the Hospital Prison in April, 1779. He commanded the French Marines in the *Bon Homme Richard* when the squadron first set sail from l'Orient the 19th of June, 1779. But when Jones returned to port after the collision between the *Richard* and the *Alliance*, June 22, Barbrêton gave place to Captain Paul de Chamillard, who commanded the French Marines on board during the main cruise. He may have been in command as late as July, when Kilby joined the *Richard*. But he did not make the great cruise with her. The reason why he gave place to de Chamillard was that just before the *Richard* sailed in August, 1779, Barbrêton was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and assigned to the flagship of Admiral the Count d'Orvilliers of the Channel Fleet. His name, in the Breton *patois* which Kilby was accustomed to hear would sound much like "Bibbitrong," or "Babbetrong." The veteran's orthography of his name was, therefore, doubtless phonetic.

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four hundred of us were walking to and fro. The ball went through the body of Bartholemew White of Philadelphia, a tailor by trade. Notwithstanding this, he lived nearly twenty-four hours. The last words he spoke were that he hoped we would revenge his cause. They called an inquest and summoned from amongst us eleven men. I, myself, was one, Dr. Perkins another, and so on until they made up eleven of us, and twelve of their own men, making in all twenty-three men, (an English inquest). One of their own men insisted that it was willful murder and boldly held out for two days. On account of this the coroner himself made a long speech and said it would never do for one of His Majesty's subjects to be condemned for a Rebel. At length the poor fellow gave way, but said to the last that his mind was not well satisfied. On the third day after, Spellman was made a sergeant. They went so far as erect a gallows just before the gates and some of them would abuse us by saying that we should all be hanged by the neck on that gallows. After giving this account, it will be nothing but right and just to say that there were some very friendly to us and I believe, to the American cause. Many proved it. Captain O'Kelly, the owner of the famous horse, Eclipse, made us a donation of one hundred guineas, as also did many other noted men. Captain O'Kelly did duty over us six months, and would frequently come into the prison and give us some comfort by saying, "Hold out. You will all be exchanged before long." Mr. Hartley,* a member of the British Parliament, once came in and said the same words. Many other men of high standing did likewise. Case No. 9. A few days before the exchange was known by any of us ten men got out nearly as before mentioned, and every soul of them taken up, brought back, and put in the Black Hole. At last the day and hour of exchange were announced to us. A few moments before the hour of exchange, we all (say one hundred, all of whom well knew who was to go, our names having been called over by the agent for that purpose), went to the iron gates and called to our companions, then in the Black Hole, in order to wish them well. One of them, a Philadelphian,* called his God to witness and bound it with a horrible oath, saying that he would be in the city of Nantes before us. I must and will acknowledge that I thought it only words said in the heat of passion. The agent appointed for that purpose, a Mr. Hurum, called all of our names, and then read to us these words, to wit: "You all now have received His Majesty's most gracious pardon." At that time there was a loud cry from many of our men: "Damn his Majesty and his pardon too." The gates were opened and one hundred of us, the first on the list, (when I say the first on the list I mean this, that as we were committed so we stood on the list, unless put back under the penalty before mentioned), were marched out under a guard. There were one hundred of us with Captain John Harris at our head. We were accompanied by fine music. Some of our boys cried out "Give us Yankee Doodle!" and they certainly did play it for us all the way down through the town, where, I fully believe to be within the bounds of reason, from twenty to thirty thousand souls were looking at us, hundreds of whom cried out from the windows: "We wish you all well!" We were put on board the ship, *Miljord*, a cartel-ship, commanded by Lieutenant Knox. We sailed and at length put into Plymouth, again sailed and anchored in Torbay where the whole of Admiral Hardies' [Sir Charles Hardy] grand fleet then lay. We then sailed for France, and arrived in the port of Paim Boeuf. Now for the first time in nearly two and a half years we were free. After staying in this port three days, we got a vessel and were conveyed up to the city of Nantes, a

* This was the famous Dr. David Hartley, who, with Burke, Barré, Fox, Shelburne, Conway, and others of that brilliant group, steadfastly opposed the haughty and cruel policy of the North Ministry toward the American Colonies. Hartley particularly denounced the treatment of American prisoners of war. In January, 1779, he moved for a Select committee to investigate that subject, and in his speech supporting the motion, drew a terrible picture of their sufferings and the torture to which they were subjected. He said in his speech: "What I now tell you I have seen with my own eyes, face to face with the victims; I speak not from hearsay, but from personal examination of the charnel-houses you call military prisons, and which you have made such by cruel and dastardly violation of every rule of civilized war not only, but also by contempt of every principle of honor that ought to rule men who are not cowards!"

Doubtless, when Kilby saw Dr. Hartley at the Hospital Prison, it was on the occasion of the latter's tour of personal inspection upon which he based his arraignment. It was Hartley's determined crusade and merciless exposures more than any other cause that forced the North Ministry to resume the exchange of prisoners in 1779. In 1782 Dr. Hartley was appointed the British Plenipotentiary to negogiate with Dr. Franklin, John Adams, and John Jay the Treaty of American Independence.

* This was John C. Robinson, afterward boatswain of the *Bon Homme Richard*.

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fine, noble and grand city. The first men* that met us on the wharf, were the very men that we left in the Black Hole, (England). They informed us that on the night we left, they broke out and went down where all the men-of-war lay, stole or took a barge belonging to the fleet, put to sea, and really landed safe in France. They sold the barge for twenty-five Louis D'or, and travelled on to the city of Nantes, at which place they had been three days before we arrived. We were all quartered at a tavern, The Sign of the Three Sailors, where we were eight days, and I believe, the expenses were paid by Mr. Jonathan Williams, then Continental Clothier for the United States. Finding that it was necessary that we should seek some employment, thirty-three of us determined to get with Captain John Paul Jones, Commander of the ship *Bonhomme Richard* of forty guns, which was then lying in the port of L'Orient. One reason why we came to this determination was, you know revenge sometimes is quite pleasant to men, and we then believed the said Jones would not disappoint us in our great wish and desire. In order to get over from Nantes to L'Orient where the ship lay, it was necessary to send to Jones a letter informing him of our intentions. A letter was drafted and sent by post. On the fourth day after this, he sent over two officers to wit, his sailing-master Cuting Lunt and the gunner, James O'Connor. Thirty-three† of us did enter and sign the ship's papers, with these conditions, that as soon as any vacancies should happen Jones would give them to those who he might think most deserved them. We all set out by land for the port of L'Orient, the distance to which from Nantes is one hundred and eight French miles. We arrived on the third day after setting off. On the day following we all received from Mr. Moylan, the Continental Agent, twenty French crowns as entrance money, and had permission to remain on shore that night. Of course we thought proper to take what is commonly called "a man-of-wars' cruise." O'Connor was a man who had gotten the good wishes of us all. Of course we thought it would be imprudent to take all of our money with us and indeed O'Connor himself advised us against keeping it with us on that night; a deep laid plan of O'Connor's. We every man put in his hands nineteen crowns for safe-keeping until the morning, and in the morning both O'Connor and money were all gone. We all went on board of the ship *Bonhomme Richard.* The first sight that was presented to our view was thirteen men stripped and tied upon the larboard side of the quarter-deck. The boatswain's mate commenced at the first nearest the gangway and gave him one dozen lashes with a cat-o'nine-tails. Thus he went on until he came to the coxswain, Robertson by name. (These men were the crew of the captain's barge and Robertson was the coxswain.) When the Boatswain's mate came to Robertson, the first lieutenant said: "As he is a bit of an officer, give him two dozen." It was done. Now it is necessary to let you know what they had been guilty of. They had carried the Captain on shore, and so soon as Jones was out of sight, they all left the barge and got drunk. When Jones came down in order to go on board, not a man was to be found. Jones had to and did hire a fishing boat to carry him on board. Here it will be proper to observe that some small time before, Jones had entered seventy-two men (English prisoners) who had been released from the prison of Denan in the inland part of France. Nearly all of them were good seamen, and the crew of the Captain's barge was selected from their number. After they were thus whipped, Captain Jones addressed us in these words, to wit: "Well gentlemen and my lads I well know where you have all been for a long time. I know you are true to your country, and as my ship has got a severe name, if any of you should want any liberty that is not allowed by the rules of the ship, you are to come into my cabin and let me know." I found the ship's officers to be pretty much as follows, to wit: Jones, Commander; First lieutenant, Richard Dale (now Com-

* This was John C. Robinson's party. It included John Mayrant, Thomas Potter, and Nathaniel Fanning, all of whom were rated midshipmen at once, and who subsequently covered themselves with glory, both in the *Bon Homme Richard* and in a great privateering cruise to the East Indies during 1780–81. It was for John Mayrant the second marvellous escape; the first having occurred when he was blown up in the *Randolph*, and then rescued with three others after floating for several days on a piece of wreckage in the open sea—the only survivors of Nicholas Biddle's ill-fated little frigate.

† This was the first detachment. Subsequently Jones himself went to Nantes and recruited about fifty more. And finally, when Richard Dale joined the ship he brought with him the remnant of the *Lexington's* crew—about thirty men—bringing the total of exchanged prisoners who shipped in the *Richard* up to 114.

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modore); Second Lieutenant, Henry Lunt; Sailing-master, Cuting Lunt; midshipmen and master mates too many to name; land officers, if I may so call them, to be Colonel Weber [Weibert], Col. Bibbitrong, a captain and several lieutenants. The marines, both officers and soldiers, were French and Irish brigands. The whole ship's crew amounted to about four hundred men [378]. Dr. Brook was the surgeon of the ship and James* Mease was the purser.

We hove short a peak, loosed fore topsail, weighed anchor and sailed on a cruise in company with the *Alliance*, a frigate of thirty-six guns, commanded by Captain Peter Landas, a Frenchman; the *Pallas*, a frigate of thirty-two guns, commanded by Captain Cottineau, a Frenchman; a frigate† of thirty-six guns, said to belong to the Ladies of Honour of France, also commanded by a Frenchman with a French crew, which boat, I understand, never was in any way under the command of Jones, the Commodore of the squadron, but on the contrary had a commission that is commonly called a "Roving Commission"; the brig, *Le Vengeance* of twelve guns, a French commander and crew; a lugger of ten guns, a French captain and crew; all of which fleet was in the service of Congress, the frigate of thirty-six guns said to belong to the Ladies of Honour excepted, and under the command of the Honorable John Paul Jones, which fleet was fitted out in the port of L'Orient by that good man Dr. Benjamin Franklin, then in Paris, Commissioner for the United States of North America.

The first thing that happened was, as we were beating down to the island of Groix, a man fell off the main top sail yard on the quarterdeck. As he fell, he struck the cock of Jones' hat, but did no injury to Jones. He was killed and buried on the island of Groix. We again sailed and continued our cruise. For several weeks nothing of note happened, after which the frigate said to belong to the Ladies of Honour left us, for what cause I am unable to say more than that I understood the captain of said ship did not like the conduct of Landas, Captain of the *Alliance*. The next of note happened when we were off the Irish coast. We were close under the land occasioned by a dead calm and a heavy sea beating in on shore. About one hour by sun at night, Jones had his barge hauled out and manned by twelve men. The coxswain,* Robertson by name, was the same man that had been flogged some small time before. Jones got into the barge rowed around the ship and just before the sun went down, came on board. The barge was to tow the ship's head off from the land. All at once, the sentinel cried out that the barge had cut loose the tow rope and was making for the land. Orders were given to hoist out the pinnace, a much larger boat than the barge. It was done and manned with twelve rowers, twenty-two soldiers, the sailing-master, Cuting Lunt, and two Messrs. Watts, Irish cadets. They had orders to pursue the barge and bring her back. So soon as the

* This is one of Kilby's mistakes or lapses of memory as to names. The purser's name was not James, but Matthew Mease. He was a prominent Philadelphia merchant, and employed in France in 1779 as agent of the Continental Congress to purchase clothing for the army He happened to be with Dr. Franklin at Passy when Jones visited the Doctor there. Jones said he had difficulty in finding a suitable man for the position of purser; that Le Ray de Chaumont wished to force upon him a French "agent-comptable," but he was determined to have an American if he could find one. Mr. Mease, though then over fifty years old, offered his services, which Franklin and Jones gladly accepted. In the battle off Flamboro' Head, Mr. Mease commanded the quarter-deck division of the *Richard's* battery, and was severely wounded in the head by a grape-shot. As soon as the wound—which slightly fractured his skull—was bandaged, he returned on deck to resume his post of duty. Jones ordered him to go below and stay there. Mr. Mease replied: "I think, Commodore, they have done for me anyhow; but I want to stay with them while I last!" He fought the battle out, recovered completely from his wound, after undergoing an operation in Paris when the cruise was over, and lived many years.

In his Journal, Jones says of him: "Mr. Mease was not bred a seaman, but had many times crossed the ocean, being a merchant and owner of ships. His patriotism induced him to embark in the *Bon Homme Richard*. In the action with the *Serapis* he commanded the quarter-deck guns and behaved with extreme coolness and intrepidity. He was dangerously wounded in the head by a grape-shot, so that his skull had to be trepanned in several places; but as soon as the surgeon had temporarily tied up his head in the action, which lasted nearly three hours after his misfortune, he returned again on deck, where he remained to the end in spite of my efforts to induce him to go below."

† This was the *Monsieur*, a new ship built for an East Indiaman, but purchased by an association of ladies of Marie Antoinette's Court, of whom the leading spirit and principal contributor was Marie Adelaide, Duchess de Chartres, and fitted out as a letter-of-marque. She quit Jones's squadron soon after leaving port, and for the reason assigned by Kilby in his narrative—"because her captain did not like the behavior of Landais." The captain of the *Monsieur* was an officer of the French regular Navy, Philippe Guedloe de Roberdeau. The day before he left the squadron he went on board the *Richard*, announced his intention, gave his reasons, and warned Jones that Landais would betray him at the first opportunity. In 1780, after they had returned to France, Landais challenged de Roberdeau, who declined it on the ground that Landais was not entitled to the privileges of a gentleman.

* This man was James Robertson. Jones excludes his name from the official roster, together with seven others belonging to the crew of the barge. He explains in a note to de Castries, French Minister of Marine, in 1784, that these eight men "had not only forfeited their right to prize-money by desertion; but also the right to have their names perpetuated in such honorable company as the *Richard's* crew, even though marked with the brand of infamy!" They were, as Kilby says all Englishmen released from Denan prison in France.

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last boat struck the shore, a guard of British soldiers reinforced the barge's crew, now already landed, and together they were strong enough to make the pursuers prisoners and actually did so. We then continued our cruise, captured, sunk, and destroyed many ships. At length, we appeared off Leeth Roads, Scotland. We were still going up the coast. Every officer was dressed in full British uniform and not a French soldier was to be seen on our deck.

A pilot came on board. Jones asked him what was the news on the coast. "Why," said he, "very great and bad news! That rebel Paul Jones, is expected to land every day." Jones asked him then what they thought of the rebel Jones, saying he wished he could come across him. "What!" said he, "he is the greatest rebel and pirate that ever was and ought to be hanged." Jones then asked him if he knew who he was talking to, and observed, "I am Paul Jones." The poor pilot dropped on his knees and begged for his life. Jones said "Get up! I won't hurt a hair of your head, but you are my prisoner."

On going up the Roads, the commander of the fort at the entrance of the place sent out an express, (supposing us to be a British fleet) requesting a few barrels of powder and that we should make all the way up we could. Jones sent him one barrel of powder with a request that he keep up good lights as the night was very dark and the weather squally. Lights were kept up. While we were beating up together with the rest of the fleet, an eighteen gun English cutter was close along side of us several times, and even got foul of us three or four times. All of this time, all of our officers were in full English uniform and not a Frenchman was to be seen on board. In the morning the cutter was two or three miles ahead and many large ships were continually sailing athwart us. At last we were compelled to take charge of one of them. She was manned with two or three men only, and we left the crew on board in order to make them believe that we were an English fleet. Under the pretext of helping them safe into port, we put on board of her a man by the name of Walker *

* This was George Walker, an Englishman, though not one of the released prisoners.

as prize-master. As soon as we got out of reach of cannon shot, Walker uphelmed and ran his prize on shore. This of course gave the alarm in that place, but we still kept on until we arrived abreast of the town where we intended to land. The object of our landing, as Captain Jones said, was to demand a contribution of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling and it was to be delivered in two hours or the town was to be laid in ashes. We were fully able to carry out our threat for we had with us every kind of combustible. Our boats were all manned and ready to set off from along side the ship, but just then the cutter ahead of us fired three signal guns and the forts from Edinburgh and elsewhere all commenced firing. But though their fire was ineffectual yet on account of the increasing gale, we were obliged to abandon the enterprise. We hoisted in all the boats, uphelmed, and put before the wind and shortly left the land. The gale still continued to increase and that night we bent and lost three new foresails from the foreyards. Boatswain's mate, James [Edward] Garrett, either got drunk or was much alarmed at the dreadful night. I believe it was in part both, so that he did not attend to his duty as well as he ought to have done, in consequence of which, First Lieutenant Dale went on the forecastle and rattaned him well,* all of which I thought very right. We then shaped our course for England. On our way, we fell in with many vessels, all of which we either sunk, burned or destroyed, at the same time keeping fast all of their crews as prisoners. On the 23rd day of September 1779, we spied a fleet of ships. We gave chase at six o'clock. A signal was given for the *Pallas* to haul her wind and take charge of the small ship of war, which proved afterwards to be the *Countess of Scarborough*, of twenty-six guns. Another signal was for the *Alliance* to come under our lee and for the brig and lugger to keep under our stern. The *Pallas* obeyed the signal,

* Twenty-one years afterward, Garrett was boatswain's mate of the *President*, 44, when she was Commodore Dale's flagship in the first expedition against Tripoli. Dale had forgotten both the man and the "rattaning" of which Kilby speaks. One day Garrett was "rope's-ending" a refractory sailor, and Dale ordered him to stop, saying that there should be no punishment inflicted on board his ship without authority from him. Garrett retorted that he was only following an example set by Dale himself on board the *Bon Homme Richard*, and then recalled the affair to his memory. Dale hesitated a moment, then turned on his heel and resumed his walk up and down the deck without further comment!

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but being a dull sailer, it was some time before she could effect what she was ordered to do. The *Alliance*, being a very fast sailing ship, came up along side. Jones both by signal and verbally directed Landas in these words, to wit: the *Bonhomme Richard* will lay the large ship along side, and the *Alliance* will come under the enemy's stern and rake her and so to continue by which means, Jones said we should be able to take her in a short time. Contrary to orders and everything that could be expected, the *Alliance* hauled her wind and went in pursuit of the small ship and commenced firing at long shot. The enemy also engaged. The *Pallas* at length got up and ran along side the small ship and after a small action captured her agreeably to orders. The *Alliance* hove to at this time. The *Bonhomme Richard* was still bearing down on the large ship, which was then protecting a large fleet of merchant ships. In order to protect that valuable convoy, as it was his duty, he (the enemy) hove to, hauled up his canvass and prepared for action. Side lanthorns, of course, were up throughout the enemy's ship and every man at quarters was plain to be seen. We were then but a very small distance from them and you may be sure that our ship was as well prepared for action as it was in the power of man to have a ship. While we were still bearing down upon the enemy, she hailed us in these words: "Hoie! the ship a-hoie!" Our Captain, with a large trumpet in his hands, made no answer. The enemy again cried: "The ship a-hoie!" Jones then in a very loud voice said: "I can't tell what you say." The enemy again replied: "Tell me what ship that is directly or I will sink you." Jones then answered: "Sink and be damned!" Both ships were within fifty yards of each other and at the words, "sink and be damned," I fully believe no man living could tell which ship fired first, but so it was that each ship fired a broadside. I was at this time on the lower deck commanding two of the eighteen pounders.* Before the action commenced, everything was so silent that a man could easily hear everything said. At the second broadside, the guns that I had command of, were dismounted as were also all of our lower deck guns, and of course, the men were quartered elsewhere. At this time, Jones ordered the helm to be put hard up and to run the enemy on board. It was done. In doing this, her jib-boom ran between our mizzen-shrouds and mizzen-mast. Her jib-boom carried away our ensign staff and colors. At this, they gave three cheers. We answered them with one cheer. Jones at the same time cried out: "Look at my mizzen-peak!" at which place was run up the glory of America, I mean the most handsome suit of colors that I ever saw. They were about thirty-six feet in the fly. About this time a shot or something had cut away the enemy's flying jib stay and it fell on our quarter deck. Jones seized it and belayed it to our mizzen cleats, saying at the same time "Now we'll hold her fast by this until one or the other sinks." During this time, you may be sure, neither ship's guns nor any of the implements of war were idle. We hove on board the enemy at least fifty grappling irons. They made several attempts to saw and cut them away, but we continued to fling more on board. At last the British commander cried out for his boarders* when the brave Jones cried out "Come on. I am ready to receive you."

They mounted and attempted to enter our gang-way but we beat them off. After this, both ships seemed to commence firing with double vigor. Our ship was making much water. James Gulinson [Gunnison], the carpenter of the ship, whose duty it was, reported to our commander, the situation of the ship as often as she required it, which was at first every thirty minutes, secondly every twenty, and finally every fifteen minutes. At last he reported to Jones in my hearing that the ship then had six feet six inches of water in the hold and that she was sinking fast. To this Jones

* Kilby had now been promoted to the rating of quarter-gunner.

* This contradicts the usual account given by men on board the American ship that nothing was known of any attempt on the part of the British to board the *Bonhomme Richard*. It also shows that the credit of the repulse of the British boarders was not due alone to Jones' conduct. In Jones' journal for the King of France he says: "Here the enemy attempted to board the *Bonhomme Richard*, but was deterred from it on finding Captain Jones with a pike in his hand at the gang-way. They imagined he had, as they said, a large 'Corps de Reserve' which was a fortunate mistake as no man took up a pike but himself." The above account goes to show that the British boarders were beaten off only after an actual conflict with the American sailors at the gang-way —Bradford Kilby.

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replied: "Never mind, if she sinks, there are plenty of spars on deck and we shall not be drowned. Go back and do the best you can." In the course of the action, John Gardner,* the gunner of the ship, had by some means gotten the Captain's cabin lanthorn (a most beautiful one it was). As Gardner was running fore and aft on the main deck, a cannon ball struck the lanthorn and he, alarmed at this, cried out: "Quarters! Quarters!" Before any one could put him to death, he was wounded in the head and fell, but was not killed. Many of our men left their quarters (when I say our men, I mean those that Jones had entered out of the French prison). In fact, the brave Dale went forward in the bow of the ship between decks and drove out to quarters, many that had left them. Such was the situation of our mixed crew, that every officer was compelled to do almost double duty. It must be remembered that early on that day, Second Lieutenant Henry Lunt had been put on board one of the small vessels taken by us. This took place before we spied the fleet of ships and he never caught up with us until the action was all over. For this he was, by no means, to blame, though our ship was without a Second Lieutenant in time of need. During the whole of the action, our ship continued to make great quantities of water. Both chain-pumps were worked as also all four of the hand pumps. Each chain-pump is allowed to deliver a ton of water per minute. Both the enemy's and our ship were on fire nearly up to their tops. Just as the action was about to close, the *Alliance* of thirty-six guns, rolled up under our larboard quarter under easy sail, the wind being light and the night almost as bright as day. Her commander, Landas, gave his first lieutenant, James Degg, orders to commence firing with the starboard bow gun first and so on until the broadside was discharged. On hearing this, Jones hailed him and said: "Don't fire into us. We are the *Bonhomme Richard.*" Even Degg told his Captain that it was the *Bonhomme Richard.* His answer to that was: "Do you obey my orders! I know very well what to do." He did fire commencing as before, and raked us fore and aft for every cannon ball went into our cabin windows and went clear fore and aft, at which broadside he killed eleven of our men. So soon as he had shot ahead of our ship, he hove about and gave us the other broadside. At this time, the master-at-arms, John Birbeck [Burbank], who had charge of our ship's hold, (it being his duty) unlocked the hatches and let three hundred prisoners come on deck. We had captured all these before, for it was Jones' practice to let no man go. Birbeck jumped overboard and swam to the *Alliance* and was taken on board. I'll say this for the prisoners that not one of them pretended to resist.* I believe their greatest fear was that the ship would sink, for she was certainly going down very plainly. On this Jones called for his boarders, at which command Richard Dale, First Lieutenant, now Commodore Dale of Philadelphia, with bravery like that of Julius Cæsar, mounted the gangway together with about thirty or thirty-three others, and with drawn swords, pikes and all other deadly weapons that would carry death and destruction before them, they rushed on and spread death and carnage before them, until a cry was heard: "I have struck! I have struck!" Jones cried aloud: "Cease firing! She has struck." The cry was heard fore and aft and I don't believe a single cannon was fired thereafter, except one from the enemy's ship, and that we had good reason to believe was fired at the very time she struck. Five minutes after she struck, her main mast went over by the board. The British commander, Richard Pearson, by name, was conducted on board our ship. I at that time, was within six feet of our captain. Pearson presented his sword to Jones saying that "it

* This is a confusion, not only of names, but of individuals. There was no "John Gardner" in the ship. The name of the gunner who behaved so badly was Randall. He was one of the Englishmen recruited from Denan prison in France. He had been a gunner in the British Navy. Jones had a good opinion of him and trusted him. He even takes pains in his report and Journal to extenuate Randall's conduct by saying that he "had been severely wounded in the head, and his mind was doubtless temporarily affected thereby, etc." He, however, at once sent Randall below and appointed Henry Gardner in his place. Randall's first name in the official roster is given as "Arthur." But he is called "John Randall" by all whose narratives of the battle have been preserved: Dale, Lunt, Fanning, Gardner, Pierre Gerard, Captain de Chamillard, and even Jones himself We have never seen any explanation of the discrepancy.

* Here Kilby ignores the well-established historical incident of the Scotch merchant captain who exhorted his fellow-prisoners to refuse to pump and "Let the d—d Yankee pirate sink"; also the shooting of the man by Pierre Gerard. He must have known it, because it was made the subject of a court of inquiry at l'Orient in 1780. Probably the veteran viewed it as a disagreeable reminiscence, better to be ignored than paraded thirty years after it occurred.

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was Diamond cut Diamond."* Jones received it and on the spot returned it to Pearson saying: "You are welcome to wear your sword on board my ship." He received it with thanks and did wear it when he pleased. Jones requested First Lieutenant Dale to get the prize ship off with speed and to extinguish the fires as soon as possible. Without loss of time, all hands were mustered to endeavor to extinguish the fire on both ships. The fire was, at this time, nearly all over both ships and even as high as their tops. Our ship was on fire within three feet of her magazine. The fire on board both ships was at last conquered, though by much harder work than the fighting during the action. By the time all this was accomplished, day-light began to make its appearance. Then both ships, heads together, with all our fleet, were turned towards the Texel in Holland. We then cleared the ships decks of the dead and at the rising of the sun, we hove overboard one hundred dead bodies. One hundred more were wounded, between thirty-five and forty of whom, died the next day before four o'clock. During this time, we also rigged up jury masts on board the "*Sea-Raper*,"* our prize ship. At four o'clock in the afternoon, our good ship, the *Bonhomme Richard*, which had so short a time before carried us through all the dangers of the night, sunk, although every man that could be spared from every ship in the fleet, was assisting us to keep her above water.

O heavens! It was enough to bring tears from the heart of the most unthinking man! She went down head foremost with all sails set,—studding sails, top-gallant sails, royals, sky-scrapers, and every sail that could be put on a ship—jack, pennant, and that beautiful ensign that she so gallantly wore while in action and when we conquered. A most glorious sight!! Alas! She is gone! Never more to be seen!†

We were, as Captain Pearson justly observes, beating about in the North Seas for several days and on the sixth [third] day of October 1779, we arrived and anchored safely in the Texel, Holland, together with the remainder of our fleet, the *Alliance*, the *Pallas*, the *Le Vengeance*, the lugger, and our two prizes, the "*Sea-Raper*" and the *Countess of Scarborough*.

Now I shall give you some little further account of the action. When the action commenced, Dr. Brook was on the quarter-deck, at which time he ought to have been below in his cock-pit. He remained on deck for some time. Jones at length observed to the Doctor: "Why don't you go below where you are wanted?" The good little Doctor answered and said: "I want to see how the action goes on," and he did not go until he was ordered by Jones in very positive terms. This I call bravery, for he, the Doctor, had as much as any man on board the ship. I was told the above by the officers who stood by and heard the words.

We had on board a Mr. Marant [Mayrant], a midshipman and South Carolinian.

* It will be observed by those who may have read Paul Jones's own description of the scene at the moment of surrender that Kilby's account is slightly different from it. That Kilby was present is attested by Fanning and Gardner in their narratives. When Pearson surrendered to Lieutenant Dale on board the *Serapis*, Dale requested him and his lieutenant to "pass on board the ship alongside." He also directed Midshipman Thomas Potter, of Baltimore, and two or three sailors to accompany them. Potter and the sailors were members of the detachment that boarded the *Serapis*—thirty-five or forty in number—under John Mayrant and thereby finished the battle. Fanning mentions the names of two sailors in this connection—William Hamilton and John Kilby. Gardner mentions three—Kilby, Hamilton, and Pierre Gerard, the Commodore's French orderly.

Kilby makes Pearson say "it was diamond cut diamond." Jones in his revised report and Journal says (Vol. I. p. 237, "History of Paul Jones," etc.): "Captain Pearson now confronted me, the image of chagrin and despair. He offered me his sword with a slight bow, but was silent."

It is quite possible that Pearson made the remark attributed to him by Kilby and that Jones did not hear it. Or, if he did hear, he ignored it in his report and Journal.

With regard to the sword, Kilby says Jones returned it or declined to receive it, etc. Jones says he "took them and handed them (meaning the swords of Captain Pearson and Lieutenant Brenton-Wright) to Midshipman Potter at his elbow," and then requested Pearson and his lieutenant to accompany Mr. Potter to his cabin, etc. The statement as made by Kilby was commonly believed until long afterward, when Dr. William Bunnatyne, surgeon of the *Serapis*, explained in a published paper on the battle, that the sword which Jones declined to receive was not the one Pearson wore in the action, but one presented to him by the corporation of the City of Bristol. It is easily conceivable that Kilby, writing from memory thirty-one years afterward, might have fallen into some confusion as to the details of this incident. The difference is somewhat interesting, but not material to the truth of history.

But the most noteworthy feature of Kilby's description is his omission of the remark long attributed to Pearson, and by some believed to this day—a remark which Commodore McKenzie of our navy sufficiently credited to give it a place on page 195 in his "Life of Paul Jones." It was: "Sir, it is with reluctance that I hand this sword to a man who fights with a halter round his neck."

Jones, in a letter to a New York paper dated September 7, 1787, denies this story in toto and denounces it in the strongest terms. (Quoted, Vol. I, pp. 238 *et seq.*, "History of Paul Jones.")

It is morally certain that if Pearson had uttered such words, Kilby, who as he says was "within six feet of Jones," must have heard them, and it is equally certain that if he had heard them he would have recorded the fact in his Narrative.

* The nickname given by the sailors to the *Serapis*.

† This exactly accords with the description in Jones s Journal, as copied on page 244, Vol. 1, "History of Paul Jones, Founder of the American Navy": "As she plunged down by the head at the last her taffrail rose momentarily in the air; so the very last vestige mortal eyes ever saw of the *Bon Homme Richard* was the defiant waving of her unconquered and unstricken flag as she went down."

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It seemed that he had been missing during nearly all the action and about the very moment when Jones gave orders to board, some one discovered him in the main-chains, on the opposite side of the ship from the enemy. An officer was informed of it and was in the act of running him through, when he jumped over on the quarter-deck, ran across it, and was actually one of those who boarded the enemy at the very moment when orders were given to board. This I was an eye witness to. It passed over, but the man never was afterwards respected by any of the crew.

William Hamilton, captain of the main-top, during the whole of the action, or nearly so, continually kept going out on the starboard main yard-arm, which was directly over the enemy's main deck, and hove so many stink-pots, hand-grenades, and other combustible matter that the enemy's deck took fire several times and blew up many times. These explosions were caused by the loose powder that was spilled on the deck by the powder monkeys as they carried cartridges from the magazines to the cannon. Hamilton for his good conduct, was made master-mate, but, though he fought so manfully, he ran away from the ship in the Texel. He was one of the men that Captain Jones had entered out of Denan Prison in France.

When we arrived in the Texel, Jones, the Commodore, wrote to Dr. Franklin, who was then in Paris. Franklin directed Landas the Captain of the *Alliance*, to come to him in Paris and for Jones to take charge of the *Alliance*. This was done. He also directed Captain Cottineau of the *Pallas* to take charge of the "*Sea-Raper*" as a prize for the King of France, for at that time Holland and England were not at open war. It was done and Captain Cottineau hoisted the French flag, as Admiral. Cottineau's first lieutenant succeeded to the command of the *Pallas*. Our ships were all refitted and prepared for sea, we having remained in port thirteen weeks and two days. Several times during our stay in port, the Dutch Admiral [de Reynst] would send his officers on board of our ship, the *Alliance*, with directions for us to leave the land within a few hours. Jones' answer would often be that his ship was not quite ready for sea. The admiral one day actually ordered two forty gun frigates (all guns being brass pieces) to come along side of us. They put springs on their cables and said it was their orders if we did not leave the land within four hours to sink us.*

To this, Jones, on his quarter-deck, so that all might hear it, returned a verbal answer. Said he: "Go back and tell your Admiral that if he will send out the best forty-gun frigate that he has only one league from the land, I'll carry her away safe into France." The two frigates lay along side of us several weeks, but never attempted anything hostile towards us.

At last, we sailed on a cruise, the *Alliance* having on board in addition to her own crew, the remnants of the crew of the *Bonhomme Richard*. The first thing of note that took place was one morning in the English Channel. Just about the dawn of day, the man at the foretop-mast-head cried a sail on the starboard bow. In two or three minutes, he cried another sail, in a few minutes another sail and in a very small time, he cried a fleet. By this time light began to appear and we soon discovered Admiral Hardee's [Hardy's] grand fleet of fifty-two ships. Now it was that we had only one chance to escape, and this was by running by one or more of the ships and, of course, receiving their fire. We hauled close on awind, which was certainly our ship's excellency, for I fully believe that she was the fastest ship on a wind that my foot ever was on board of. In the mean time, we discovered two fifty-gun ships in a press of sail trying to cut us off. The morning was very clear, though the wind blew fresh. We were then under close reefed topsails. Jones ordered out a reef. It was done quickly. He ordered out the second and it was not long before it was done. He ordered out the third, and also that the topsails yards, should be hoisted up taut. It was done. One of the Lieutenants† observed to Jones that he was fearful lest we should carry away the mast. Jones answered: "She shall either carry this sail or drag it." The ship was then on a taut

* Jones makes no mention of this incident or of its sequel in either his report or his Journal. But in a letter to Dr. Edward Bancroft he describes it substantially as Kilby does. Fanning and Gardner also refer to it in their narratives. Gardner, however, quotes Jones as saying: "Tell your Admiral that of course he has force enough to overwhelm me here. But a league off the land I can sink any forty-gun ship he has in one hour, and I would like in such case for him to be in command!"

† This was James Arthur Degge, First Lieutenant of the *Alliance*.

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bow line, running off the reel at fourteen knots. In four hours we ran every one of the ships hull down, on which we eased sail. We then cruised for some weeks and captured several vessels, some of which we scuttled and some we burned. On the cruise we retook a Captain James who had not long before been taken. At length we arrived in Corunna, Spain. After being there some days our good and worthy Doctor Brook and Jones, it seemed, had a private falling out, and the Doctor left the ship. The cause of this dispute I never did know.* Just before we were about to sail, some of our men refused to do duty, saying they would be payed some money. On its being handed to their officers, First Lieutenant Dale and others drew their swords and went down between decks and drove all the men who refused to do duty up on the deck. The ships crew was mustered, and Jones made a speech to them, upon which every man readily agreed to do his duty. Jones ordered a double allowance of grog and all was peace. While we were lying in this place, all of the Spanish ships of war were to be dressed. I believe it was on the King's birthday. So it was that we had our ships fully dressed. It is a usual custom for all ships when in a friendly port first to hove the colors of their own country up at the maintop gallant royal head and next to their own, the colors of the nation they are in the port of. All this was done. On the going down of the sun and at the moment of the Admiral's signal, all colors and top gallant yards came down at the boatswain's call. In this case, everything was well managed except that the Spanish colors hung for some minutes. At this Jones got into a most violent rage. John Darling was the boatswain who had to attend to the colors so far as to see that everything ran well. Here I must let you know that Darling was one of the men entered out of Denan prison and Jones believed he had done this designedly. I very much think with Jones. So it was that Darling was called aft on the quarter deck. Jones drew his sword and I really thought would have run him through, but, he did forbear to do any violence whatever.

We again sailed on a cruise and did not come across any enemy. At last we went into the port of L'Orient whence we first sailed and where we found our prize ships. Upon arrival, Jones set out for Paris. He was gone eleven weeks and two days. In the mean time, we had gotten our ship in fine order. She had forty cannon on board intended for a frigate [they were for the *America*, 74, building at Portsmouth, N. H.] that was then building in America, and also seventeen thousand stands of arms for America. There were many gentlemen passengers on board bound for America, to wit, Mr. Arthur Lee, our Ambassador, his two nephews Thomas and Ludwell, Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Woodruff, Major Frazer of this state (Virginia), and many more; in all seventeen. Jones arrived from Paris and came on board accompanied by Mr. Mailen [Moylan], the Continental Agent in L'Orient. So soon as he was on board, he addressed his ships crew, saying: "To-morrow or the next day you will all receive your wages and prize money from Mr. Moylan." Jones as he had always done before went on shore to his lodging. The barge landed at a place called the Slip and so soon as Jones had gotten out of sight, Captain Peter Landas, formerly of the *Alliance*, came out of a small house, got into the barge, and was conducted on board by James Olin [should be James Lind], who was one of Landas' acting lieutenants. All this was a plan laid by Landas' officers and men to get Landas on board. It is here necessary to let you know that from the day of both ships' crews being together, neither officers nor men could endure each other. The small remains of the *Bonhomme Richard's* crew always insisted that the crew of the *Alliance*, both officers and men, were cowards, and I really believe it was true as preaching. This opinion and even frequent declarations of it made in the presence of the *Alliance's* crew caused much disturbance between the two crews. Thus it was by treachery that the brave John Paul Jones lost that fine fast sailing ship, the *Alliance*,

* There was no trouble between Jones and Dr Brooke. The difficulty was between Dr. Brooke and the surgeon of the *Alliance*, Dr. Arnold Winship. The latter, who was a partisan of Landais, refused to acknowledge the superior rank of Dr. Brooke, and held that he had no jurisdiction on board except over the remnant of the *Richard's* old crew. Jones, for the sake of harmony, advised Dr. Brooke to yield temporarily until they should return to France, when he intended completely to reorganize the crew of the *Alliance* under direct authority of Dr. Franklin. But Brooke, having an opportunity to go home in a Spanish ship about to sail for the United States, availed himself of it. On his arrival home he left the naval service and joined General Greene's army in the Carolinas. He was assistant to the Surgeon-General of Washington's Army in the Yorktown campaign.

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in which ship, had he kept it, in all probability, much might have been done for the American cause. At this very time, the first and second lieutenants were on shore together with many other officers, also many men of the *Bon Homme Richard's* crew. Scarcely a single man, and not one of the officers of the *Alliance's* crew were on shore. This fully proves that it was a concerted plan that had been laid sometime before by Landas and the *Alliance's* crew, for Landas called the *Alliance* his own ship. It here ought to be understood that Landas had not been tried nor could he be in France at that time, but mark what became of him hereafter.

On Landas' stepping up the ship's side, the first words he said, were: "I now command this ship; call the master-at-arms to me." He came. Landas said: "Go and put every soul belonging to the *Bonhomme Richard* in irons." It was done and I, myself, was one of the number, making in all fifty-two officers and men. He weighed anchor and worked the ship down nearly to Fort Louis. The fort stretched a chain across the river and forbad Landas going one foot further, saying that if he did, it would sink the ship. Landas came to put springs on his cables, hoisted the American colors, and called all hands to quarters. In this situation did he remain three days and nights, during which time, many flags passed from the fort to the ship and from the ship to the fort. Landas still held out and said if the fort fired on him, he would strike the American flag to the French authorities. The commander of the fort knew that would not do, and so at last, he let loose the chain and said that Landas might go where he pleased. Landas weighed anchor directly and beat the ship down to the island of Groix, where he came to anchor and lay about three weeks. Captain Jones sent many flags to Landas requesting the crew of the *Bonhomme Richard*, all of which were refused and not one soul of us, either of officers or men, was allowed any liberty whatever. We would, as often as we could get chances, send letters to Jones requesting that he would try to get us out of the ship, for Landas we all despised. Jones would write to us very often. His letters always came directed in this way: "To the brave officers and crew of the *Bonhomme Richard.*" The last flag that ever came was brought by First Lieutenant Richard Dale and Second Lieutenant Henry Lunt. These officers Landas did not allow to go on board, but indignantly said to Lunt. who was in the flag boat, that he would make a very good coxswain for his barge; the crew of the *Bonhomme Richard* being then in irons under the half-deck and all in open view of the said Lunt. The flag was returned without any satisfaction whatever and the ship *Alliance* sailed. After we had been at sea some days, a proposition was made to us. It was this: that we might all come out of irons and do duty, those that were officers, as such, and those that were seamen, as such. We all refused for some time but were afterwards advised by many of the leading passengers that it was useless to remain in irons. We therefore agreed to comply with the proposition and were all taken out of irons and did duty agreeably to our former offices. On the seventeenth day after sailing, Landas confined his First Lieutenant, James Degg, [Degge] to the ward-room. This man was the principal one in getting the said Landas on board. A few days after, Landas called his clerk, Thomas Poole, in the cabin. On Poole's entering the cabin, as he said, Landas had two pistols on the table and his commission. Landas said to Poole: "This is my commission. Do you read it," and took up one of the pistols, cocked it and presented it to Poole's breast, when the latter alarmed, made out of the cabin. The third day after, Landas had the Captain of the marines, John Parks, called in, and treated him in the same way, and actually did snap the pistol at Parks' breast, so Parks said. The ship was still going on for America and upon reaching the banks of New Foundland, as is usual for all ships to do, we hove to, to sound. We found ourselves in thirty-three fathoms of water, nearly the very spot that we expected. While the ship was hove to, many cod lines were thrown out. One of the quarter-masters happened to catch a cod fish. He politely gave it to Mr. Lee, who lived in the cabin with the Captain. The cabin steward had it nicely dressed for dinner and as it was going in the cabin, Landas happened to see it and asked what it was. The steward answered that it was a codfish that one of

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the quarter-masters had given to Mr. Lee. Landas ordered it to be hove overboard through one of the port holes. Mr. Lee was informed of it, but said nothing. Landas then shaped his course for Philadelphia, off which coast we were well informed a large portion of the British fleet were cruising. That port was a different one from that which the ship was ordered to. A few days after, Landas' conduct was such that in the opinion of Mr. Lee and all the passengers, as well as officers on board, it proved completely that he was in a measure beside himself. This was due, it was thought to his brooding over his conduct in the action between the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Serapis*, and elsewhere. It therefore was agreed by all the passengers and officers, Mr. Lee being at the head, to draw up a paper which was signed first by Mr. Lee and all the passengers, and the object of which was to take the ship from Landas. It was done and at the four o'clock watch, was to be carried into effect. The plan was as follows: the quarter-master, by name James Pratt, a very large, robust, rough seaman was to take charge of the ship first. It really was laughable to see the actions of the then Commodore Pratt. As the watch was relieved, Pratt mounted the quarter-deck and called for the second lieutenant of marines, to wit, First Lieutenant Eldridge, and secondly Dr. Warren, the son of the great Dr. Warren of Boston. They both came to Pratt with their hats in their hands and asked what was his command. Pratt answered and said: "Take a file of soldiers and confine Captain Landas to his cabin." They had twelve soldiers ready with muskets. Orders were given by Eldridge to carry out Pratt's command. Landas at first refused. Pratt then ordered them to charge bayonets. They did charge, took Landas and put him below under a guard of four soldiers, at the cabin door, after which Eldridge and Warren came to Pratt and said: "Pray, sir, have you any further command?" Pratt answered: "Yes, go down into the ward-room and bring to me, Lieutenant Degg." In a very small time Degg came with his hat under his arm and addressed Pratt in these words, to wit, "Pray sir, what is your order?" "Why," said Pratt, "I now give you charge of this ship and you are to observe one thing and that is, that you carry her into Boston and should you be engaged by any ship whatever, you are to sink before you strike the colors." Degg answered: "Yes sir, your command shall be obeyed." After this, Admiral Pratt became quarter-master again.*

At length we arrived safely in Boston. The ship *Alliance* was hauled along side of the long wharf and dismantled. A court of inquiry was called by the board of war, which lasted three days. Then a court-martial was called, which lasted three days and more. Captain Waters was president, Captain Tucker and many others of the navy, I believe thirteen in number, were on it. Landas was broke and the whole ships crew was left there to shift for themselves.

Now as I am about to take leave of all my old officers, it will not be amiss to say something of some of them. First of all, the brave and honorable John Paul Jones, although the British print has said so much of him and made him out the worst of all men, yet I can say and will say that during the time that I sailed with him, I never sailed with any man more of a seaman and a gentleman than he was. He was brave, mild in action, fed his ships crew well and treated both men and officers as a Commander ought to do. As to our not getting our wages and prize money, he was not to blame and no other man except that old cowardly Peter Landas. Now as to First Lieutenant Richard Dale, since Commodore Dale: I consider him in every re-

* These interesting details of this transaction have never before been published. The records of the court of inquiry and court-martial in Boston recite simply that Landais manifested such unmistakable signs of dementia that Arthur Lee deposed him and placed Lieutenant Degge in command. Lee was still a Commissioner of the United States to Europe at large, though he had been relieved by John Adams as to France. That office or its commission gave him plenary powers in certain emergencies. He had already used those powers to dispossess Jones of the *Alliance* at l'Orient. Lee was also a competent physician, having studied medicine in his young manhood, and being regularly licensed to practise by the Edinburgh College of Physicians and Surgeons. His professional certificate that Landais was mentally unfit for command would have justified Degge in taking control of the ship. In fact, as was shown in the court-martial, he did give such a certificate to Degge at the latter's request. The only historical reference to the peculiar expedient described by Kilby occurs in the testimony of Arthur Lee himself before the court of inquiry. He said: "The deposition of Captain Landais and his confinement in cabin under guard were effected without trouble and *in a manner calculated to ensure the fidelity of the crew* to the officer who succeeded him. This was an important consideration, because there was much disaffection among the crew and it was deemed wise to give them no pretext for disobedience or mutiny."

Undoubtedly the plan which Lee describes as "in a manner calculated to ensure the fidelity of the crew," etc., was that which Kilby describes in detail, whereby the crew themselves were made the instruments for deposing Landais and installing Degge in his place.

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spect equally as brave as Jones. I can say but little about Second Lieutenant Henry Lunt, except that he was an active little man, but no seaman. Braver men than our worthy friends Dr. Brook and James [Matthew] Mease, the purser, could not live.

I was now in Boston without money. I shipped on board the ship, *Amoor*, of twenty-four guns, commanded by David Porter, the father of the present Commodore Porter. We went to the port of Port-au-Prince, then to the port of L'Orient, France, and returned to Boston. Then I shipped as a gunner on board the *Robin Hood* of twenty-four guns. She was commanded by Sargent Smith and was bound for Christiansand, Denmark. After cruising for some time, we arrived safely there and then returned to Boston. I then, together with two more of my companions, travelled by land to my home in Maryland, the place of my nativity. On my arrival, I found that my mother had died some time before. My brother had long before entered into the service of his country for three years or during the war, and, having served upwards of three years, was killed at Camden in Gates' defeat. I remained at home about two months, then went up to Baltimore and shipped on board the schooner, *Rambler*, of ten guns, commanded by Captain Thomas Shiles. I was second mate, and we were bound to St. Thomas. We arrived safely but on our passage home, were captured by a British sloop of war of sixteen guns, Lieutenant Parker being commander. She had dispatches from New York to Admiral Hood in the West Indies. Soon after, we fell in company with the "*L'Amiable*," of thirty-eight guns, commanded by Alexander Hood and were put on board of her. After some days, we fell in with the "*Balflour*" [*Barfleur*] of ninety guns, commanded by Admiral Hood. After some days, all the prisoners in the fleet were put on board of the "*Torbay*," of seventy-four guns, commanded by Captain Robinson. This ship together with the "*London*," a few days before, had chased a French seventy-four and had run ashore on Mount Acrist and carried away her rudder. The *Torbay* was ordered into Kingston, Jamaica, and we, the prisoners, on board of her, were landed there where we lay nearly four months. I at that time, being an officer, was permitted the liberty of the town. At last through a friend who had many years before lived in Somerset County, (Maryland), and had sailed on many voyages with an uncle of mine, a plan was laid for Captain Shiles, the Captain's clerk, Mr. Wales, and myself to escape. The plan was this: He owned many fishing boats. We were to be taken in one of them down to the Palisades near Port Royal where all the fleet then lay. About the dawn of day, the boats were hauled over the Palisades, a narrow neck of land, and in the morning all of us were fishing there in sight of the British fleet. So soon as a land breeze sprung up, Captain White, a Danish Burgher, of the island of Santa Cruz, was to come out on his way up to the island and take us in. He did so and we all got on board by climbing up at the bow of the vessel, unnoticed by the fleet, I suppose. The schooner stretched up for Aureoys, the port at which she was to touch. On the third day after leaving Kingston, being then about two leagues from Hispaniola, we were chased by a British frigate. Captain White, if detected in having us on board, would have been subject to heavy fine and imprisonment, and we would have been taken and sent back in irons. The frigate was coming up on us very fast. We resolved on taking to the schooner's boat, though small, and trying the open sea, although the sea was very high. We hove her overboard and made the best of our way for land. The frigate fired nearly one hundred cannon at us, though they never struck the boat. We at last made the beach. We then travelled by land to Aureoys, where we found our vessel. How it was that Captain Shiles left me, occurred in this manner. He sailed for America and I shipped as first mate on board the brigantine *Catharine*, Captain Hall, bound to Carthagena, South America. The brig was a neutral bottom owned in St. Thomas. We made the voyage and returned to Aueoys [Aureoys], then beat up to St. Thomas. On our arrival there, the news of peace was announced, happy news to a man that had waded through a long and trying war. But it was for liberty and that kept my spirits up. The brig was then sold to Captain Josiah Hill, who became the sole owner and I continued as first mate. We

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sailed for Charleston, South Carolina. On our arrival there, I left the brig, resolved once more to see home. I arrived in Norfolk, when and where I was prevailed on to make one more voyage as first mate with Captain John Bramble of the town of Norfolk. We sailed for the West Indies (Gaudaloupe). We sprung aleak, put into the island of Bermuda, refitted, sailed and made the voyage. We then went to New York where I got the command of a vessel owned in Charleston, South Carolina. I again sailed and went to the port of Santiago de Cuba in the island of Cuba. From there I went to Kingston, Jamaica, thence to Wilmington, North Carolina, then to Charleston, South Carolina. Then I left the vessel and returned to Norfolk, where the same owners gave me the command of the same vessel in which I had sailed with Captain Bramble. In this vessel and one other belonging to the same owners, I made nearly twenty voyages, all to the West Indies, after which I was given the command of the ship *Hanover*, which I retained until I married and quit the seas.

In conclusion of his Narrative—or as an appendix—Kilby quotes in full (as follows) the official report of Captain Pearson:

From the London Gazette.

ADMIRALTY OFFICE, Oct. 12, 1779.

A letter from Captain Pearson, of his Majesty's ship *Serapis*, to Mr. Stephens, of which the following is a copy, was yesterday received at his office:

PALLAS, FRENCH FRIGATE, IN CONGRESS SERVICE, TEXEL, Oct. 6, 1779.

SIR: You will be pleased to inform the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that on the 23d ult. being close in with Scarborough, about eleven o'clock, a boat came on board with a letter from the Baliffs of that corporation, giving information of a flying squadron of the enemy's ships being on the coast, and of a part of the said squadron having been seen from thence the day before, standing to the southward. As soon as I received this intelligence, I made the signal for the convoy to bear down under my lee, and repeated it with two guns; notwithstanding which, the van of the convoy kept their wind, with all sail stretching out to the southward from under Flamborough Head, till between 12 and 1, when the headmost of them got sight of the enemy's ships, which were then in chace of them; then they tacked, and made the best of their way under shore for Scarborough, etc., letting fly their top-gallant sheets, and firing guns; upon which I made all the sail I could to windward, to get between the enemy's ships and the convoy, which I soon effected. At one o'clock I got sight of the enemy's ships from the masthead and about four we made them plain from the deck to be three large ships and a brig; upon which I made the *Countess of Scarborough's* signal to join me, she being in shore with the convoy, at the same time I made the signal for the convoy to make the best of their way, and repeated the signal with two guns: I then brought to, to let the *Countess of Scarborough* come up, and cleared ship for action. At half-past five the *Countess of Scarborough* joined me, the enemy's ships then bearing down upon us, with a light breeze at S. S. W. at fix tacked, and laid our head in shore, in order to keep our ground the better between the enemy's ships and the convoy; soon after which we perceived the ships bearing down upon us to be a two-decked ship and two Frigates, but from their keeping end on upon us, on bearing down we could not discern what colours they were under: At about twenty minutes past seven, the largest ship of the three brought to, on our larboard bow, within musket shot: I hailed him, and asked what ship it was; they answered in English, the *Princess Royal;* I then asked where they belonged to, they answered evasively; on which I told them, if they did not answer directly, I would fire into them; they then answered with a shot, which was instantly returned with a broadside; and after exchanging two or three broadsides, he backed his topsails, and dropped upon our quarter within pistol shot, then filled again, put his helm a-weather and run us on board upon our weather quarter, and attempted to board us, but being repulsed he sheered off; upon which I backed our topsails, in order to get square with him again, which, as soon as he observed, he then filled, put his helm a-weather, and laid us athwart hawse; his mizen shrouds took our jib-boom, which hung him for some time, till at last gave way, and we dropt alongside

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of each other, head and stern, when the fluke of our spare anchor hooking his quarter, we became so close fore and aft, that the muzzles of our guns touched each other's sides. In this position we engaged from half-past eight till half-past ten, during which time, from the quantity and variety of combustible matters, which they threw in upon our decks, chains, and in short into every part of the ship, we were on fire not less than ten or twelve times in different parts of the ship, and it was with the greatest difficulty and exertion imaginable at times that we were able to get it extinguished. At the same time the largest of the two frigates kept sailing round us the whole action, and raking us fore and aft, by which means she killed or wounded almost every man on the quarter and main decks. About half-past nine, either from a hand grenade being thrown in at one of our lower deck ports, or from some other accident, a cartridge of powder was set on fire, the flames of which running from cartridge to cartridge all the way aft, blew up the whole of the people and officers that were quartered abaft the main-mast, from which unfortunate circumstance all those guns were rendered useless for the remainder of the action, and I fear the greatest part of the people will lose their lives. At ten o'clock they called for quarters from the ship alongside, and said they had struck. Hearing this, I called upon the Captain to know if they had struck, or if he asked for quarters; but no answer being made, after repeating my words two or three times, I called for the boarders and ordered them to board, which they did; but the moment they were on board her, they discovered a superior number laying under cover with pikes in their hands ready to receive them, on which our people instantly retreated into our own ship, and returned to their guns again until half-past ten, when the frigate coming across our stern, and pouring her broadside into us again, without our being able to bring a gun to bear on her, I found it in vain, and, in short, impracticable, from the situation we were in, to stand out any longer with the least prospect of success; I therefore struck (our mainmast at the same time went by the board). The first Lieutenant and myself, were immediately escorted into the ship alongside, when we found her to be an American ship of war, called the *Bon Homme Richard*, of 40 guns and 375 men, commanded by Captain Paul Jones; the other frigate which engaged us proved to be the *Alliance*, of 40 guns and 300 men; and the third frigate which engaged and took the *Countess of Scarborough* after two hours action, to be the *Pallas*, a French frigate, of 32 guns and 275 men; the *Vengeance*, an armed brig, of 12 guns and 70 men, all in Congress service, and under the command of Paul Jones. They fitted out and sailed from Port l'Orient the latter end of July, and came North about; they have on board 300 English prisoners, which they have taken, in different vessels, in their way round, since they left France, and have ransomed some others. On my going on board the *Bon Homme Richard*, I found her in the greatest distress; her quarters and counter on the lower deck intirely drove in, and the whole of her lower deck guns dismounted; she was also on fire in two places, and six or seven feet of water in her hold, which kept increasing upon them all night and the next day, till they were obliged to quit her, and she sunk, with a great number of her wounded people on board her. She had 306 men killed and wounded in action: Our loss on the *Serapis* was also very great. My officers and people in general behaved well and I should be very remiss in my attention to their merit were I to omit recommending the remains of them to their Lordship's favour. I must at the same time beg leave to inform their Lordships, that Captain Piercy, in the *Countess of Scarborough* was not the least remiss in his duty, he having given me every assistance in his power, and as much as could be expected from such ship in engaging the attention of the *Pallas* a frigate of 32 guns, during the whole action. I am extremely sorry for the misfortune that has happened, that of losing his Majesty's ship I had the honour to command; but at the same time, I flatter myself with the hopes, that their Lordships will be convinced that she has not been given away; but, on the contrary, that every exertion has been used to defend her; and that two essential pieces of service to our country has arisen from it; the one in wholly oversetting the cruise and intentions of this flying squadron; the other in rescuing the whole of a valuable convoy from falling into the hands of the enemy,

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which must have been the case had I acted any otherwise than I did. We have been driving about in the North Sea ever since the action, endeavoring to make any port we possibly could, but have not been able to get into any place till to-day, we arrived in the Texel. Herewith I enclose you the most exact list of the killed and wounded I have as yet been able to procure, from my people being dispersed amongst the different ships and having been refused permission to muster them: There are, I find, many more, both killed and wounded, than appears on the enclosed list, but their names as yet I find impossible to ascertain; as soon as I possibly can, shall give their Lordships a full account of the whole.

I am Sir

Your most obedient and

Most humble servant,

R. PEARSON.

P. S.—I am refused permission to wait on Sir Joseph Yorke, and even to go on shore. Enclosed is a copy of a letter from Captain Piercy, late of the *Scarborough*.

Abstract of the list of the killed and wounded:

Killed.....	49
Wounded.....	68

Among the killed are the boatswain, pilot, one master's mate, two midshipmen, the coxswain, one quartermaster, 27 seamen, 15 marines. Amongst the wounded are the second Lieutenant Michael Stanhope and Lieutenant Whiteman second Lieutenant of marines, 2 surgeons mates, 6 petty officers, 46 seamen, and 12 marines.

After reproducing this report, Kilby comments on it as follows:

I shall take the liberty to contradict some parts of the above letter. First, Pearson says the *Alliance* kept constantly sailing around and raking him the whole of the action. It is untrue; for the *Alliance* never came up until just before the close of the action, and when she did come up, in room of firing into the enemy's ship she came under our larboard quarter and raked us fore and aft, although she was cautioned of our being the *Bonhomme Richard* before she had fired a gun. The first broadside she gave us, she killed eleven men. Did I say broadside? It was rather more like a salute than a broadside, for she commenced by firing the starboard bow gun and continued one after another till she discharged fourteen twelve pounders, every ball of which went through our cabin windows and out at our bow, and so soon as the ship shot ahead of us, she hove about and discharged the other broadside as before. Again, Pearson says that many of our dead and wounded went down in our ship. It is equally untrue. I don't believe one soul of either dead or wounded went down in the ship. Again he says, that he killed and wounded three hundred and six of our men. Still worse! and in my opinion, makes against Pearson, for if he had killed and wounded that number of us, ought he not to have taken us? Surely he ought, for he says we had only three hundred and seventy-five men, and by that rule how many men had we left? Why sixty-nine men! Handsome business for sixty-nine men to take his Majesty's ship with two hundred and eighty-eight, for he had on his books four hundred men. The truth is that we had a hundred men killed and a hundred wounded. Many of the wounded died the next day. The *Serapis* lost one hundred and one killed and a hundred wounded. This was proved by their ship's books and is, of course, true. But the truth of the matter is this: a British commander could not endure to have it said that one of his Majesty's ships was taken by an American rebel, as they so called us then. But time has changed. The weight is now in the other scale. I will say this for Captain Pearson and his officers; they all fought bravely. But had we not had such a mixed, disaffected crew (when I say disaffected crew, I mean all those that Jones had entered out of French prisons), I really believe we should have taken the ship in one half the time. Captain Pearson was like all other British commanders, when they write to their government. It is not to be expected for them to give the truth. Had he done so, it would have been departing from their principle at least for a century past.

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MORITURUS

[Trumbull Stickney, died October 11, 1904.]

By George Cabot Lodge

I

"He sought, believed, dared, found and bore away
"The light: the deed, the deathless deed was done!
"What mattered it that then Deukalion
"Was filled with wrath, resentment and dismay?
"What tho' God's bird, relentless, day by day,
"Tore his immortal heart, and God's high sun
"Blistered his eyes?—the man endured and won!"
He said—and smiled in his tremendous way.
And then I knew how fiercely and alone
The Titan had withstood resistless things
And let the soul's accomplishment atone;
Had climbed blind pathways thro' the strangling night
And with the courage of his sufferings
Had seized and kept, for life and death, the Light!

II

He felt the blind lost loneliness increase
As life compelled him to the final test.
He said: "The refuge of defeat is rest;
"A soul's dishonor is the price of peace.
"From star to star the flight shall never cease;
"The truth, perforce, is long and last and best;
"Thro' life and death with bruised, defenceless breast
"We seek the sunrise of the soul's release."
And so he lived and almost died and died.
The night, the silence and the solitude
Left him magnificent and unsubdued;
And we who kept the vigil by his side
Saw, when at last the Door was opened wide,
Clear in his eyes the Dawn his soul pursued.

III

"At least," he said, "we spent with Socrates
"Some memorable days, and in our youth
"Were curious and respectful of the Truth,
"Thrilled by perfections and discoveries.
"And with the everlasting mysteries
"We were irreverent and unsatisfied,—
"And so we are!" he said. And when he died
His eyes were deep with strange immensities.
And all his words came back to me again
Like stars after a storm. I saw the light
And trembled, for I knew the man had won
In solitude and darkness and great pain;—
But when he leaped headlong into the Night
He met the dawn of an eternal Sun!

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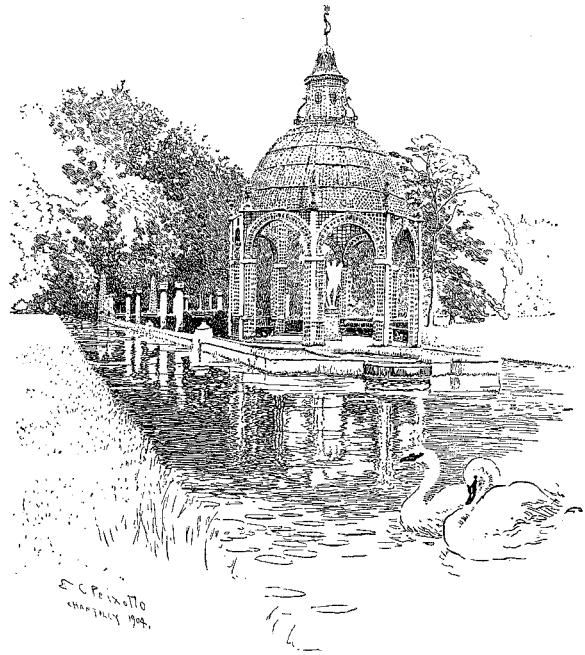
LE NÔTRE AND HIS GARDENS

By Beatrix Jones

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E C PEIXOTTO



The "Island of Love" at Chantilly

THE long life of André Le Nôtre is one of the most characteristic and best expressions of the time of the "Grand Monarque." He came from the simple middle class, which has given many of her greatest artists to France, as we know from one of the few and meagre notes about his youth that his father, Jean Le Nôtre, was an undergardener at the palace of the Tuileries, although he afterward rose to be "surintendant des jardins du Roi." The boy must have grown up in gardens and among gardeners, since the record of his baptism says that his god-mother was the wife of that Claude Mollet, head gardener of the Tuileries, whose name is associated with a book about the design and making of parterres of all sorts, one of the earliest of its kind and most eagerly sought after by collectors of books on gardening. Little is known about his early life, except that he is said to have studied painting with Simon Vouët, where he probably met Charles Le Brun and Le Vau, who were later associated with him in his work at Vaux and at Versailles. Although there is a legend that he painted two or three landscapes of great promise, which have since disappeared, the boy cannot have shown real aptitude for painting, because we know that he was still young when he became his father's assistant in the parterres of the Tuileries. We may fancy how the lad, working in the flower-beds, began to think of the changes which he was afterward to make in the design of these gardens and to dream of the great vistas and of what Cousin calls his "peculiar magic of infinite perspectives," which has made him worthy of a place by the side of Poussin and Claude.

It is hard to tell whether his apparently bluff and simple personality was a manner

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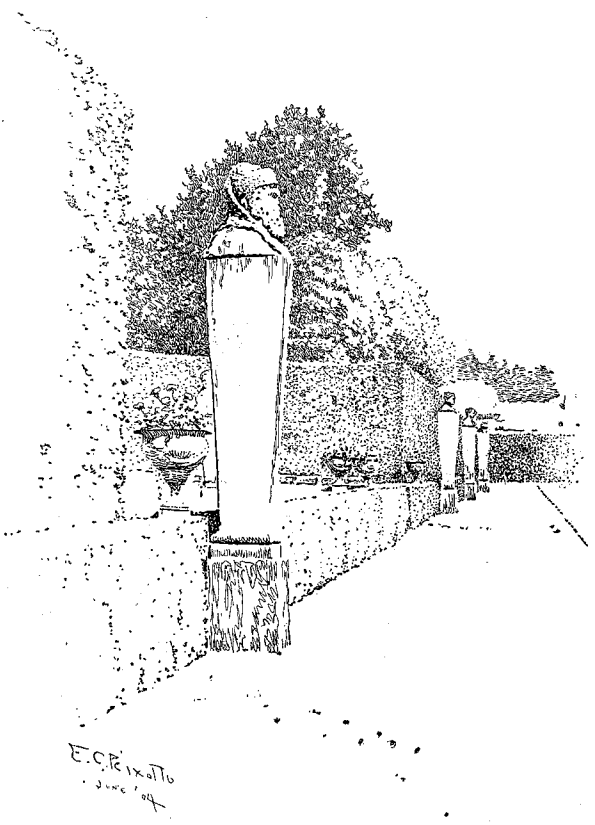
he found useful in dealing with the vain and subtle King, as Mansart did his very obvious flattery; but it is not easy to think that the rough honesty of his speech could have been merely a mask carefully worn for the purpose of keeping him in favor with his capricious master, who, in his case, never re-



Clipped hedges and Hermes at Vaux-le-Vicomte.

sented his familiarity, and who was always his friend. His portrait by Carlo Maratta at Versailles and the bust over his tomb by Coysevox, both show us a keen, earnest face, nervous in its modelling around the mouth, and with fine, frank, wide-open eyes, but emphatically neither sly nor servile. His profession, like that of architecture, is dependent for its expression on the ability of the artist to work through his employer, and these arts are thus more closely knit with personality than any other.

When Le Nôtre was sixty-two the King insisted on making him a chevalier of the Order of St. Michael, and suggested that he adopt a coat of arms; which was laughingly declined, as Le Nôtre said that he had one ready made—three snails surrounding a spade and surmounted by a cabbage leaf. As far as we know Le Nôtre asked only one favor of the King in all the years they were associated, which was toward the end of his life, when he begged that his nephew, Claude Desgots, might succeed him in his place. He died in the year 1700, at the age of eighty-seven, and was buried in the church of St. Roch in Paris. Not much is known of his life between the time he left Simon Vouët's school of painting and rejoined his father in the Tuileries gardens until he was thirty-nine, when he began his first great work at Vaux-le-Vicomte near Melun, although it has been said that he made some designs for Richelieu's chateaux of Reuil and Gaillon. As a young man he seems to have been protected by Mazarin, through whom Fouquet, the powerful and unscrupulous chancellor, probably heard of him, and offered him the splendid opportunity which only a man of high position anxious to display immense wealth and perfect taste could give. Fouquet spent eighteen million francs at Vaux, an enormous sum even for the present day, proving, as a contemporary writer said, that the chancellor served himself with no more economy than he served his King. Twice he pulled down and rebuilt the house before he was satisfied with its beauty and magnificence, and he bought and destroyed three villages in order that there might be room for the immense gardens in the park of eight hundred acres which Le Nôtre had planned as a setting to the chateau. To Le Vau belongs the credit for the house as it stands, although it is said that he stole ideas for his plans from unused sketches belonging to the older Mansart, and Le Brun designed some of the fountains in the gardens and painted two of the ceilings, which rank among the finest of his work. As Sainte-Beuve said, Vaux was in a sense an anticipated Versailles, and evidences of an unbridled luxury were every-

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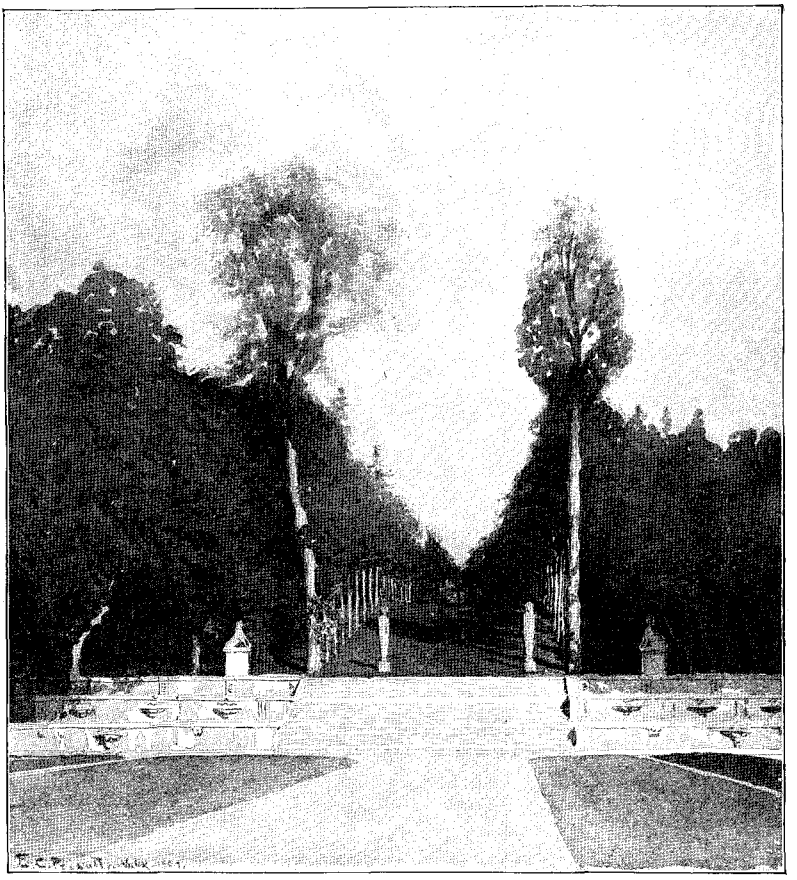

The Buffet d'Eau, Vaux-le-Vicomte.

where. Fouquet's ostentation was not satisfied with having the most gorgeous and beautiful house and gardens in the kingdom; he also wished to be ranked as a patron of all the arts, and counted Molière and La Fontaine as members of his household; and, as a crowning offence, he even dared to raise his eyes to Mademoiselle de La Vallière, which inflamed the already jealous King to a white heat of anger and wounded pride.

At last, after nine years' work, the place was finished, and Fouquet gave a great fête in honor of the King, as he boastfully said: "To show my master that he is not as well housed as one of his subjects." He must often have regretted this foolish speech, for he attained his object only too well. The King came to the fête, partly to lull Fouquet's suspicions. He saw the house in its great gardens with their flashing fountains and brilliant parterres, and was irritated by the splendor of the place, which was everywhere decorated with the insolent arms of its owner—a squirrel, with the motto, "Quo non ascendum?"—"Where shall I not mount?" The King sourly remarked that the house was more magnificent than either of his palaces of Fontainebleau or St. Germain, and that it was too much for a simple subject to own, and was with difficulty restrained by the Queen mother from at once ordering his host's arrest. The fête ended with a brilliant illumination of the gardens and a performance of Molière's "Fâcheux," during which Fouquet was warned by one of his friends of the King's jealousy and anger and his own coming downfall.

Eighteen days later he was arrested by d'Artagnan, the original of Dumas's immortal figure, and imprisoned for life at Pignerol; and Vaux, as well as the rest of his property, was confiscated to the Crown.

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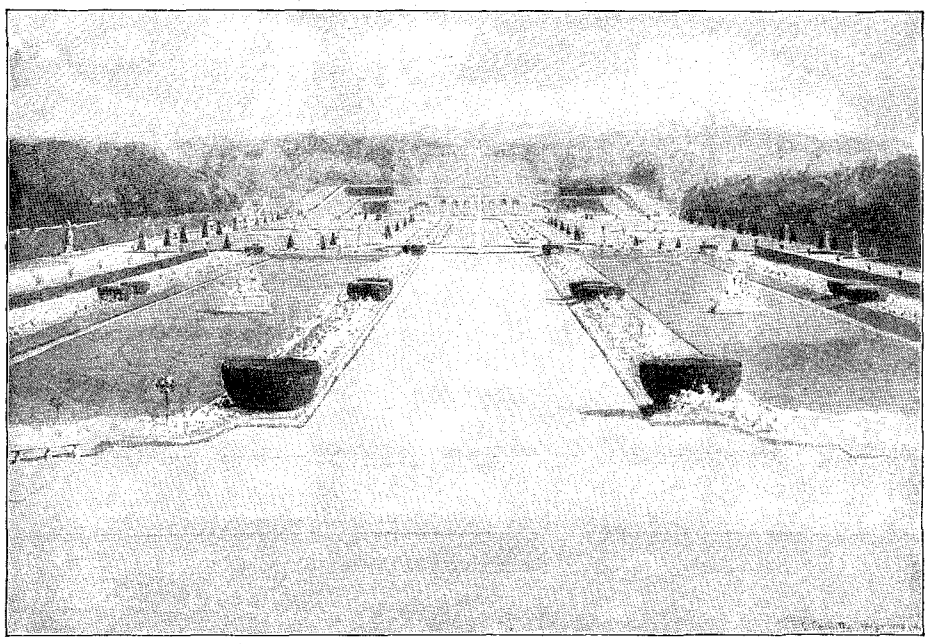

General view of the Parterres at Vaux-le-Vicomte, seen from the steps of the chateau.

The gardens have been little altered since the days of the "Roi Soleil"; the design of the great *parterres de broderie* has been swept away, to be sure, but the terraces, fountains, and wide walks, with their enchanting perspectives, are more beautiful than they were two hundred years ago, for now they have the added loveliness of a framing of large trees, which they must have sadly lacked in Fouquet's day. The present owner is evidently and justifiably proud of possessing one of the most stately and best preserved of French gardens, since the place is as well kept as if the King were momentarily expected at the chancellor's unlucky house-warming.

As Vaux has been less changed than any of Le Nôtre's other great designs, for that reason alone it is well worth seeing. The first view of the chateau from the high-road through the simple entrance grille is striking, standing as it does at the lower end of its large and slightly sloping fore court, and approached by a straight road flanked by large orange-trees in tubs. The effect is peculiarly dignified, as the house stands quite free and apart from the stables and offices which close the court on two sides, and depends for its beauty on the perfect simplicity and proportion of the court itself and the elegance of Le Vau's façade. But it is only on coming out of the high, cool, domed *salon* to the platform at the top of the garden steps that one is amazed by the brilliance and style of the great scheme. The gardens are spread before one bright with flowers and marbles and fountains, sloping gently to the great canal, and broken only by one small flight of steps. They are divided into two equal parts by a broad gravel path, in which are set two great fountains, one round and one oblong, each with its slender jet of water. On either side of this walk are the parterres, now planted in beds, and with flowers unknown in Fouquet's time. These used to be the great *parterres de broderie* on which so much of the garden designer's time and ingenuity was spent.

They were elaborate patterns outlined in box and filled, not with flowers, but with material of different colors, such as yellow and white sand, coal and brick dust, gravel and slag, red cement and iron filings, surrounded by a flower-bed ridged *en dos d'âne*, and planted with small clipped yews and other shrubs.

At the foot of the slope the great canal lies hidden in a hollow, on the other side of which rises the monumental grotto with its seven arches in *rocaille* and gigantic figures of river-

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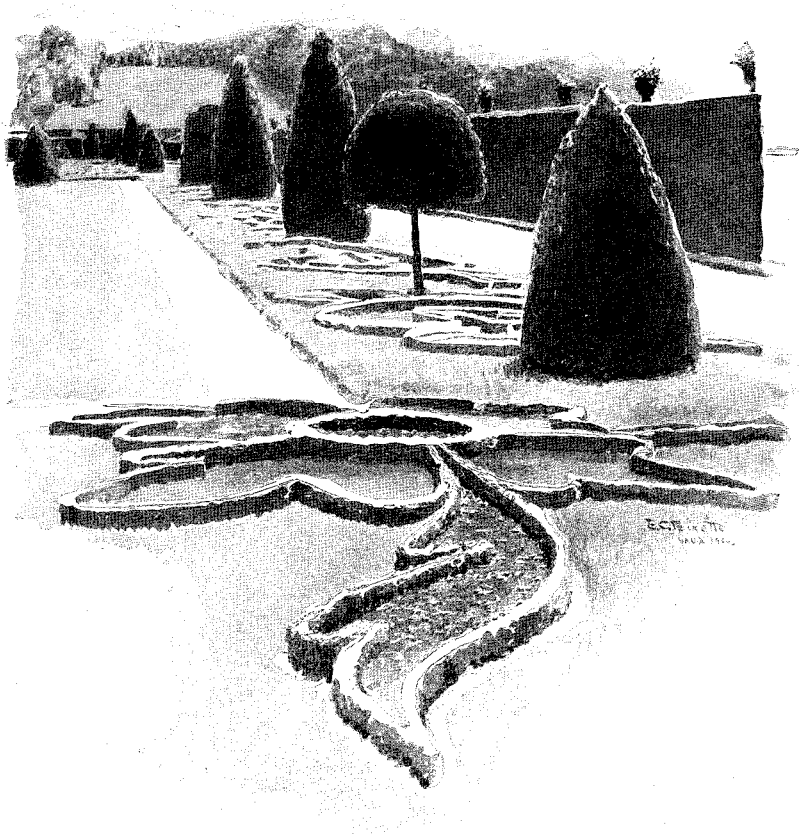
gods under the flanking stairways. These lead to the grassy slope on top of the hill at the end of the perspective, where a large modern gilded reproduction of the Farnese Hercules now looks rather out of scale. Facing the grotto and across the canal is the great cascade, the most elaborate of all the fountains at Vaux, which has been entirely and most accurately reconstructed from old drawings. The gardens must have fallen into ruin in the middle of the eighteenth century, as a traveller of that day tells of neglected bosquets and ruined fountains, and although the present owner has restored much of the old design, many fountains are still missing from the upper gardens, and the *parterres de broderie* and their fellows, the *parterres de compartiment*, have entirely disappeared. The Bosquet de la Couronne is probably less altered than any other, as old prints show the same fountain with a background of clipped hornbeam hedges, and where there formerly were two smaller fountains some little patterns in clipped box filled with red and black earth serve as a suggestion of what the great parterres must have been. It is said that certain accessories of gardening, which later became inalienably associated with French garden art, were used for the first time at Vaux.

These were *rocaille*, *treillage*, and *berceau*, perhaps not quite adequately rendered in English by rockwork, trellis, and arbor, which, to our minds, convey nothing but the remembrance of the horrors of the so-called rock garden, the flapping arms and legs of the drying-yard, and the suggestion of earwigs. *Rocaille* differs from our rockwork



A modern reproduction of "Broderie" at Vaux.
The compartments of the patterns are filled with colored sands and coal dust.

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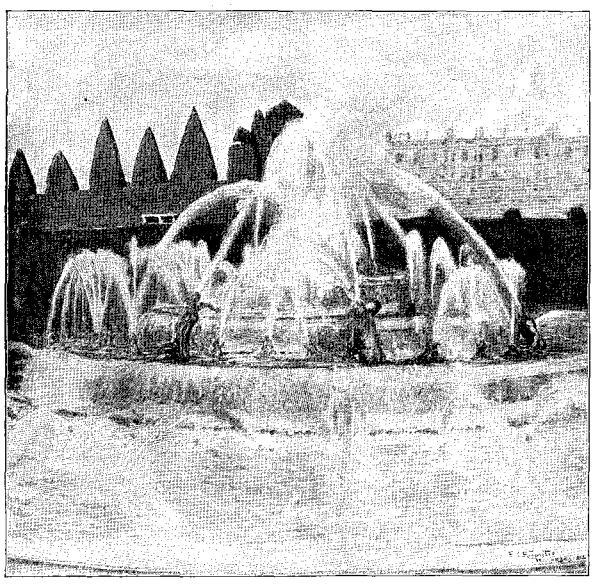
in that it does not attempt to imitate the natural formation of rocks, but rather seeks to create architectural forms by combinations of pebbles and shells, such as conventionalized figures of sea-gods, and dolphins, or marine and rustic attributes suitable for the decoration of grottos and fountains. The reason that trellis-work does not suggest the same meaning to our minds as the French word *treillage* is that it does not presuppose the existence of design of an architectural character, which is invariably present in good French examples. Porticos for the decoration of the ends of vistas and niches for statues and busts, as well as summer-houses, were built of trellis-work, and sometimes the entrances to the mazes and small groves which were part of all the larger gardens of the period. A *berceau* was either a long gallery of trellis-work, sometimes interrupted by a garden house, also of lattice, or a shaded walk made of small clipped trees with interlaced branches, like the one still in existence at Vaux.



The fountain of Latona, Versailles.

Not long after 1660 the King forsook St. Germain for Versailles, where Mademoiselle de La Vallière was then living. Le Vau added two large wings to the simple moated hunting lodge of Louis XIII, and soon Le Nôtre, who had been brought to the King's notice at Vaux, was ordered to create gardens in what Saint Simon called "the dreariest and most unpromising of places, without view, without woods, without water, without earth, because everything there is shifting sand or swamp, without air, and in consequence, unhealthy." And it was here, in spite of these adverse and almost prohibitory conditions, that Le Nôtre created gardens and a wooded park which will make his name live as long as people are sensitive to beauty and proportion. The King was already seized with the passion for building which was to cost his people so many million francs, and started to enlarge and elaborate the simple plans of Boyceau and Lemercier, which are the foundation of Le Nôtre's later work. It is said that when Le Nôtre first submitted his plans for the alteration of the gardens, the King, carried away by the beauty of the scheme, cried as he caught sight of each new sketch, "Le Nôtre, I will give you twenty thousand francs." After the fourth interruption of the same kind, Le Nôtre stopped him and said, "Sire, I should ruin you and you would be none the wiser."

Nevertheless, the vistas and avenues were widened, large trees were moved, for the first time, from the forest of Compiègne, the great canal was enlarged, the bosquets rearranged, and the boundaries of the park extended. The original Parterre d'Eau was made and no sooner finished than destroyed, and immediately replaced by the two great basins called by the same name which are still decorated with the beautiful groups by Coysevox and other well-known artists of the time.

There is an authentic list of ninety-five sculptors, including all the famous men of that day, who were employed in the embellishment of the gardens alone. The fountain of Latona, surrounded by her frogs, lies just below the Parterre d'Eau, and is, with the Basin of Neptune, the best known fountain in the gardens. Close to this is the Point de Vue, where the King, in an itinerary of the gardens written by his own hand, solemnly directed that visitors should be made to halt in order to admire the view.

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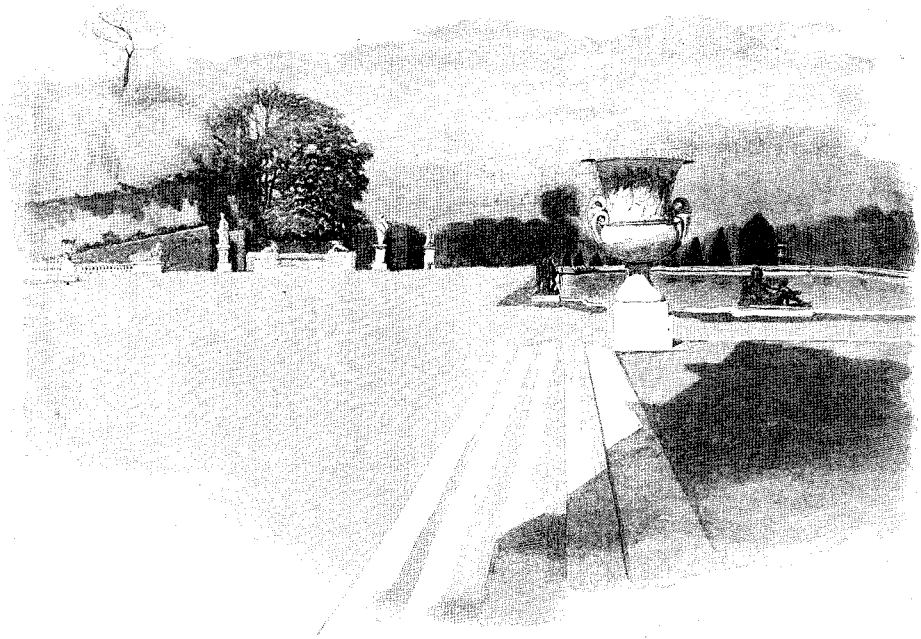

The upper terrace at Versailles.

Beyond this again are the Allée Royale or main avenue, which was here widened; the newly made Tapis Vert, surrounded by statues and planted on both sides with the recently transplanted trees; and the great fountain of Apollo in his chariot rising from the sea and surrounded by tritons, now commonly known to visitors by the undignified title of "the cart stuck in the mud." At the foot of the slope the great canal was formerly brilliant with Venetian gondolas, painted and gilded boats, and noisy with water parties in the time of the "Roi Soleil," but is now deserted save for an occasional dusty tourist in a hired pleasure-boat. In the old days it stretched away to the Avenue de Villepreux, which again continued the vista for a distance of nearly three miles, so that the main axis of the garden from the Galerie des Glaces was nearly five miles long.

Of all the groves with their delicate trelliswork, their *cabinets de verdure* of clipped trees, and elaborate fountains in basins decorated with frail work in *rocaille*, but two remain in anything like their old completeness and elegance.

The Bosquet de la Colonnade, built from designs by Mansart, with its circle of colored marble columns and its central group of the "Rape of Proserpine" by Girardon, is very little altered from the days when we read that "Monseigneur and the Princesses supped in the Colonnade which was brightly lighted." The Salle de Bal has been lately restored, and is now much as it was on a certain May evening more than two hundred years ago, when there was feasting and dancing after a wolf hunt and an orchestra was hidden behind the amphitheatre of the *rocaille* fountain, while the spectators sat on grassy banks in the light thrown from the great gilded *torchères*, which were part of the design.

The Bassin de Neptune at the end of the Allée d'Eau was not finished and the great lead groups put in place until the following reign, but the fountain itself was designed by Le Nôtre and Pierre de Francine, that artist whose name is writ in water everywhere at Versailles. The Pièce d'Eau des Suisses balances the fountain of Neptune on the plan, and was made by Le Nôtre out of a swamp which the King had vainly ordered drained by his engineers. The Swiss Guard were employed for this purpose, and with the mud taken from the new basin they filled the place for the King's kitchen garden, which was taken charge of by De la Quintinye, who, like Le Nôtre, had followed the King from Vaux. In this old Potager du Roi the French Government now carries on its excellent school of horticulture.

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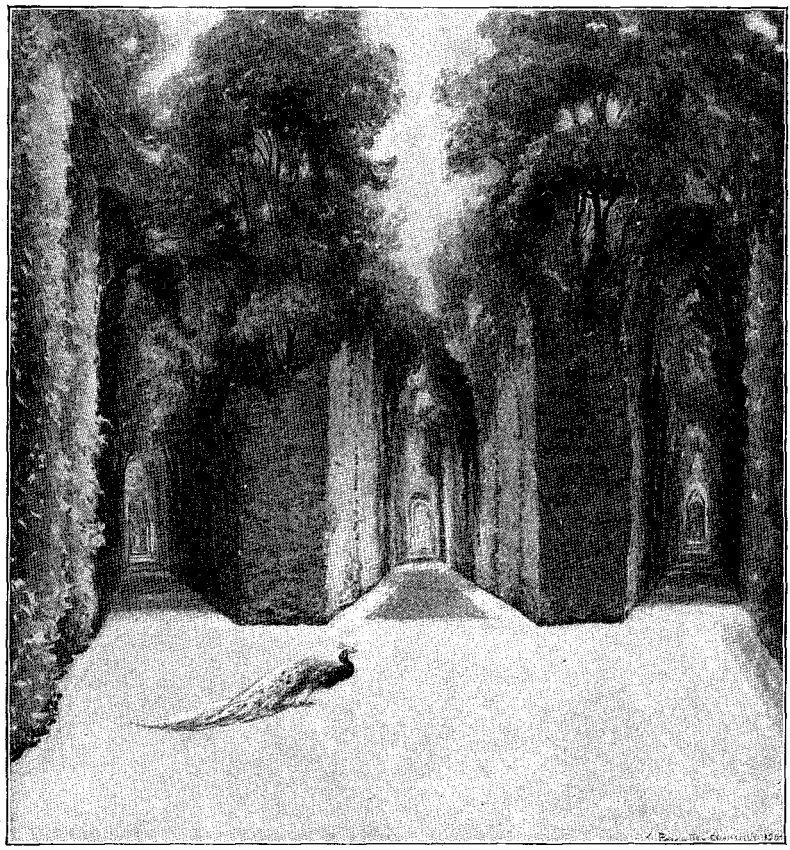
While Le Nôtre was still working at Versailles, he was also remodelling Chantilly for the great Condé. Here he made the gigantic Parterre d'Eau, which, although now shorn of its surrounding flower-beds, and therefore not as beautiful as formerly, is still impressive from its size. The canal is nearly as large as the one at Versailles, and the great cascades were considered equal to the



The "Trois Allées," Chantilly.

fountain of Neptune by travellers of the day. The great esplanade was also made at this time, and the park was cut into the long avenue and *pattes d'oies*, or goose-feet, which were so characteristic of the preciseness and formalism of the time. The Maison de Silvie and the Ile d'Amour were not made till considerably later, when the passion for romantic simplicity led everyone to renewed extravagance in building houses and tearing up gardens, only to replace them with what they called English gardens, which, with their absence of architectural lines, were utterly inappropriate as settings to the old formal chateaux. We probably owe to this rage for simplicity the destruction of as many gardens as we do to the French Revolution itself.

Fontainebleau also passed through Le Nôtre's transforming hands, and here he made the Parterres du Tibre, now empty of their elaborate embroideries in brick-dust and sand, in place of the stiff squares and circles of Du Cerceau's day. The long canal, however, was there before Louis XIV, and Le Nôtre's design, less important here than at Versailles or Vaux, was probably only made in obedience to the King's never-ceasing desire for change.

It must have been aggravating to so simple and decided a person as Le Nôtre to be obliged to alter and continually remodel his plans. In almost every account of a walk taken by the King in any one of his many gardens

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An allée with Hermes, Versailles.

we are told that he admired certain changes which had been made by his orders since his last visit. No sooner was a grove designed and finished than a new fountain would be placed in it, or the whole thing levelled and a fresh start made. The loss of many charming parts of the gardens of Versailles is due to this capricious spirit of the "Grand Monarque," who, for example, tore down the grotto of Thetis, the masterpiece of Pierre de Francine, and also destroyed one of the most charming of all the garden fountains called by the unattractive name of The Swamp. Many writers of the day reiterate

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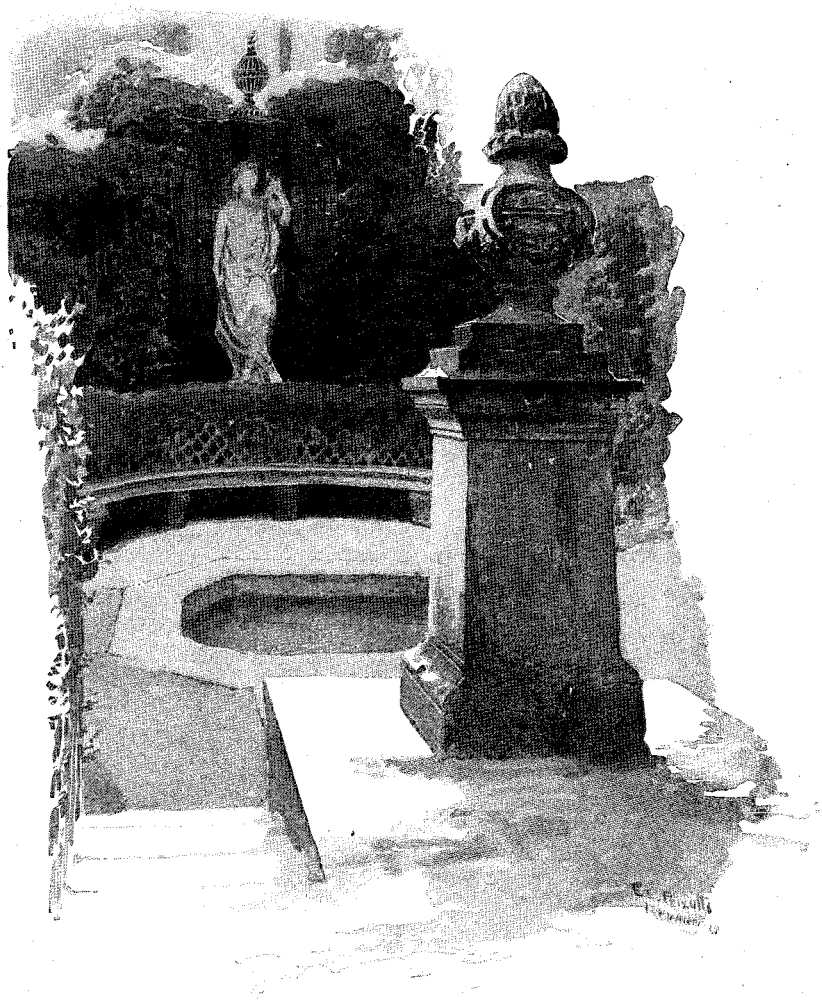
that the King could only be interested in a place as long as there were changes or new work being done. The King, after a visit to the Trianon de Porcelaine, said that he found the place more beautiful than ever, which Dangeau says was always a bad sign, and a little later this charming house with its gardens had to make room for the present Grand Trianon, designed by Mansart and Le Nôtre, and built at a fantastic cost. The Petit Trianon was, of course, not built till later, and the Hameau not long before the Revolution.



A small bosquet, Fontainebleau.

The gardens of the Tuileries in their present form are also due to Le Nôtre. He made the terrace of the Cours la Reine overlooking the Seine, planted the great central avenue, which was later continued into the present Champs Élysées, and put in the two fountains with their high single jets of water, which are still the delight of small children, who sail boats in their large basins. The parterres which were close to the palace have vanished, and in their place are now gay flower-beds and little grass-plots.

St. Cloud has suffered much; the palace has been pulled down, and nothing remains of its elaborate gardens and water-works except the Grande Cascade; while the park, with its straight avenues, is a desolate place, though filled every Sunday in warm weather with the people of Paris. St. Germain still

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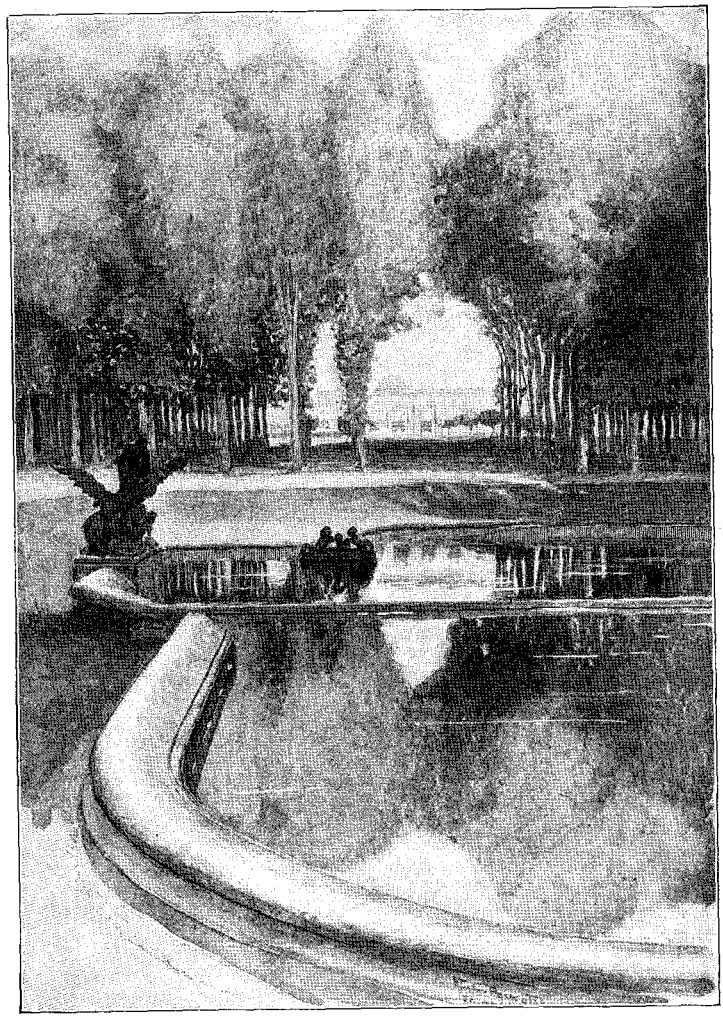

The Grand Trianon from the Bassin du Miroir.

has its great lime-planted terrace, nearly a mile and a half long, overlooking the valley of the Seine, and, impressive as it is from its size alone, it is made even more effective by a break and slight change of angle toward the middle of its tremendous length.

The familiar names of Sceaux, Meudon, Marly, and Clagny now at best only stand for a few mounds in the earth where the palaces used to be, a few depressions which show the old fountain basins, and here and there the remnants of the old groves, now grown to be great trees whose roots wind about the crumbling terrace walls. But ruined as these gardens are, Le Nôtre has still left enough for us to realize his great ideas. He found gardens still Gothic in character and keeping more or less of the confined quality of the monastic and feudal enclosures of the middle ages, and he left them splendidly proportioned open spaces, architecturally connected with the palaces of his fellow-artists. His name is inseparably connected with the great architects of his time, as he understood the art of "emplacement," or setting of a house, and had an unfailing instinct for the surroundings needed for large buildings.

We should now be impatient of a garden of iron filings and brick-dust, but in his day the *parterre fleuriste*, the forerunner of our flower-garden, was commonly hidden away in some inconspicuous place as a cutting garden is now, and probably for the same reason. The King was fond of having fresh

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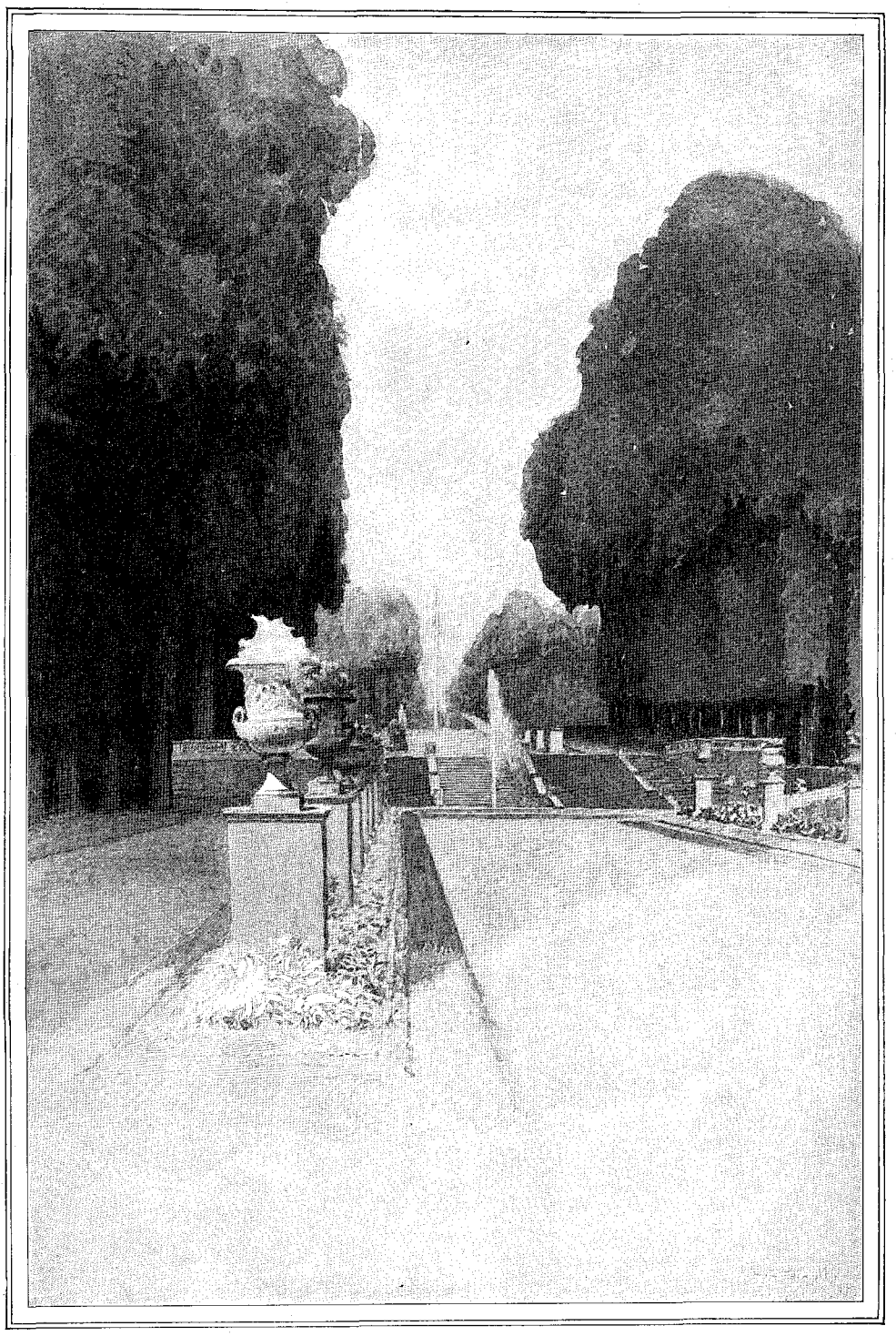

Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

St. Cloud.

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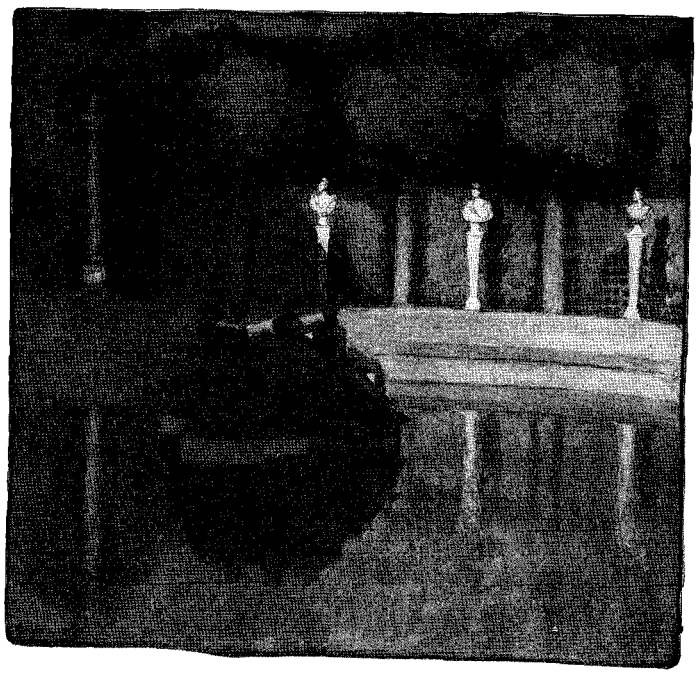
flowers on his dining-table, and often visited the *parterre fleuriste*, which was part of the kitchen garden, where he chose the flowers he wished to use, and commented on the training of the espaliered fruit under De la Quintinye's care. There were several reasons for the banishment of flowers from the immediate neighborhood of the palaces. In the first place, there was nothing like the amount of glass for starting seeds and cuttings which we now have; nor were there great nursery gardens like our modern ones, where we can order a hundred thousand bulbs or seedlings with no more uncertainty about their delivery than if we wanted fifty. In old times collectors had to be sent to the places where the bulbs grew naturally, thence to dispatch them to the gardens. Neither was there anything like our variety of flowers to choose from, as the old-fashioned kinds about which we hear so much were, in most cases, the small and dull-colored ancestors of our hardy perennials, for in those happy days the accursed race of bedding plants had not yet appeared. The fact that many of the country *châteaux* were inhabited or had to be habitable all the year, made it necessary to use the unchanging colors of the *parterre de broderie* close to the house, rather than a flower-garden which the winter frosts would have made unspeakably dreary.

Although Le Nôtre's life was a long and a busy one, he could not possibly have designed all the gardens with which his name is now associated, more or less correctly. The list is an astounding one, ranging as it does from Aranjuez and La Granja in Spain to Wilhelmshöhe and Oranienbourg in Germany; from the Villas Albani and Pamphili in Rome to Hampton Court and Kensington Gardens in England. But directly or indirectly he is responsible for the spirit of all these designs, as he created a school of outdoor art, which, modified and adapted to suit various conditions and climates, spread over the civilized world, and is the foundation of all the landscape art of to-day. It was he who first released gardens from their mediæval swaddling clothes, widened their narrow borders, did away with their childish decorations of fantastically clipped trees, and made them instead dignified parts of a splendid whole. To some people his gardens do not now seem attractive, on account of what is called their severity and coldness, but we must remember that they were entirely appropriate to the places for which they were designed, and perfectly fitted for their uses, and are consequently artistically admirable.



A bosquet at Trianon.—Moonlight.

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REPRIEVED

By Katharine Holland Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

WITHOUT, the March storm eddied and beat, with rocking clamor of bitter wind and freezing wash of rain. Within, the low crimson-walled gallery with its blazing hearth, its shaded lights, its broad low leathern chairs, worn each into a sheath of ease, seemed a fastness of peace after the fretting bluster outside. Yet for all its coaxing comfort, there were not a dozen people in the room. And there had not been a score on any day since Prescott's little exhibit had opened.

It had stormed every hour since the morning the pictures were hung, Prescott thought to himself. He was sorry that it was so. One could not expect people to brave such weather for the sake of viewing a handful of sketches like these. Besides, there were so many other things going on, he told himself patiently. Perhaps he had been injudicious in accepting the club's invitation to use the gallery at this gayest of gay seasons. What with the theatres, now at the height of their short Easter carnival, the endless balls and dinners and coaching trips, the score of great weddings—surely it was no wonder that his slender offering had gone overlooked. People had been very generous as it was, he went on determinedly. Three out of the fifty pictures had sold; not at an overwhelming price, it is true; but the fact of their selling at all proved that they made their appeal. It was rather odd, though, that Winters, his old college mate, who had bought two of the three, should not have been able to come in for a look at the paintings since his one glimpse on the first morning. He had hurried in on his way down-town, glanced through the right-hand alcove, a group of Cape Cod water-colors, seized upon the two nearest with the brief command, "Mind you don't dare sell 'em over again!" and plunged away. His check had followed a day later. It was not a small check; Prescott thought, vaguely, that it would cover the summer in Maine for Selina and himself, with perhaps a little to spare. It was a pity that Winters was always so rushed—too rushed to take any real pleasure in life. A great fortune was surely a magnificent thing; but if its mighty bulk thrust itself between life and all the worthier things of life—books, music, art—art, above all—of what avail?

He paced slowly about the wide shadowy room, his long wrinkled delicate hands clasped behind him, his gray head bent. The gallery had never looked quite so well, he said to himself, with a gratification that held, for some inexplicable reason, a barb of doubt. It was a stately old room always, its dull hues of carven wood, of faded velvet, of dim warm tarnished gold, made an inimitable frame for the frail vanishing frost-work of his art. To-day it owned the added grace of flowers; for Mrs. Winters had sent him a carriage-load from her home green-houses that morning. Narcissus, swaying ghost-white on their tender stalks; lilies of the valley, the very breath of girlhood; and in a dusk corner a great opalescent bowl of tulips, flame-red, the lovely fires of spring.

Against the tapestry of this atmosphere his pictures shone out, little stars. There was the Cape Cod group, a sheaf of airy fancies; a tawny sweep of autumn marsh, beneath a sky all fiercely blue; a gray fog dawn, soft and chill, lifting, falling, as a cere-cloth blown; sunset from a lonely pier, a wide sky barred and dappled with flakes of gold, one white moth wing of a sail adrift on a golden sea.

Across in the opposite alcove hung the studies he had made in the Riviera, that one unforgettable year of his joy; a walled garden, overgrown with ancient vines, rust-red; a noble terrace, sloping to the sea; a fountain, antique, despoiled, its forsaken nymph lifting white pleading arms against the ilex gloom.

And between, grouped with cunning judgment on the dim velvet wall, were ranked some twoscore canvases which he held full

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as dear; although, even to his childlike vision, they hardly equalled the treasures in the alcove. They were all landscapes, tiny for the most part, soft and undetermined in coloring, yet truthful with a truthfulness that all but irked while it pleased. One felt that not a shade, not a tint, had been forgotten, even to the shadow of a flying bird, the silver of a beech-twig. Every feature was as catalogued, every look was set down irrevocably. Nature had sat to him for her portrait, indeed; and he had been a loving, conscientious artist. Conscientious—but not discerning. For past his accurate hills, his flawless sea, there lurked no mystery; there shone no Gleam.

Yet, mercifully, to his own eyes the message glowed out on every canvas, keen and clear. For all his youth lay written fair upon them. Its fears and joys, its calling promises; its lone wistful dream.

"Pardon. Can you tell me whether this is the last day of the exhibit?"

He turned to face a young woman, pencil and list in hand. She met his gentle elderly courtesy with a quick brightening of her tired young face and an instinctive softening of her business-like voice.

"Yes. It closes at six," he answered, aware that she did not know him for the artist, and dimly irritated that this was so. "This is your first look at them?" he added, by way of rounding out his sentence.

"My one chance," she replied, with a gracious little smile. She turned away, drawing a note-book from her furred sleeve, and began making rapid entries. A shade of disappointment crossed Prescott's face as he looked after her. A reporter, then; at best, an art critic, here because her assignment demanded it. Yet she had looked interested.

A party of three, a woman and two men, came through the broad arch and circled the gallery rapidly from group to group, talking in undertones. Prescott sat down in a dusk corner of the alcove, behind a screen of palms, and rested his head on his hands. It came to him suddenly that the tension of the past week had been great, and that he was very tired. So tired that when the three crossed over and stood directly in front of his palm-screen it did not occur to him to make himself known.

"How old did you say he was, Ned?" The woman leaned forward, straining her handsome near-sighted eyes to see the bit of

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lonely sunset, Prescott's treasure of treasures.

"Really, Ella, I don't know. Rising sixty—oh, sixty-five, anyway," answered the elder of the two. He was florid, heavily built; his deep voice struck a kindly, mellowed note. "He was teaching Latin at Andover when I was a soph there; he can't be more than eight or ten years older than I am, though. Teach? On my word, that fellow was a wonder, a miracle! He could shake up every dry bone in Rome, and hang flesh and blood and togas on them while you waited. He could make Cæsar enchantment; he could make prose exercises a joy—think of it, Latin *prose!* They say the great artist is born once in a generation; but the great teacher comes once in a century, and he was the man. Think of it! And then—this!"

"What a pity!" sighed the woman, peering down at her list.

"Whatever made him take it up?" queried the second man.

"The Lord knows," said the other, easily. "He always was a poetical chap; wild over anything that pretended to be scenery. He was forever taking us off on sketching tours, and he spent every minute of his vacations down at the art school, they said. He drew rather well then; quite as well as he does now—better, maybe. I had a little scrap of a hillside he sketched for me hung in my study for years, but it disappeared one moving-time, and never turned up. It was quite up to the level of anything here."

"What a pity!" sighed the woman once more. She put out her hands with a curious gesture, as if she thrust aside some wearying, irremediable regret.

"What a wicked waste, I should say!" said the younger man. "I've heard that before about his teaching. And they say that his moral hold on his boys was quite as wonderful."

"Wonderful is just the word for it," said the other. "His being a good teacher was the least part. But as a man—on my word he was one of "these Thy saints." He was a white flame. It's been forty years since I've seen him, but I don't believe I could face him now if I had a smutty thing on my hands. He was a world-leader, I tell you—or might have been. And to think it has come to this!"

"They aren't so bad," yawned the other.

"They aren't bad at all," the kind, inexorable voice went on. "But there's nothing in them. He's done his sincere monotonous best; but he had neither genius nor experience to back him. I don't know anything of his life now, but I'm willing to wager he's the same big guileless child who used to stand up and cheer us on to victory against the Helvetii and the Averni and all the rest of the unpronounceable heathen. His message is a child's message. He's never seen temptation, let alone conquered it. What sort of a lift can he give us poor devils who are down in the ruck all our days?"

"Don't," said his wife slowly. "They're beautiful, anyway. The coloring in that sunset is exquisite."

"So is the coloring in your hat trimming," retorted her husband, with a shrug. "Come on, both of you. We'll be late to dinner now, as it is. Your fur? You left it downstairs, dear. Careful of that rug! I can't see why they can't keep the place better lighted."

"It's time to close the gallery, sir. I'm sorry to disturb you——"

"All right, Marcus." Prescott got to his feet unsteadily. The gallery was certainly very cold. His narrow old shoulders trembled; his hands were so numb that he could scarcely shut them.

"If you can wait a few minutes longer, I'll take some of them down and carry them home," he said to the servant. He turned and began unfastening the clamp which supported the sunset view.

The man assisted him in deferential silence. It was not until the walls were stripped and the heavy portfolio packed to bursting that he spoke again.

"Thank you, Marcus. No, I do not want a cab. I think I'd rather walk."

"What about the flowers, sir?"

"The flowers?" Prescott repeated absently. "What flowers? Mrs. Winters? Oh, send them to—to the hospital, please. That will be best. Good-night."

He groped down the shallow stone staircase and out into the wet, dark street. The wind had fallen, but a pelting sleet stung his face and chilled him to the bone. He crossed the blaze of the avenue blindly; he was walking toward his home by witless instinct, for the one impulse that moved

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"The coloring in that sunset is exquisite."—Page 54.

him was the pitiful animal craving to escape, to hide himself away with his crushed soul.

Fourth Avenue was thronged with a hurrying crowd, homeward bound. As he started to cross a policeman caught his shoulder and jerked him sharply up on the curb. Down the avenue came the wild siren scream of the fire-engine, the clang of thundering wheels. The crowd fell back to the sidewalk. A woman's voice cried out sharply, then was still. The engine wheels had caught in the car-track: the great machine swerved sidewise, then crashed over, throwing horses and men into one struggling heap.

There was a groan of horrified pity, a quick surge of the crowd to see. Prescott dragged himself free of the mob, and stumbled back to the nearest doorway, dizzy and sick. A woman stood there, steadying herself against the iron grating; the electric light flared full in her face. A half-smile of recognition flickered on her white lips as she looked up; Prescott knew her in a moment for the young reporter at his exhibit. He lifted his hat.

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

He stood looking down at the sunset study.—Page 57.

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"May I serve you in any way? It was—distressing," he said, with stiff, gentle sympathy. "If you will take my arm——"

"I'll be all right, in a moment. But if you are walking downtown anyway——" She drew herself up, and after a moment's hesitation, fell into step beside him.

Neither spoke again till they had gone some distance. Finally the girl began to talk, after a shy, decorous fashion, as if she felt that the conventionalities demanded speech. Prescott did not hear her. Another woman's voice rang in his ears, pitiless, piercing, like clamorous bells. "What a—pity!" "What a—pity!"

"A day like to-day isn't so bad," he heard at last. And slowly it came to him that the girl, in a childish outburst of mingled weariness and frankness, drawn on, perhaps, by some absent remark from him, was telling him something of her eager young affairs. "At first I loathed every bit of it; I hated the sight of my note-book, even. But now it's all different. You get to feel what a splendid game it all is, even the low, sordid side; you get to know how wonderful people are. After what I've seen just this one year I feel as if I could never be bored again; I have so much to remember."

"Yes?" said Prescott dully.

"And yet it's terrible sometimes. And, oh, you get so tired! This morning I went through that Children's Hospital, you know—the one they say has been so mismanaged; I was to see what I could see, and report on it. I saw—all I *dared!*" There was a quivering pause. "Then this afternoon I had a concert and a lecture and three interviews; pleasant people, and gracious enough, in a way; but somehow they just drained the life out of me. Luckily I had that exhibit last. The pictures pulled me through."

"Pulled you through?" echoed the man stupidly. Her random words burned like dropping acid; he could have cried out under the slow agony.

"They always do." The girl drew a deep breath, as if she drank after long thirst. "When you come down to it, isn't that the ultimate gift? The power to *give?* The power to help people out, to lend them a hand up the last step"—her voice shook suddenly—"to keep the souls alive in them? That is why those talents are laid upon us, isn't it? Not just because we can make things that are beautiful to look at—but to give courage—to sustain——

"I don't know," she went on more quietly after a while. "If I had my choice out of all the great things, the mighty privileges, I should choose the right to know that I had written one story, painted one picture, that had comforted somebody who needed it. Something that had given a lift on a hard road, as those pictures, that little sunset, even, did for me to-day.

"This is my corner," she added suddenly, with a quick, shamefaced turn of voice and manner to dignified reserve. "No, it is only a step. Please do not go out of your way for me. Thank you. Good-night!"

Prescott walked on alone, through the thickening storm. He turned up his own street mechanically, and into the shabby entrance. The hallway seemed of a sudden singularly light; a hot mist blurred and glimmered before his eyes.

Selina, his wife, met him at the head of the narrow stairs, with a rustle of silks and a clash of jet. Her gaunt, high-featured face dimmed with disappointment as he stepped past her and laid the portfolio on the table; her thin sparkling hands were tremulous with discontent.

"How did the exhibit go to-day, Bartram? Did you sell any more? Were there many people in?"

"I don't know," said Prescott absently. He unclasped the case and spread the pictures out; beneath the soft lamplight they glowed like fathomless gems before his eyes. The autumn marsh; the dawn; the far sunset.

"You don't know whether you *sold* any, even? Why, Bartram——"

"One to Ellis, and two to Tom Winters," said Prescott, recollecting with an effort. "Tom paid very well for them, too. I—yes, I believe those were all that went this time."

"It hardly seems worth while to exhibit nowadays," said his wife, fretfully. "People, won't come unless you fairly beg them and even then they never buy. I do wish you wouldn't try it again, Bartram. I'm sure it doesn't pay."

Prescott hardly seemed to hear.

"You can't always judge of a matter like this from the standpoint of gain, Selina," he said at last. He stood looking down at

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the sunset study; his fingers slid over the painting with touches furtive, swift, adoring. His face, fair with the touching fairness of stainless age, was as illumined: the ecstasy, the sacred, humble rapture of one who, blindly giving, learns at last that his gift has carried joy. "I really feel—yes, I am positive that it paid. It was worth while."

TAPS

By Phila Butler Bowman

Across the lake the barrack's wavering light.
The bugle call, then darkness.
So, good-night.

Sleep, with the wave-sound lapping in your ears,
Sleep, till along the sky the dawn appears
And sounds the reveille at waking light,
But now, good-night.

Out through the sally-port the soldiers bear
A comrade to the couch that waits him there,
Its hangings with the Stars and Stripes alight.
Lights out. Good-night.

Across the grave the trumpeter's last call,
Across far hearts the shadow that must fall.
God grant beyond the dark they watch for light.
But now, good-night.

Father of love, we are thy children all,
Thou knowest when we walk, and why we fall.
Thy love leads through the dark, and to the light.
Then peace, good-night.

Oh, reveille—oh, glorious reveille,
When thou shalt break across the eternal sea
Then shall we read the dark—the winter's blight.
So, trust. Good-night.

Across the quiet lake the barrack's light,
The trumpeter's long call,
Lights out. Good-night.

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ON GEORGES SHOALS

By James B. Connolly

OH, but Dannie Keating was the happy man that night! Under the light of the winter stars he drew her to him, and, with her head all but resting on his shoulder and his arm about her waist, they came down the shady side of the street together, and cared no more for the whistling wind than for whatever curious eyes might, from behind drawn blinds, be peeping. "If anybody's rubbering they're all sore," said Dannie when she protested, and again broke the night air with—he simply couldn't help it—

"O sweetheart mine, I love thee,
And in all the sky above—see!
No heart like thine, no love like mine—
O sweetheart, but I love thee!"

Oh, but the blood was running riot within him. "Don't I love you, Katie? Don't I? And don't you? And don't we both?" and in the shadow of the steps of her home he drew her yet closer to him and kissed her—kissed her—a thousand times he kissed her before she could draw a free breath again.

"And in the morning, Katie, I'll be putting out. You won't see me, it'll be so early. And it'll be the last trip in that old packet, though maybe I oughtn't say that of her that's earned a good bit of money for me—earned enough to pay for the new one, Katie—the new one that'll be ready for me the next trip in. And then, Katie dear, we'll see—as good as anything of her length and beam out the port. And have you picked a name for her yet? Yes? The Dannie Keating, indeed! No, no, I've a ten times better one—and you'd never guess, I'll bet. And she'll *be* a vessel! Every cent that you saved for me, dear, went into her."

"You saved it yourself, Dannie."

"I saved? Lord bless you, Katie, how much would ever I save if I hadn't turned it over to you as fast as I made it? How much did I save before I met you? A whole lot, warn't it now? Why, girl, the very oilskins I used to wear would be drawn against my next trip. But it don't matter which of us—every cent the pair of us have saved has gone into her. And she'll *be* a vessel, and then, if any man sailing out of this port thinks to make me take my mains'l in——"

"Hush, Dannie, don't begin by being reckless. And I wish you weren't going out in the *Pantheon* again. She's so old, Dannie, and not the vessel for a winter trip to Georges."

"Well, there *is* better. But she's been a good vessel to me, dear, and that means to you, too. And only one more trip and then the fast and the saucy—the handsome *Katie Morrison*."

He parted from her after that, and from the shadow of the doorway she looked after him—her heart jumping and herself all but running after him. Up the street she watched him swing, so straight and strong. Oh, but the shoulders of him! and the spring to his every stride! Then she breathed a prayer for him and went upstairs and to her bed.

But she could not sleep. All night long she tossed, whatever it was possessed her; and in the dawn she got up to watch by the window until he could come by on his way to the vessel.

He would come by, she knew. He never yet failed to go that half dozen streets out of his way so that he might look up at her window. Oh, the times that she watched from behind the curtains—before she knew him well, that was—and he never suspecting!

And he came at last. It was but five o'clock then, and dark—a winter morning. But she needed no light. Long before she could make out his figure she knew his footfall. How lightly he trod for so big a man—to his toes at every stride, as a strong man should. No doubt or hesitation there—a man to go winter fishing that, and enjoy every whistling breath of it. And he was singing now!

"O sweetheart dear, I love thee!"

When a man sings a love-song at five

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o'clock of a winter's morning—— She threw on her mother's prized cashmere shawl and ran down.

"Dannie!"

Across the street he leaped, three strides from curb to curb and two more to the top step. "Katie—Katie—and this cold morning!"

"I couldn't let you go by without saying good luck again, Dannie."

"Oh, the girl!" He patted her head and drew her to him till he felt her lips making warm little circles against his neck.

"Dannie?"

"Yes, dear."

"I wish you'd stay at home this trip. The *Pantheon* is old."

"Old? So she is. Not the vessel the *Katie* 'll be—not by a dozen ratings. But Lord, Katie, I've been through too many blows in her for you to be worrying now, dear."

"I know it, Dannie, and yet I wish you weren't going this trip."

"Well, I wish I warn't myself. I'd like nothing better than to be staying this month home and watching the new one building—to overhaul every plank and bolt and thread of oakum that's put in her. All day long watch her building and every night come and tell you how she is getting on, the pair of us side by side before the fire. That'd beat winter fishing on Georges—fighting your way out of the shoal water when it comes a no'the-easter and chopping ice off her to keep her afloat when it comes a no'wester. Yes, dear, it cert'nly would be a comfort—home here with you and watching the *Katie* building. But we can't both have comfort, dear. You to home and me to sea we'll have to be for many years yet, dear. I'll go out this trip as I went out a hundred of others before. When I'm back—why, 'twill be worth the trip, dear—that coming back to you."

"I'll be at the dock this time, Dannie."

"Then the old *Pantheon* won't be too close to the slip before somebody'll be making a flying leap for the cap-log. There, there, dear, this one trip, and then it'll be Mrs. Dannie Keating and a month ashore—hah, what! There's the girl. But God bless you, dear, and keep you till I'm home again."

"Good luck, Dannie. There, but Oh Dannie?"

"Yes?"

"Don't go yet—just a minute more, dear."

He patted her cheek and dried her eyes, and when she wouldn't stop sobbing, he unbuttoned his coat and made her rest her head on his breast. Her ear against the blue flannel shirt, she could feel his heart. And it was a heart—like all of himself, full of strength. A cold winter's morning it was, but here all afire. He was right—it would be a storm indeed when he went under. And yet—she could not help it—she broke into sobbing again.

"What's it now?"

"Oh Dannie, last night after I left you I heard my father telling that another vessel had been given up for lost. Did you know?"

"I've heard, dear."

"And you never told me. You tell me the danger is small——"

"And 'tis small, dear. Sea room and sound gear, and a good vessel will live forever. Of course, accidents will happen—sometimes something parting at the wrong time, or being run down by a steamer in the fog—which was what happened, I don't doubt, to the *Tempest*."

"Well, whether she was run down by a steamer or caught in the shoals or foundered in the heavy seas, isn't it all the same to the wives and children of the *Tempest's* crew? Think of young Captain Rush's wife. What an awful thing for her, Dannie!"

"I know, dear, I know. But hush now—that's the girl. And don't worry for me. Though they come masthead high and toss us like we're a pine chip, I've only to think of you, Katie, here in the doorway looking down the street after me—and last look for me before I turn the corner. Only to think of that and I'll laugh—laugh out loud at them. 'Come on, you green-backed devils,' I'll say. 'Come on! You'd overpower us, would you? Higher yet, high as the clouds if you want, and the *Pantheon* she'll ride you down.' And she will, too, Katie—the old *Pantheon's* a wonder hove-to. Yes, Katie, only last trip I hollered like that to 'em one night and——"

"Oh, but you mustn't, Dannie—it's like boasting."

"Boasting? No, but seamanship, girl—seamanship. It's knowing, not guessing—knowing how to handle her. Just sail enough and wheel enough and your wake setting so's to break the backs of them

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afore they can come aboard with their shoulders hunched up, spitting foam and roaring warnings—green-eyed like. 'Tis they boast and threaten, not me. And if 'tis to an anchor——"

"Well, dear, don't talk that way again. And go now, while I'm strong to let you. Good luck, Dannie, and don't forget——"

"Forget what, Katie?"

"You know what."

"Oh, well, tell me just the same—don't forget what?" And he laughed in advance to hear her say it. And she whispered it, and he came nigh to crushing her as he heard.

"And don't I love you, too, Katie?"

"I know it, Dannie—only with me, if you don't come back I can never love anybody else again—never, never, never—I love you, Dannie."

"And do I love you, Katie? Do I? Do I catch my breath and walk the deck on the long black winter nights because I can't sleep—driving and fighting, days and nights. Tired out I ought to be, but no more tired than the roaring sea itself. Thinking of you, Katie, thinking of you. But I'm off now, dear, and don't forget—No need to say what, is there? But tell it again? And sure I will, dear. Whisper"—and he retold it softly in her ear. And she, loving to love, loving to be loved, could not see to let him go for another while. "And will I come home again? Will I? Did I come a hundred times before? Or was it my ghost? Aye, a healthy ghost. But say a prayer for me just the same. Though what's to be is to be. God bless you, Katie dear! Good-by."

There was every promise of a wild night, and a wicked place to be on a bad night is Georges Bank in shoal water. To the westward, barring escape to deep water and good sea room when the northeaster blows, is a ridge of sand with no more than twelve feet of water. Over that the lightest draught vessel of the Gloucester fleet would not have bumped on a calm June day. So shoal was it and so heavy the seas in there that vessels have been known to pitch head first into bottom at times; their bowsprits have been found so stuck in the sand by fishermen who dared to cut close in on summer days. A vessel striking there was much worse off than if she struck in on a bare beach of the mainland, because while in either case she was sure to be battered to pieces, out there on Georges was no escape for the crew.

As a matter of fact, in very heavy weather a vessel would hardly live to strike the clear beach. She would be smothered long before that. In ten fathoms of water, say, with a big sea and strong tide running, there were rip waters to send the foam mast-high, to catch the vessel up and spin her about as if she were a top such as boys whip around in spring time. Small wonder fishermen dread shoal water on Georges in a breeze; small wonder that the smart trawlers hustle dories in and bear off in a hurry when they find themselves in less than twenty-five fathoms and a breeze making, small wonder that even the hand-liners quite often jeopardize their chances for a good trip and up anchor and away when it looks too bad.

But there is not always time to get away. Sometimes the storm makes too suddenly. One might say that expert fishermen, above all others, should be quick to foresee a coming storm. They are quick enough, Lord knows—years of perilous observation have made them so. But there are those who won't leave, come how it will. Every coming storm does not mean that the one terrible storm of years is at hand; and when it is so difficult to get back to just the right spot after a storm has scattered the fleet, why let go for what is only probability, not a certainty, of disaster—especially when one is on a good spot. It is only one storm in a dozen years when good seamanship, fisherman's instinct, sound gear, and an able craft do not avail. And what real fisherman would not risk the one storm in ten years? This is how they put it, and therein have some of them come to be lost.

This was a case of sudden storm and everybody aware that it was to be a wild night; but such fishing as they had been having that day was too tempting to leave. Certainly aboard the *Pantheon* they had no notion of leaving it. They only knocked off for the night when the tide got altogether too strong for them. With sixty fathoms of line in twenty-five fathoms of water their ten-pound leads struck bottom only twice before they came swirling to the surface again.

John Gould was the last to haul in his line. "You don't often see the tide any stronger than this," he observed to his skipper.

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"That's a fact, John, you don't," answered Dannie, in unison with John half turning a shoulder and ducking his head to the drenching sea that was coming aboard. "And some of the fleet's taking notice, too. There's old Marks and Artie Deavitt and McKinnon and Matt Leahy giving her more string. That's what they think of it already. M-m—Lord, smell that breeze!" He took another look about. "Better have another look for'ard, John, there, and see she's not chafing that hawser off. All right? That's good."

A moment more and he shook his head, and five minutes later called all hands. "Might's well give her a little more string, fellows. Didn't intend to give it to her so soon, but this lad up to wind'ard, I see he's giving her some more, and we'll have to put out more or he'll be on top of us. I callate he's got half a mile of hawser out now. A man that figures on getting worried so soon ought to keep off by himself somewhere."

That was at eight o'clock, with the tide racing toward the shoals before a fifty-mile northeaster. There was not a great deal of sea by then. There never is when tide and wind run together and it is the first of a breeze; but when that tide turns!

"Yes, sir, when this tide turns—if anybody wants to see something superfine in the way of tide-rips, right here'll be the place," remarked the skipper, and, seeing that the extra length of hawser was paid out, dropped below for a mug-up. "There's no telling when we'll get a chance again for a cup of coffee," he said. "It'll be a long night, I'm thinking. But what'll that mess be, cook, when it's done cooking?"

"Tapioca puddin', skipper."

"That's good." He helped himself to a mug of coffee, saying no further word, barely giving ear to John Gould, a miraculous man, who had survived thirty-five winters on Georges, and was still rugged as oak.

"When our old cook used to make tapioca puddin', 'twas a sure sign of heavy weather coming, warn't it, skipper?"

The skipper barely inclined his head, and John turned to his less preoccupied mates. "That last big breeze—let's see. Yes, ten years ago this month. I'll never forget that gale. Nobody will, I callate, that was out that night. The skipper here was in this same vessel—she was twenty year old then, though only the skipper's second year as skipper in her. The glass was down that afternoon, I mind, but the sea smooth—that is, for that time o' year. But by ten that night! Lord, what a night that was! Wind! and sea! Forty vessels and five hundred men in the hand-linin' fleet that night and every third man and vessel gone by the mornin'. God, how they did smash into each other! And their spars—like fallin' trees when they'd come together in the dark."

John passed from narrative to reflection. "Some widows made that night, warn't there, skipper?"

"Aye, John—and some maids widowed." The skipper did not even smile at his own pun.

"There ought to be a law, I think," continued John, "to keep vessels from anchorin' so close to each other. Take it that night. If the fleet warn't bunched up so close there wouldn't been half so many lost. Yes, sir, there oughter be a law, don't you think, skipper?"

"What?" The skipper came out of his abstraction. "What—oh! A law, eh? And who'd come out here to see it lived up to? Gover'ment vessels? No, John, no law would do. Where there's good fishing there men and vessels will go, and devil take the risk. I know we oughtn't be huddled in here like we are. I know that if another such breeze as that one ten years ago hits in here to-night there'll be just as many of us lost as there was that night. Yes, sir, just as many." He stopped by the companionway to button his sou'wester under his ear— "Good pie that, cook. I hope the tapioca'll taste as well in the morning"—drew on his mitts, and went on deck.

Down the companionway soon came his voice. "Everybody up, and give her a little more string. There's one or two of them beginning to drift already."

They heard his voice roll along the deck then. "Aft there, call all hands to give her more hawser—and the chain with it."

They did so, noting as the chain rattled out that the wind had increased perceptibly. "When this tide's setting back there'll be *some* sea kickin' up here," they heard their skipper say. And then his voice again—from aloft this time: "Give her more yet—another fifty fathom." Down he dropped to the deck with, "It's going to be hell around here to-night. If 'twas some

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vessels I've been in—or if 'twas the *Katie Morrison* now, that's not finished—it'd be slip cables and out of here—and in a hurry. But not in this old packet—'twouldn't do. She'd most likely split in two trying to beat out, and cert'nly she wouldn't get back here in a week if the wind hauled. No, sir. But what's this?" He held up a bare palm.

The entire crew began to sniff the air then, and, holding out their palms, to catch and taste whatever the wind had brought.

Snow! A howling no'the-easter in shoal water on Georges, the vessel dragging—*And* snow!

The skipper made no comment. Even after he had made certain of it, he said nothing, nor made any new move—only stood by the fore-rigging and tried to map out in his mind the location of the others of the fleet.

"And now let's see—we're pretty nigh the most westerly of the bunch. Jack Kildare, he's about east by south. If he does drag he'll most likely miss us. Simms—the *Parker*—he's about east by no'the and maybe two cable-lengths away. She won't drag, I'm sure—rides easy as a gull. Jim Potter, he's about right to fetch us—no'the-east—and those two that dropped in just to the no'the-ard of him at dark to-night—they might, too. Any of those three'll get us in short order if they get to draggin'." Again he held his palm up. "Gettin' wetter—and thicker. There'll cert'nly be hell to pay round here to-night, and the old *Pantheon*—but, Lord, she's been through too many blows to——"

The vessel leaped under him, sagged back and started to rush forward again. His quick ear caught the first of the crunching. "Stand clear of her for'ard," he warned, and himself jumped to the protection of the foremast, as through her bow planking they heard her chain go zipping.

A moment of almost a dead stop, a breath of portentous quiet, and she swung broadside to the sea. "Wa-atch out!" roared the skipper. Aboard came the sea in tons. "Hang on—hang on!" called one to another. All clung grimly to whatever was nearest. It passed on, submerging everybody, but leaving the vessel still right side up.

"Everybody all right?" called the skipper.

Each for himself answered—all but one.

"Henry!" called the skipper. "Henry Norton!"

No answer. And again no answer.

"I callate he's gone, skipper."

"He must be. God help him!"

"And his folks, skipper—he's the third of his family been lost out here."

"And there'll be more before the night's over," muttered one at the skipper's elbow.

"Maybe there will," snapped the skipper, "but, in God's name, wait till it happens. Below there—Oh cook, hand up a torch, and let's see what's to be done."

"Chain parted, skipper."

"Well, it don't take any magician to see that. But let's see what else."

The chain, before parting, had torn through her iron-bound hawser-hole, and three of the stout stanchions had gone as if they were cardboard.

"*Some* tide that," observed old John Gould, and his voice was that of a connoisseur in tides.

"Yes," admitted the skipper. "But go aloft, one of you—you John—and see if you can see anybody comin'. There'll be somebody down on us soon. And the rest of you stand by to put sail on her. It'll be too much to expect that single hawser to hold her. And go aft, you Dick, and take a sounding."

Came John's voice from aloft. "Can't see half a length away."

"All right, come down." He turned toward the stern. "What water?"

"Twenty fathom."

"Twenty? Drifting as fast as that? Put sail on her—the big trys'l first. Jib? No, not yet. Give this one too much headsail and she'll be into the hummocks before you could half put the wheel down on her."

"Nineteen fathom."

"Nineteen? All right, boy, keep sounding and loose your jib now, fellows."

"Eighteen fathom, skipper."

"Eighteen fathom? Man, I think I hear it roar," observed one.

"I hear it, too. Is that the surf?" came from another.

"'Is that the surf?' Who's that damn fool? Oh, it's the new man. Well, maybe you're part way excusable. Yes, that's the surf under your lee. If 'twas light you could see it break. But don't mind that, boy—I've heard it before and come away."

"Maybe you have," commented one unthinkingly, "but there's not been too many that's been near enough to hear it and got home to tell about it—not too many."

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"For God's sake, choke that croaker, somebody. And drive her, fellows—no time to lose now." The skipper was all over her deck. "And stand by with the axe, you Fred, so when we have to and I give the word, cut and we'll run for it."

"I s'pose she couldn't stand the mains'l, skipper?"

"No, John, she couldn't—not this old hooker in this breeze. Just the extra weight of that boom outward now and over she'd flop sure as fate. She's thirty year old, this one. Lord, if 'twas only the *Katie*, wouldn't we go skipping out of here! But go aloft again, John."

In the whirl and thickness of snow they tried to follow John as he climbed the rigging, swinging and clinging, fighting his way up.

John's voice, but too muffled to be understood, came down to them. One man jumped into the rigging and passed the word along.

"He says a riding light to wind'ard—two of 'em."

"To anchor are they? Make sure."

An exchange of words above. "John says he thinks one of 'em's drifting—only her riding light shows, but the other's just showed a side-light—her port light."

"Port light? That's bad for us. Look sharp to the wheel. And for'ard, who's got the axe—you, Fred? Well, get up the other axe and stand by with it you, Tim. Slash to it, both of you, when I give the word. Can you hear me?"

"Yes, sir."

He stepped back to the break and tried to catch John's voice for himself. Not getting it easily, he jumped into the rigging. "What's that last—of that one sailing——"

"Another vessel drifting down—and another—two draggin' and two sailin', but not makin' much headway. An awful wind aloft, skipper."

"Aye, John—and below, too. But what's that? Hell!" He dropped to deck and leaped to the wheel. He was just in time to dodge the side-sweep of a vessel's bowsprit as she swirled by his quarter. Another moment and it caught the stern davits, the dory slung up to them, and then the end of the *Pantheon's* main boom. Cr-s-sh—cr-s-sh! The bowsprit of the stranger cracked sharp off, the *Pantheon's* dory went to kindlings, and her boom smashed at the slings. "Hi-i—you blasted loon, where you goin'?"

"Hi-i!" came back a yet hoarser voice—"couldn't help it—parted both cables."

"That's bad——"

"Yes—good-by."

Dannie fanned the snow from his eyes. "If that isn't hell—talking to men you can't see and they driftin' away to be lost! And the dory gone, though it's more than a dory we'll need to-night."

"Oh skipper!" came from aloft again.

"Aye, John."

"Near's I can make out, there's four or five vessels bearin' down——"

"Close by?"

"Pretty close—yes, sir."

"Wait—I'll be with you." Aloft climbed the skipper. 'Twas a fight to go aloft, such was the force of the wind and so wildly swayed the rigging of the old *Pantheon*.

From the deck the crew gazed after the skipper till they could see his swaying shoulders no more. Soon he came flying down, and after him came John, both by way of the snow-slushed, slippery halyards.

"Cut!" roared the skipper before he had fairly hit the deck—"and at the wheel there, let her pay off."

"Cut—cut!" Away went the twelve-inch rope in stubborn convolutions through the hawse-holes. Around came the *Pantheon*, and by her bow came driving a great white shadow. White sail against white snow on a black night she came driving on, and only a memory of a dim light to mark her when the shadow of the sails could not be made out.

"No side-lights—draggin'?"

"Aye—and draggin' fast as some vessels ever sail."

Again a shadow, and from out of the night inarticulate voices—voices that grew in volume, rang loud, louder yet—not so loud, muffled, yet more muffled, quiet again—voices as if from another world, not to be clearly distinguished. "Did anybody catch what they said?"

"Nobody? Well, that's their end."

"God help 'em, yes."

"Sixteen fathom, skipper."

"Sixteen! We cert'nly can't be weathering it much."

"Lord, I should say not. And seas to swallow us alive. Looks bad for us, too, don't it, skipper?"

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"Looks bad for who? Dry up. There's a whole ocean to the east'ard of us—how's she pointin'?"

"Su'the-east by east."

"Su'the-east by east? That the best the old whelp can do? That means she'll point no better than no'the by west when we jibe her. Try and hold her up."

For a moment the snow lifted and they caught points of light—a red and a green and several white lights. "Most of 'em still to anchor. I hope none of 'em get in our way."

The snow fell again, and once more John Gould went aloft.

"One on the starb'd tack, skipper."

"Aye, don't mind her—only on the port tack."

"Aye. Here's one, wherever in the devil she came—hardalee, hardalee!"

"Hardalee!" The skipper jumped to the wheel and helped to hold it down. "Where's she now?"

"I've lost her. Thick o' snow again. Here she is—and another on the other tack."

"God in heaven!—one on each tack?"

He got no further. A hail came from somewhere aloft and yet not from the *Pantheon's* masthead—a voice, not John's, called out something or other—a dozen voices called—a roar of voices mingled with the shriek of the wind, and then slipped by another dread shadow.

"Fifteen fathom, skipper."

"Aye," breathed the skipper. He made out the shadow, not altogether with his eyes—the deeper senses do the work on such nights—and let her pay off. "But we can't run this way long—we'd be smothered in the shoal water." Again he tacked, again a shadow of sails. "She's in the same fix," he muttered, and tacked again. No shadow pressed and he drew breath, but hardly a whole breath, when again voices, from aloft as well as from across the water. All about him he looked to make out. When he did make out anything there were two of them—one to each side. There was nothing to do, then, but try to outrun them both. He eased off his sheets and away went the old *Pantheon*.

"Running to perdition if I hold this long." He could hear the roar quite plainly now, and, hearing it, groaned. "But I've got to keep clear. God, why don't they hold up?"

And then it came—from straight ahead and so suddenly that no human power could avert, no quickness of hand or eye or trick of seamanship or weatherliness of vessel could avail. Head on to the old *Pantheon* it was—a phantom of white above and a band of black below showed through the driving snow. One awful wait that was worse than the actual collision, and then it came. The *Pantheon* cut into the other's topside planking, her bowsprit bore through the other's rigging and foresail—cr-s-sh—cr-s-sh—the smash of breaking timbers, the tearing of stiff canvas, and above all the howl of the wild gale.

Men hailed out questions, oaths, and words that no man could understand. They held so, the bow of one into the waist of the other, long enough for men from the *Pantheon* to leap aboard the other and then to leap back. "Man, she's worse than we are!" shouted one, as back he came. The sea poured in by way of the great gashes. A moment more and it poured unchecked over the *Pantheon's* rails. Then the spars of the stranger went over the side and across the *Pantheon's* deck. Somebody moaned that he was hurt, but there was no time to find out who. The stranger's dory bobbing up alongside, one man made a wild leap for it, fell short, and that ended him, though that mattered not much—he had no chance either way. Others—wraith-like voices—were heard calling from the sea before they went under smothering. One man called to a mate, "Take hold, boy," and both rode grimly to their death, cresting high the great seas, astraddle the *Pantheon's* chain-box.

Dannie clung to the wheel, hoping that the wind and sea would carry the *Pantheon* clear and that, being ready, he might force her off. But not so. They did come apart, but apart they settled even more rapidly. The stranger went down stern first; the *Pantheon* stern hove high, pointed her bow after the stranger, and began to settle that way, bow first.

The skipper was alone at the wheel when she made her plunge, and defiantly clung to her till he was carried far under. He rose to the surface and caught his breath. And that breath he gave to the *Pantheon* as he saw her mast-heads plunging. "You were a good vessel to me," he murmured, even as the sea tossed him far away. He

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reached for something in the swash and found he had the wheel-box. He grasped it, but it was all smooth-sided—no place for his hands to get a grip, and the terrible tide rips tore him loose. One sea, and another, now high where the heavens touched the crests almost, and again in the depths and roarings he was cast like the flying spume itself.

Enveloped in foam so thick that even when his head was above the surface he could not breathe fairly, he still tried to justify that last catastrophe. "And yet you were a good vessel to me."

There is always a last sea, and that last sea caught him fair and overbore him. He knew it when it came. The physical agony was by then and the soul surmounting all. Not till then did he indulge himself so far as to let his heart dwell on the memory of her as he last saw her, standing in the doorway when he turned the corner. For the last time he had turned that corner. Ah, but she was beautiful—and was it to lose her he came to sea?

The roar of Georges Shoals was in his soul. He began to hear the voices then, voices of his own men—he knew them—and voices he had never heard before—voices, no doubt, of men lost in these long years of toil in waters where the sands below are white with lost men's bones. Her voice he heard, too—heard it above all. "Dannie, Dannie," it whispered, plain as could be. By that he knew that she needed no newspaper to tell her—even at that moment she knew—knew, and was suffering. And all her life she would have to suffer. And so it was "God help you, Katie Morrison," that parted his foam-drenched lips at the last.

The *Katie Morrison* was launched and rigged, but 'twas another young and hopeful skipper that sailed her out to Georges.

THE LAND OF TAMALPAIS

By Benjamin Brooks

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

IF you should look at a detailed coast survey chart of San Francisco harbor, you would observe that the broad peninsula extending southward like a sheltering arm between the ocean and the inner bay is creased and dimpled in a great confusion of mountains; that it has many indentations of coast, many streams, and here and there a wee lake. But no scrutiny of the chart would lead you to guess it is a veritable Adirondacks alone by itself on the western edge of the world.

From the time of my earliest recollection I used to stand upon the hills of my native town and look longingly across the five miles of white-capped water in the harbor to the alluring heights of this, to me, inaccessible region. It was always new to look at, never the same for two consecutive days. In the spring, when the clouds rolled from its heights, its steep, lean hills were green with fresh grass, and I could see those smears and streaks of yellow wild flowers which some folks say suggested the name of the Golden Gate. In summer came mile-long streaks of white fog, half obscuring it at times; the rain ceased, and, almost in a day, the hills changed to deep rich brown. In the autumn came the clear dry north winds, making it seem so near and sharp against the sky, and the gaunt cliffs stood forth in all their reddish-brown and yellows, sheer to the white surf line. In winter came the rains again, and, as suddenly as before, it changed from brown to green and gold.

Later on I used to sail the waters which bounded it. There were smooth reaches extending far inland, and tortuous tributaries straggling through marsh lands almost to the very buttresses of its Vesuvius; and angry sheets of water, so broad that one might sail away till the hills dropped below the horizon. And, skirting along under the red-brown cliffs—300 feet high

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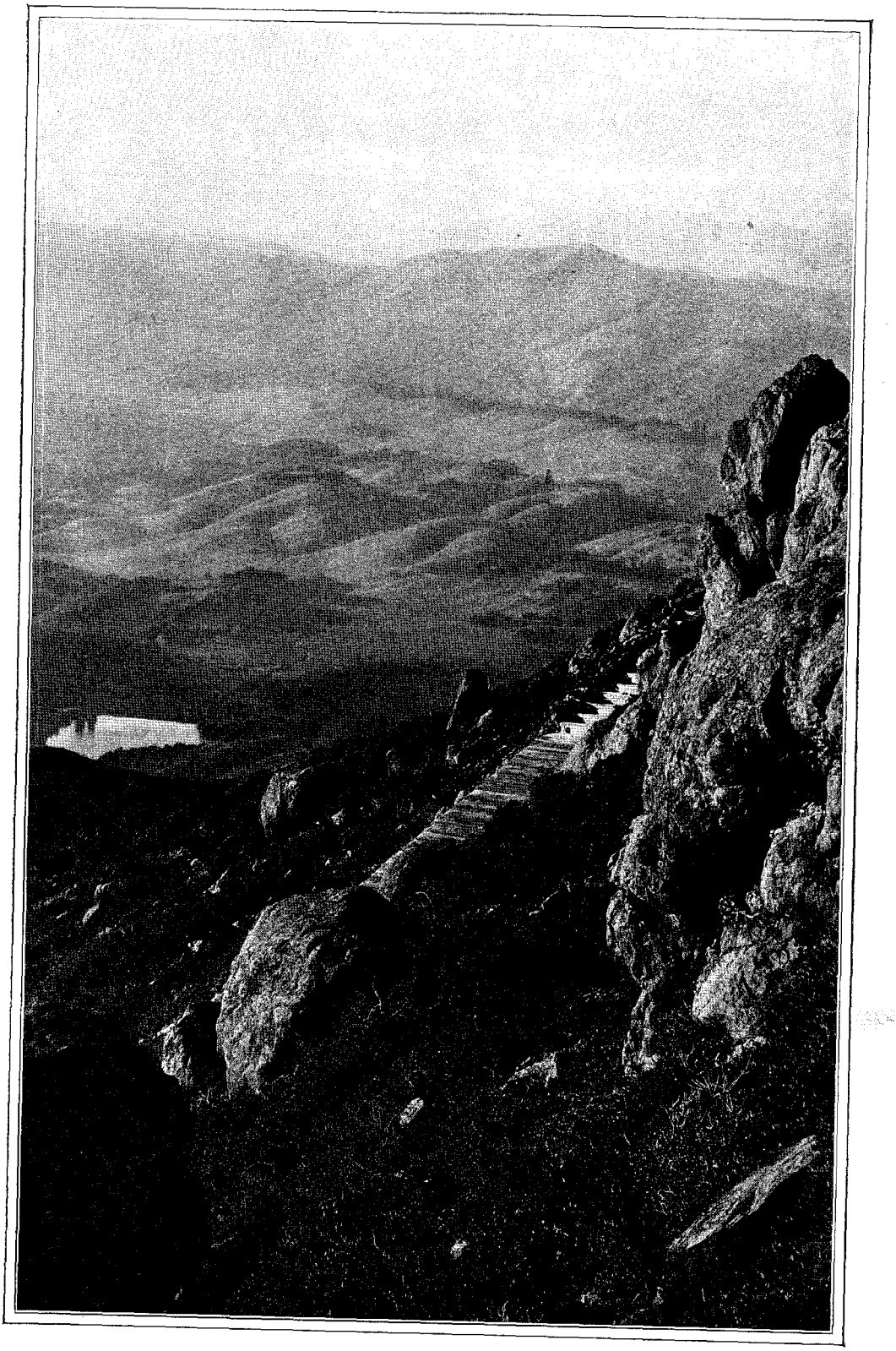

The boulders stood among rank ferns.—Page 74.

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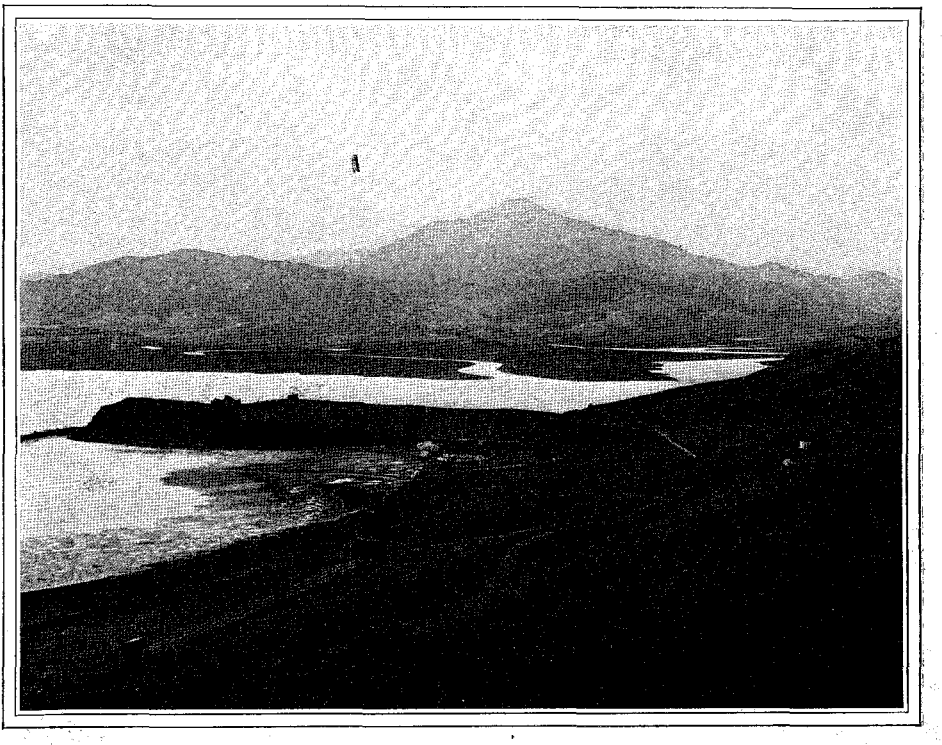
they rose—one could sail out through the Golden Gate, past the iron-bound headland on the north, with its wailing siren, and sail for days up the coast (if he dared get so far from home on the Pacific) with a line of growling breakers and towering cliffs on the one hand, and the limitless ocean on the other. And there were harbors to make, if one could navigate through the breakers on the bars, and tiny coves with inviting crescents of shining sand. Thus a long steep shore, while long shadows still hung softly in the hazy valleys. A tortuous railway—a pioneer lumber road made over for passengers—wound us along the shore for a way, dodged into the close-locked hills, which even the streams had difficulty in finding their way through, dove into a tunnel now and then; and, when we alighted, the jumble of mountains was all about us, and Tamalpais, that I had watched so long from a distance, towered over us near at



Tamalpais towered over us near at hand.

while went by and, save for watching from its surrounding waters, this hill country remained as unexplored to me as ever; but, in course of time, I grew from a weak-kneed boy to be a fair walker, able to go twenty mountain miles a day, and for days together.

It was a beautiful winter's morning when, having in this manner won my membership with the fraternity of mountain lovers who already knew and loved the region well, I set out to penetrate its wilderness. The little ferry that carried us over the bay, starting at sunrise, brought us under the hand. An unused road strayed out through a cluster of dairy houses in the lap of the valley, passed the circle of tall redwoods that served as chapel for the devout members of the hamlet, faded away into the forest, and became one of those narrow, stony trails that the deer and the old Mexican *vaqueros* made when the land belonged to Indians and to Spain.

Now this was winter; yet the sun was bright, and not a bare twig could be seen. Indeed, a dense cloak of brushwood covered the shoulders and dimples of the hills, making them a dozen shades of dark green;

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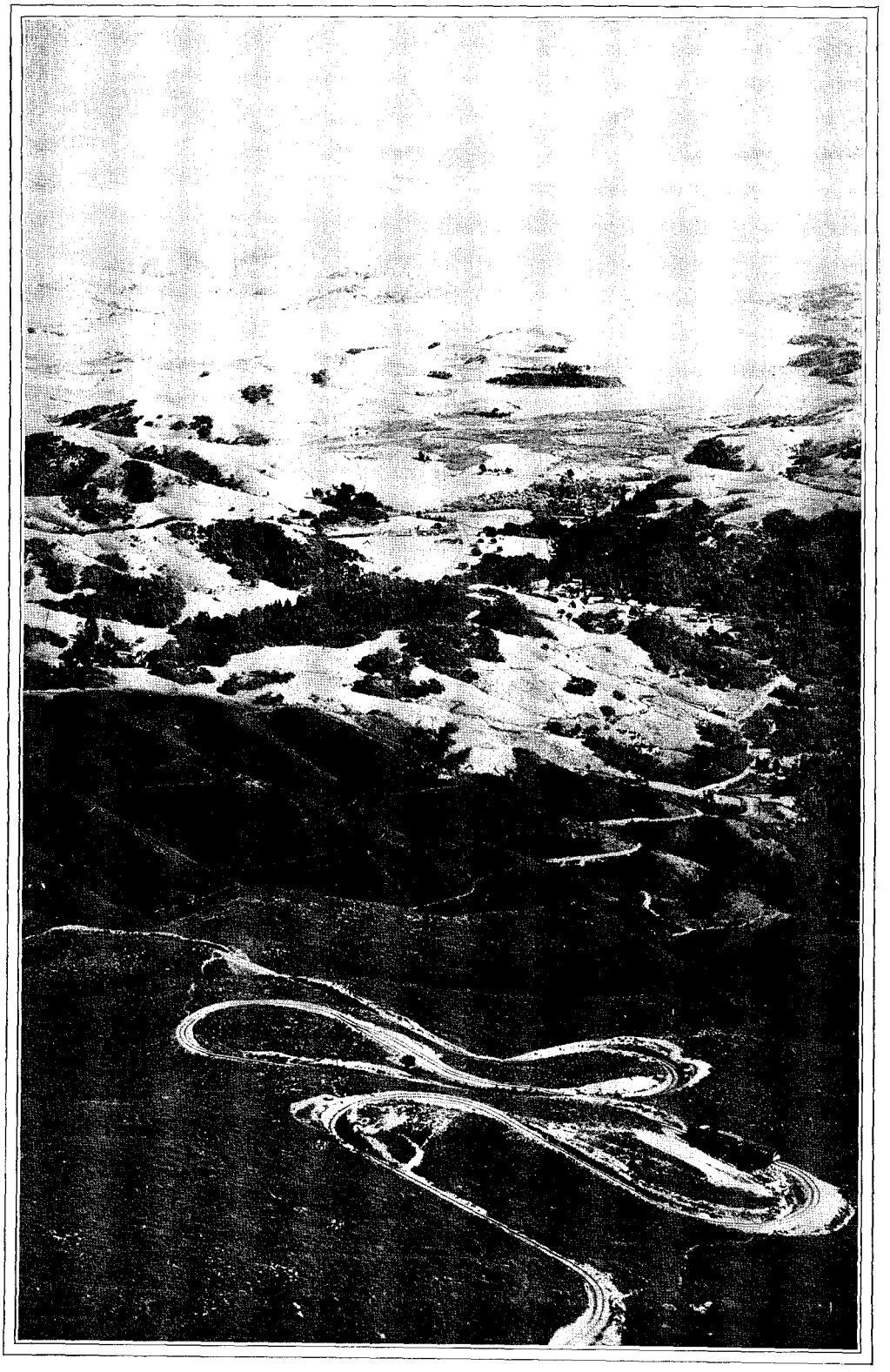

I looked down upon several hundred square miles of the blue Pacific.—Page 74.

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and through this, by an invisible trail, we wound and wound up the defiles in a single file, like an Indian war party, with the crisp twigs rasping our khaki jackets and drenching our outer clothing with dew. Farther and farther on we went, and closer and closer the hills huddled together for company in the wilderness. But we were not alone, for as we rested at a spring, watching the hawks wheeling over our heads in the dead silent air, three white-tailed deer leaped out of the brush and fled in easy, graceful bounds over the thicket and away. Again we emerged upon a long chain of meadows, still radiant with the morning, where shaggy cattle browsed and a stream ran swiftly. We followed this a few miles, waded it at a point where a rude cabin nestled under some moss-hung oaks, entered a steep canyon whence issued a foaming, tumbling tributary down from the higher altitudes, and began our climb in earnest.

There was no more trail now. A heavy cloak of green moss covered the fallen trunks, over which we climbed, and the boulders stood among rank ferns. The very light seemed green from sifting through so many leaves; and always there was the sound of water in our ears and the spray of the falls in our faces. Every half mile or so brought us to a roaring leap that might long ago have been famous had any railroad discovered it and put it in a guide-book.

I had lost all sense of direction in this new geography, and knew only that we were going up and the water was coming down; but in course of time the hills opened a bit. We passed through a zone of those stalwart redwoods with their shaggy bark. Then came meadows—rolling mountain meadows—and our tumbling stream hid in their grasses and ceased.

Presently I made out a most unaccountable thin level line running straight across the sky in front of me. I ran to the nearest hill-top to see what it might be and, to my intense surprise, looked down upon several hundred square miles of the blue Pacific. Never had I seen so much ocean at one time before, nor imagined its extent. I looked and looked till, finally, I came to believe my eyes, and then threw my hat high in the air with delight. The great height, the tremendous distances, the cubic miles of air under me, gradually sunk in upon me with their full significance as I looked from headland to headland and added up mentally the well-known distances from one to the other, and the days of sailing it used to take me to cover it. But it was a sight impossible to get used to, for all this blue surface was standing straight on edge, as if it had been painted on the curtain of a theatre, and miniature steamships, with miniature trails of smoke behind them, crept slowly—so very slowly—up to this horizon line, which formed its top edge, and disappeared over it; and still tinier ships, with thistle-down sails, slid as slowly down into the foreground. So creeps commerce by inches round the world, and the faint gray pigment strewn over the seven hills by the harbor is a thriving seaport town.

When at last I stood on the culminating point of all this mountain stronghold, I looked around upon so varied and beautiful a panorama that I wondered then, and have ever since how it should remain almost unknown to the world at large, with never an Ellen nor a Roderick Dhu to inhabit it in fiction, and never a bard to sing about it. In the foreground lay the lesser hills, their smooth round shoulders like the shoulders of fair women, rolling down and away till they became peninsulas in the sea; and they were all beautiful colors of dark green and purple. The steep ravines between them concealed armies of the redwood, thrusting their tall tree-tops up like lances, and marching to the coast. Beyond, where the hills sank, stretched miles of flat brown marshes, with crooked tributaries running through them like veins in a leaf. Then came the bay, quiet and still, spread within its crooked boundaries like a map in the geography; then a fringe of blue mountains; and farthest to the coast, a crooked line of glistening white under the sky—the snow-capped Sierra Nevada. To the west stood the coast—the rugged edge of America—fringed with its line of white, silent foam, for the wind blew steady and strong from over the edge of the sea.

Upon the last hills to the south once stood the Franciscan fathers, pausing astonished, while hunting deer, and found themselves in the famous year 1776, the first discoverers of the great harbor that had been sought so long. Under the jutting headland to the north, within the circle of white cliffs, anchored Sir Francis Drake in his *Golden Hind* precisely 203 years be-

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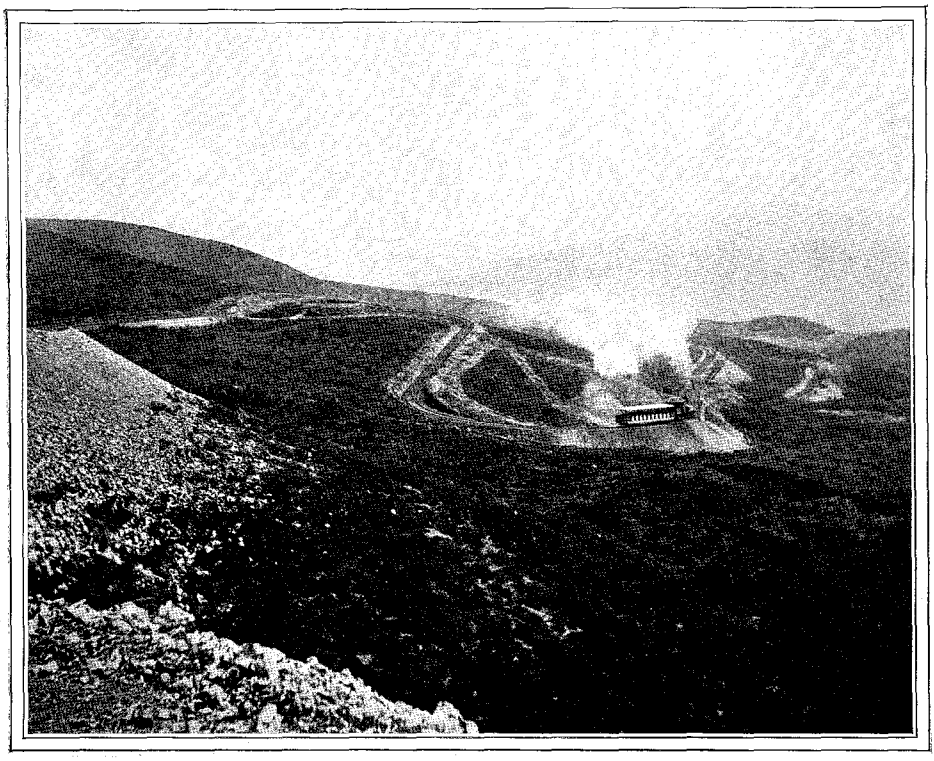

The "crookedest railroad in the world."—Page 79.

fore the great day on Bunker Hill; but, although his exploring parties found "the inland to be farre different from the shoare, a goodly country, and fruitful soyle, stored with many blessings fit for the vse of man," he sailed away again, right past the Golden Gate, yet never guessed it was there. Still farther to the north, under the last purple headland, the Russians landed shortly after our War of 1812, reconnoitred, gathered plants of the region to take home, and departed as they had come, with none of that passion for new lands and ice-free harbors which is on them now. Old dates these are for so young a country; yet, after all this time, the deer and the wild-cat and the rattlesnake go unmolested within sight of a great city as they did before the city came.

Thus began my acquaintance with this new far-away Adirondacks, the Tamalpais region; and at the same time I began the acquaintance of a very queer "hill tribe"—a plain, rough-shod, rough-clad set of people, who prowled these hills year after year—never fished, never hunted (though trout and deer were to be had), never "picnicked" with the usual defacement of surroundings, but always prowled on and on, over the endless trails, light of pack and light of heart, covering the ashes of their fires, and hiding their camp-kettles in mysterious places, leaving no sign behind them. Their sole object seemed to be the hills, and the far wide views from them, and the silent places. I remember a famous plant-hunter among them—a hatless, short-skirted, broad-shouldered woman of wonderful strength—who used to trudge easily twenty miles a day with the sun in her serene bronze face and the wind in her flying hair, carrying her heavy plant-presses on her back; yet botany was far from being her main object. There were artists among us whose little white tents we often came upon, hid in the foreground of some newly discovered picture which they had been living in surreptitiously for a week; but with them, living there was the main object and the canvas was incidental. We boasted a youthful poet with fair hair. "But," said he, "one is above rhyming and that sort of thing out here." Now and then came a

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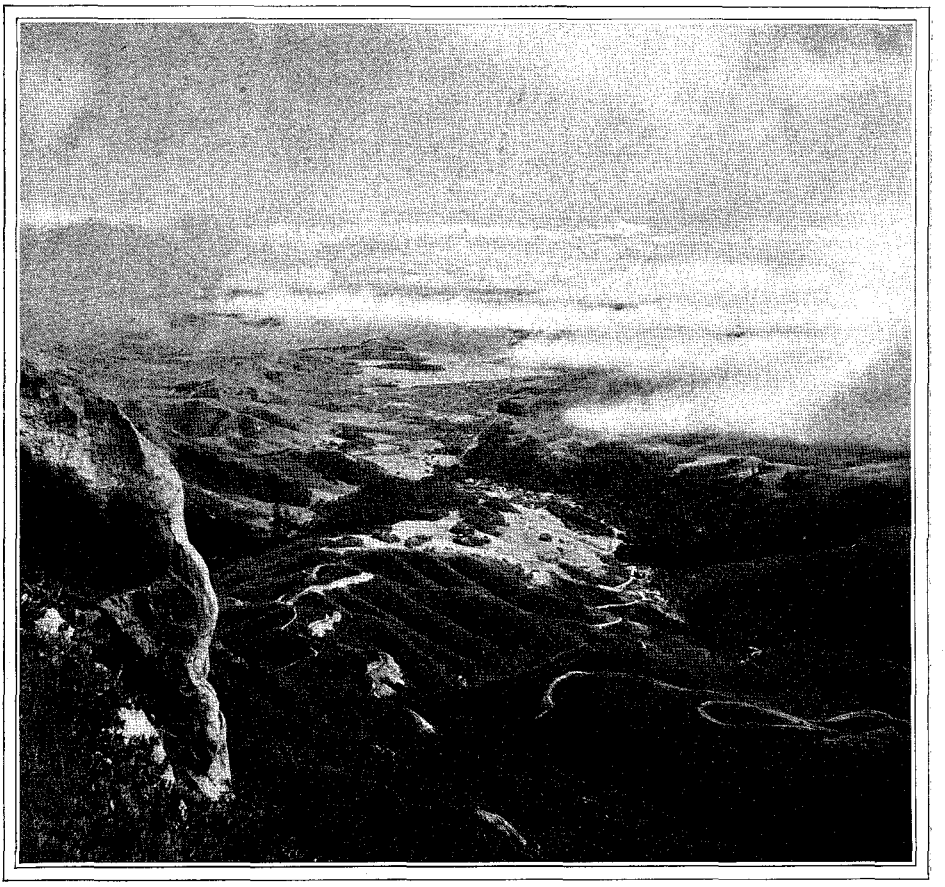
famous forester from Washington to measure the girth of the big trees; and there were a host of other folks, too, who made no excuse for coming. But for all of them alike the love of the hills was their real incentive and, for aught I know, part of their religion. Whether it was stinging cold or quivering with heat, whether fair and calm or storming till the trees crashed down, somewhere on these inexhaustible trails you would meet them walking their endless journey of discovery and delight.



In summer came mile-long streaks of white fog.—Page 70.

I finally became a "hill triber" myself. After due consideration I was told the marks and ranges by which one might discover the exact hollow stump or flat stone whereunder lay the hidden frying-pans; learned of the best springs and the softest, most sheltered pine couches to spend the night in, and received instructions how to live in the woods, without marring them or setting them on fire. They bid me always remember, too, the general trend of watercourses, and main ridges, lest the fog come on me unaware. Of all the miles and all the incidents, however, by which I came to know and love the region well, I can tell but a few.

First, I recall a morning when the mist and rain descended upon us in the first mile of an all-day walk—a circumstance which would not commend itself to anyone but a hill triber; but we tramped merrily on with the droning voice of swollen watercourses and the soft swish of the rain in the trees for company. Our way led on through a narrow valley deep with ferns and filled with tall, straight timber; and the forest is never so fresh and beautiful as in the rain or immediately after, the flowers never so bright

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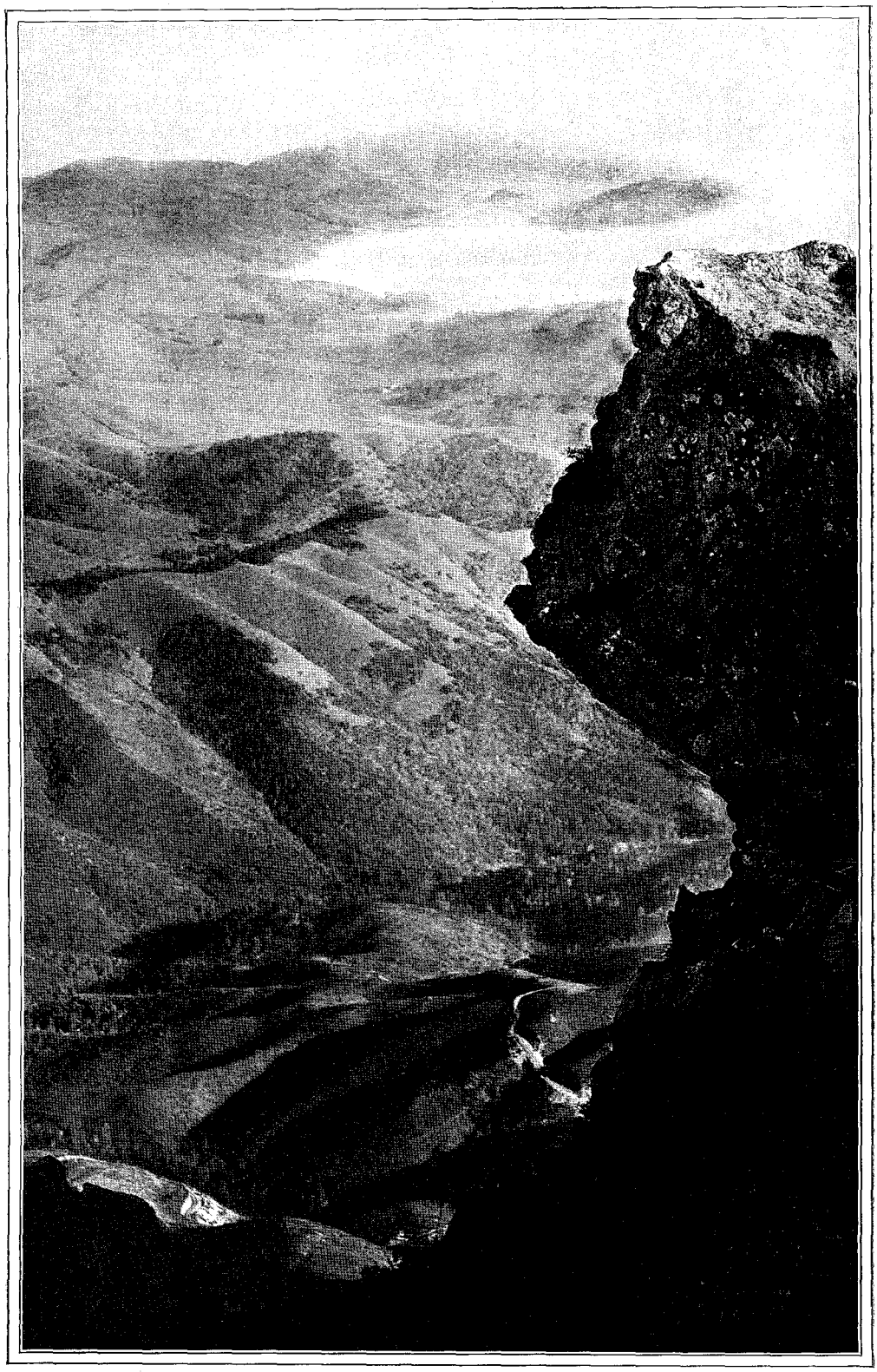

At last I stood on the culminating point of all this mountain stronghold.—Page 74.

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as when bobbing their heads to the fall of the big drops. We felt the dampness creeping in—first over our knees, then on our shoulders—till our khaki grew heavy with it, but our good spirits refused to dissolve. Soon, however, we left forest, watercourse, and all to ascend the smooth hills by a labyrinth of old cattle trails, slipping, sliding, splashing through flooded meadows, chaffing whichever of us sank deepest. We wound on and up, and back and forth till the forests below faded away like spectres in the mist, leaving us alone. Then passed an hour in blind solitude, then a halt and a seven-handed argument. Sure enough, we were lost—wholly and collectively, lost—and the trail had vanished. A conservative census of the party revealed that, among the seven of us, there were seven ideas as to our whereabouts, and seven right directions in which to proceed. One of us had a small pocket compass. We laid it on a flat stone and regarded it solemnly, only to find it full of water, like the pockets of its owner. We coaxed it into activity with the steel blade of an axe, but it lied and contradicted itself. Then someone produced a rude tracing from some Government survey. The rain pelted holes in it for a moment, and then it fluttered away on the wind, a limp pulp, leaving us as before. All the hills looked strangely alike; all directions seemed the same; the rain fell everywhere, and we began to feel sticky and cold. Gradually the great loneliness and wildness of the hills sank in upon me, and I remembered the globe-trotter who came to San Francisco, having "learned all about mountains in Switzerland," and how, years after his mysterious disappearance, they found a bleak skeleton in a wild part of the hills bearing his watch. I realized how no man knows the region surely when the mist sweeps in from the sea, ghostly, silently, and bearing the panic fear. But presently we came to our senses. We found a stump, diagnosed the lichens on it for north and south, noted the direction of the wind, and, holding fast to this for a straight line, cut impartially through brush and bramble, although the foliage drenched us till the water ran down and out over our boot-tops. In a short time we were rewarded by a faint, dull roar—the sea—and we knew where we were once more. Later on, came faint streaks of open sky, then a sudden furling of the mists into troubling bundles, which rolled over the mountains and disappeared, leaving us suddenly among glistening rocks and bright new colors bounded by long reaches of the sea, with the clean, cool wind tossing the water out of the wild flowers.

I remember another time when a wee handful of us walked one night under snapping bright stars, set very big and thick in an inky sky. The north-west wind howled and pushed us this way and that, and the weary old forest groaned, letting go a limb now and then with a startling crash. We cooked that night over a fire that had to be held down with green twigs to keep it from blowing away, and we slept in the brush. Now the brush on the Eastern hills is not so thick but a man can get through it in any direction—and, barring blackberry vines—a girl in a golf skirt can follow; but the brush on the California hills is so tough, and stands so high, that a strong man would do well to crawl three miles a day through some of it flat on his face, and each day he would need a new suit of clothes. This is very inconvenient in a deer hunt, but when you have burrowed into it and pulled your blankets tight about you for the night, be assured you will not be disturbed by the gale; for only the gentlest breezes will come to you under its thick covering, though the trees may be falling in the next canyon. So slept we on the night of this gale, and it seemed as though the sky was never so clear and black before.

When I awoke the next morning the east shone wide, and three great planets were miraculously hung high in the coming light, as though they floated there. It was a wonderful sight; yet close on the eastern horizon lay a long black silhouette which was more wonderful still. Strange new mountains I had never heard of, and that were not on that part of the map, stood before me plain as day. I went back to bed and got up all over again to make sure I was awake, but the phantom mountains still persisted. I scanned their entire length for a familiar peak, but none appeared. There was a great dome standing up among the rest like a cathedral in a city, and it was split sheer in two, like the South Dome in the Yosemite! It *was* the South Dome! The idea came to me at last. I was looking clear across California and into the Yosemite itself, two hun-

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dred miles away. Even as I looked, the sun rose and the whole chain dissolved in golden light and vanished.

Then there were the countless nights "on the ridge," when we sat perched eighteen hundred feet high above the sea, and watched thirty miles of white breakers turn to flashing red gold, as the sun disappeared behind the edge of all that wide ocean. There's a little inn perched there in the wilderness, a mere shack with the grandest of views and the greatest of driftwood hearths; and old Constantine, the Greek hermit who kept it, *could* cook, even though he served everything in one plate and finished with apple sauce poured out of a bedroom pitcher. We used to feel sorry for the old man, because he slept tilted back in a cane chair on his veranda when the house was full to avoid sending us away—until we discovered that he slept there when the house was empty to avoid the troublesome task of going to bed and getting up again.

There were the many mornings when we awoke far above the clouds and, while all the world below was complaining of the weather, looked down and away from our island peak upon a wondrous rolling cloud sea which the rising sun turned all the beautiful colors of an inverted sky.

Such is the region of Tamalpais, a mere dot on the map, yet inexhaustible, like its trails, and of infinite beauty and variety. It is hemmed in on all sides by trade and civilization—like the Adirondacks; yet, although several wee hamlets have perched perilously near its barriered wilderness, and the "crookedest railroad in the world" has scarred it just a little, in its endeavor to make it somewhat accessible to the traveller from afar, it has still preserved its pristine loveliness. Like the gentle region of the Scottish lakes in spring, like Naples in the autumn, save that its ancient crater smokes no longer, steep and blue, windswept and surf-beaten like the coast of Wales in summer, and fairest of all California in the winter time—all these different ways it is beautiful; and yet, by some oversight, unknown to the world in general and unsung!

The long chain of meadows under Tamalpais.—Page 74.

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Drawn by A. B. Wenzell.

"Dear Mr. Selden," she said, "you promised to see me to my cab."—Page 99.

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THE HOUSE OF MIRTH

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY A. B. WENZELL

BOOK II

I

IT came vividly to Selden on the Casino steps that Monte Carlo had, more than any other place he knew, the gift of accommodating itself to each man's humour.

His own, at the moment, lent it a festive readiness of welcome that might well, in a disenchanted eye, have turned to paint and facility. So frank an appeal for participation—so outspoken a recognition of the holiday vein in human nature—struck refreshingly on a mind jaded by prolonged hard work in surroundings made for the discipline of the senses. As he surveyed the white square set in an exotic coquetry of architecture, the studied tropicality of the gardens, the groups loitering through the jumbled gaiety of the foreground, against mauve mountains which suggested a sublime stage-setting forgotten in a hurried shifting of scenes—as he took in the whole outspread effect of light and leisure, he felt a movement of revulsion from the last few months of his life.

The New York winter had presented an interminable perspective of snow-burdened days, reaching toward a spring of raw sunshine and furious air, when the ugliness of things rasped the eye as the gritty wind ground into the skin. Selden, immersed in his work, had told himself that external conditions did not matter to a man in his state, and that cold and ugliness were a good tonic for relaxed sensibilities. When an urgent case summoned him abroad to confer with a client in Paris, he broke reluctantly with the routine of the office; and it was only now that, having despatched his business, and slipped away for a week in the south, he began to feel the renewed zest of spectatorship that is the solace of those who take an objective interest in life.

The multiplicity of its appeals—the perpetual surprise of its contrasts and resemblances! All these tricks and turns of the show were upon him with a spring as he descended the Casino steps and paused on the pavement at its doors. He had not been abroad for seven years—and what changes the renewed contact produced! If the central depths were untouched, hardly a pin-point of surface remained the same. And this was the very place to bring out the completeness of the renewal. The sublimities, the perpetuities, might have left him as he was: but this tent pitched for a day's revelry spread a roof of oblivion between himself and his fixed sky.

It was mid-April, and one felt that the revelry had reached its climax and that the desultory groups in the square and gardens would soon dissolve and reform in other scenes. Meanwhile the last moments of the performance seemed to gain an added brightness from the hovering threat of the curtain. The quality of the air, the exuberance of the flowers, the blue intensity of sea and sky, produced the effect of a closing *tableau*, when all the lights are turned on at once. This impression was presently heightened by the way in which a consciously conspicuous group of people advanced to the middle front, and stood before Selden with the air of the chief performers gathered together by the exigencies of the final effect. Their appearance confirmed the impression that the show had been staged regardless of expense, and emphasized its resemblance to one of those "costume-plays" in which the protagonists walk through the passions without displacing a drapery. The ladies stood in unrelated attitudes calculated to isolate their effects, and the men hung about them as irrelevantly as stage heroes whose tailors are named in the programme. It was Selden himself who unwittingly fused the group by arresting the attention of one of its members.

"Why, Mr. Selden!" Mrs. Fisher ex-

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claimed in surprise; and with a gesture toward Mrs. Jack Stepney and Mrs. Wellington Bry, she added plaintively: "We're starving to death because we can't decide where to lunch."

Welcomed into their group, and made the confidant of their difficulty, Selden learned with amusement that there were several places where one might miss something by not lunching, or forfeit something by lunching; so that eating actually became a minor consideration on the very spot consecrated to its rites.

"Of course one gets the best things at the *Terrasse*—but that looks as if one hadn't any other reason for being there: the Americans who don't know any one always rush for the best food. And the Duchess of Beltshire has taken up Bécassin's lately," Mrs. Bry earnestly summed up.

Mrs Bry, to Mrs. Fisher's despair, had not progressed beyond the point of weighing her social alternatives in public. She could not acquire the air of doing things because she wanted to, and making her choice the final seal of their fitness.

Mr. Bry, a short pale man, with a business face and leisure clothes, met the dilemma hilariously.

"I guess the Duchess goes where it's cheapest, unless she can get her meal paid for. If you offered to blow her off at the *Terrasse* she'd turn up fast enough."

But Mrs. Jack Stepney interposed. "The Grand Dukes go to that little place at the Condamine. Lord Hubert says it's the only restaurant in Europe where they can cook peas."

Lord Hubert Dacey, a slender shabby-looking man, with a charming worn smile, and the air of having spent his best years in piloting the wealthy to the right restaurant, assented with gentle emphasis: "It's quite that."

"*Peas?*" said Mr. Bry contemptuously. "Can they cook terrapin? It just shows," he continued, "what these European markets are, when a fellow can make a reputation cooking peas!"

Jack Stepney intervened with authority. "I don't know that I quite agree with Dacey: there's a little hole in Paris, off the Quai Voltaire—but in any case, I can't advise the Condamine *gargote;* at least not with ladies."

Stepney, since his marriage, had thickened and grown didactic, as the Van Osburgh husbands were apt to do; but his wife, to his surprise and discomfiture, had developed an earth-shaking fastness of gait which left him trailing breathlessly in her wake.

"That's where we'll go then!" she declared, with a heavy toss of her plumage. "I'm so tired of the *Terrasse:* it's as dull as one of mother's dinners. And Lord Hubert has promised to tell us who all the awful people are at the other place—hasn't he, Carry? Now, Jack, don't look so solemn!"

"Well," said Mrs. Bry, "all I want to know is who their dress-makers are."

"No doubt Dacey can tell you that too," remarked Stepney, with an ironic intention which the other received with the light murmur "I can at least *find out*, my dear fellow"; and Mrs. Bry having declared that she couldn't walk another step, the party hailed two or three of the light phaetons which hover attentively on the confines of the gardens, and rattled off in procession toward the Condamine.

Their destination was one of the little restaurants overhanging the boulevard which dips steeply down from Monte Carlo to the low intermediate quarter along the quay. From the window in which they presently found themselves installed, they overlooked the intense blue curve of the harbour, set between the verdure of twin promontories: to the right, the cliff of Monaco, topped by the mediæval silhouette of its church and castle, to the left the terraces and pinnacles of the gambling-house. Between the two, the waters of the bay were furrowed by a light coming and going of pleasure-craft, through which, just at the culminating moment of luncheon, the majestic advance of a great steam-yacht drew the company's attention from the peas.

"By Jove, I believe that's the Dorsets back!" Stepney exclaimed; and Lord Hubert, dropping his single eye-glass, corroborated: "It's the Sabrina—yes."

"So soon? They were to spend a month in Sicily," Mrs. Fisher observed.

"I guess they feel as if they had: there's only one up-to-date hotel in the whole place," said Mr. Bry disparagingly.

"It was Ned Silverton's idea—but poor Dorset and Lily Bart must have been horribly bored." Mrs. Fisher added in an undertone to Selden: "I do hope there hasn't been a row."

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"It's most awfully jolly having Miss Bart back," said Lord Hubert, in his mild deliberate voice; and Mrs. Bry added ingenuously: "I daresay the Duchess will dine with us, now that Lily's here."

"The Duchess admires her immensely: I'm sure she'd be charmed to have it arranged," Lord Hubert agreed, with the professional promptness of the man accustomed to draw his profit from facilitating social contacts: Selden was struck by the businesslike change in his manner.

"Lily has been a tremendous success here," Mrs. Fisher continued, still addressing herself confidentially to Selden. "She looks ten years younger—I never saw her so handsome. Lady Skiddaw took her everywhere in Cannes, and the Crown Princess of Macedonia had her to stop for a week at Cimiez. People say that was one reason why Bertha whisked the yacht off to Sicily: the Crown Princess didn't take much notice of her, and she couldn't bear to look on at Lily's triumph."

Selden made no reply. He was vaguely aware that Miss Bart was cruising in the Mediterranean with the Dorsets, but it had not occurred to him that there was any chance of running across her on the Riviera, where the season was virtually at an end. As he leaned back, silently contemplating his filigree cup of Turkish coffee, he was trying to put some order in his thoughts, to tell himself how the news of her nearness was really affecting him. He had a personal detachment enabling him, even in moments of emotional high-pressure, to get a fairly clear view of his feelings, and he was sincerely surprised by the disturbance which the sight of the Sabrina had produced in him. He had reason to think that his three months of engrossing professional work, following on the sharp shock of his disillusionment, had cleared his mind of its sentimental vapours. The feeling he had nourished and given prominence to was one of thankfulness for his escape: he was like a traveller so grateful for rescue from a dangerous accident that at first he is hardly conscious of his bruises. Now he suddenly felt the latent ache, and realized that after all he had not come off unhurt.

An hour later, at Mrs. Fisher's side in the Casino gardens, he was trying to find fresh reasons for forgetting the injury received in the contemplation of the peril avoided. The party had dispersed with the loitering indecision characteristic of social movements at Monte Carlo, where the whole place, and the long gilded hours of the day, seem to offer an infinity of ways of being idle. Lord Hubert Dacey had finally gone off in quest of the Duchess of Beltshire, charged by Mrs. Bry with the delicate negotiation of securing that lady's presence at dinner, the Stepneys had left for Nice in their motor-car, and Mr. Bry had departed to take his place in the pigeon-shooting match which was at the moment engaging his highest faculties.

Mrs. Bry, who had a tendency to grow red and stertorous after luncheon, had been judiciously prevailed upon by Carry Fisher to withdraw to her hotel for an hour's repose; and Selden and his companion were thus left to a stroll propitious to confidences. The stroll soon resolved itself into a tranquil session on a bench overhung with laurel and Banksian roses, from which they caught a dazzle of blue sea between marble balusters, and the fiery shafts of cactus-blossoms shooting meteor-like from the rock. The soft shade of their niche, and the adjacent glitter of the air, were conducive to an easy lounging mood, and to the smoking of many cigarettes; and Selden, yielding to these influences, suffered Mrs. Fisher to unfold to him the history of her recent experiences. She had come abroad with the Welly Brys at the moment when fashion flees the inclemency of the New York spring. The Brys, intoxicated by their first success, already thirsted for new kingdoms, and Mrs. Fisher, viewing the Riviera as an easy introduction to London society, had guided their course thither. She had affiliations of her own in every capital, and a facility for picking them up again after long absences; and the carefully disseminated rumour of the Brys' wealth had at once gathered about them a group of cosmopolitan pleasure-seekers.

"But things are not going as well as I expected," Mrs. Fisher frankly admitted. "It's all very well to say that everybody with money can get into society; but it would be truer to say that *nearly* everybody can. And the London market is so glutted with new Americans that, to succeed there now, they must be either very clever or awfully queer. The Brys are neither. *He* would get on well enough if she'd let him alone; they like his slang and his brag and

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his blunders. But Louisa spoils it all by trying to repress him and put herself forward. If she'd be natural herself—fat and vulgar and bouncing—it would be all right; but as soon as she meets anybody smart she tries to be slender and queenly. She tried it with the Duchess of Beltshire and Lady Skiddaw, and they fled. I've done my best to make her see her mistake—I've said to her again and again: 'Just let yourself go, Louisa'; but she keeps up the humbug even with me—I believe she keeps on being queenly in her own room, with the door shut.

"The worst of it is," Mrs. Fisher went on, "that she thinks it's all *my* fault. When the Dorsets turned up here six weeks ago, and everybody began to make a fuss about Lily Bart, I could see Louisa thought that if she'd had Lily in tow instead of me she would have been hobnobbing with all the royalties by this time. She doesn't realize that it's Lily's beauty that does it: Lord Hubert tells me Lily is thought even handsomer than when he knew her at Aix ten years ago. It seems she was tremendously admired there. An Italian Prince, rich and the real thing, wanted to marry her; but just at the critical moment a good-looking step-son turned up, and Lily was silly enough to flirt with him while her marriage-settlements with the step-father were being drawn up. Some people said the young man did it on purpose. You can fancy the scandal: there was an awful row between the men, and people began to look at Lily so queerly that Mrs. Peniston had to pack up and finish her cure elsewhere. Not that *she* ever understood: to this day she thinks that Aix didn't suit her, and mentions her having been sent there as proof of the incompetence of French doctors. That's Lily all over, you know: she works like a slave preparing the ground and sowing her seed; but the day she ought to be reaping the harvest she oversleeps herself or goes off on a picnic."

Mrs. Fisher paused and looked reflectively at the deep shimmer of sea between the cactus-flowers. "Sometimes," she added, "I think it's just flightiness—and sometimes I think it's because, at heart, she despises the things she's trying for. And it's the difficulty of deciding that makes her such an interesting study." She glanced tentatively at Selden's motionless profile, and resumed with a slight sigh: "Well, all I can say is, I wish she'd give *me* some of her discarded opportunities. I wish we could change places now, for instance. She could make a very good thing out of the Brys if she managed them properly, and I should know just how to look after George Dorset while Bertha is reading Verlaine with Neddy Silverton."

She met Selden's sound of protest with a sharp derisive glance. "Well, what's the use of mincing matters? We all know that's what Bertha brought her abroad for. When Bertha wants to have a good time she has to provide occupation for George. At first I thought Lily was going to play her cards well *this* time, but there are rumours that Bertha is jealous of her success here and at Cannes, and I shouldn't be surprised if there were a break any day. Lily's only safeguard is that Bertha needs her badly—oh, very badly. The Silverton affair is in the acute stage: it's necessary that George's attention should be pretty continuously distracted. And I'm bound to say Lily *does* distract it: I believe he'd marry her to-morrow if he found out there was anything wrong with Bertha. But you know him—he's as blind as he's jealous; and of course Lily's present business is to keep him blind. A clever woman might know just the right moment to tear off the bandage: but Lily isn't clever in that way, and when George does open his eyes she'll probably contrive not to be in his line of vision."

Selden tossed away his cigarette. "By Jove—it's time for my train," he exclaimed, with a glance at his watch; adding, in reply to Mrs. Fisher's surprised comment—"Why, I thought of course you were at Monte!"—a murmured word to the effect that he was making Nice his head-quarters.

"The worst of it is, she snubs the Brys now," he heard irrelevantly flung after him.

Ten minutes later, in the high-perched bedroom of an hotel overlooking the Casino, he was tossing his effects into a couple of gaping portmanteaux, while the porter waited outside to transport them to the cab at the door. It took but a brief plunge down the steep white road to the station to land him safely in the afternoon express for Nice; and not till he was installed in the corner of an empty carriage, did he exclaim to himself, with a reaction of self-contempt: "What the deuce am I running away from?"

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The pertinence of the question checked Selden's fugitive impulse before the train had started. It was ridiculous to be flying like an emotional coward from an infatuation his reason had conquered. He had instructed his bankers to forward some important business letters to Nice, and at Nice he would quietly await them. He was already annoyed with himself for having left Monte Carlo, where he had intended to pass the week which remained to him before sailing; but it would now be difficult to return on his steps without an appearance of inconsistency from which his pride recoiled. In his inmost heart he was not sorry to put himself beyond the probability of meeting Miss Bart. Completely as he had detached himself from her, he could not yet regard her merely as a social instance; and viewed in a more personal way she was not likely to be a reassuring object of study. Chance encounters, or even the repeated mention of her name, would send his thoughts back into grooves from which he had resolutely detached them; whereas, if she could be entirely excluded from his life, the pressure of new and varied impressions, with which no thought of her was connected, would soon complete the work of separation. Mrs. Fisher's conversation had, indeed, operated to that end; but the treatment was too painful to be voluntarily chosen while milder remedies were untried; and Selden thought he could trust himself to return gradually to a reasonable view of Miss Bart, if only he did not see her.

Having reached the station early, he had arrived at this point in his reflections before the increasing throng on the platform warned him that he could not hope to preserve his privacy; the next moment there was a hand on the door, and he turned to confront the very face he was fleeing.

Miss Bart, glowing with the haste of a precipitate descent upon the train, headed a group composed of the Dorsets, young Silverton and Lord Hubert Dacey, who had barely time to spring into the carriage, and envelop Selden in ejaculations of surprise and welcome, before the whistle of departure sounded. The party, it appeared, were hastening to Nice in response to a sudden summons to dine with the Duchess of Beltshire and to see the water-fête in the bay; a plan evidently improvised—in spite of Lord Hubert's protesting "Oh, I say, you know,"—for the express purpose of defeating Mrs. Bry's endeavour to capture the Duchess.

During the laughing relation of this manœuvre, Selden had time for a rapid impression of Miss Bart, who had seated herself opposite to him in the golden afternoon light. Scarcely three months had elapsed since he had parted from her on the threshold of the Brys' conservatory; but a subtle change had passed over the quality of her beauty. Then it had had a transparency through which the fluctuations of the spirit were sometimes tragically visible; now its impenetrable surface suggested a process of crystallization which had fused her whole being into one hard brilliant substance. The change had struck Mrs. Fisher as a rejuvenation: to Selden it seemed like that moment of pause and arrest when the warm fluidity of youth is chilled into its final shape.

He felt it in the way she smiled on him, and in the readiness and competence with which, flung unexpectedly into his presence, she took up the thread of their intercourse as though that thread had not been snapped with a violence from which he still reeled. Such facility sickened him—but he told himself that it was with the pang which precedes recovery. Now he would really get well—would eject the last drop of poison from his blood. Already he felt himself calmer in her presence than he had learned to be in the thought of her. Her assumptions and elisions, her short-cuts and long *détours*, the skill with which she contrived to meet him at a point from which no inconvenient glimpses of the past were visible, suggested what opportunities she had had for practising such arts since their last meeting. He felt that she had at last arrived at an understanding with herself: had made a pact with her rebellious impulses, and achieved a uniform system of self-government, under which all vagrant tendencies were either held captive or forced into the service of the state.

And he saw other things too in her manner: saw how it had adjusted itself to the hidden intricacies of a situation in which, even after Mrs. Fisher's elucidating flashes, he still felt himself agrope. Surely Mrs. Fisher could no longer charge Miss Bart with neglecting her opportunities! To Selden's exasperated observation she was only

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too completely alive to them. She was "perfect" to every one: subservient to Bertha's anxious predominance, good-naturedly watchful of Dorset's moods, brightly companionable to Silverton and Dacey, the latter of whom met her on an evident footing of old admiration, while young Silverton, portentously self-absorbed, seemed conscious of her only as of something vaguely obstructive. And suddenly, as Selden noted the fine shades of manner by which she harmonized herself with her surroundings, it flashed on him that, to need such adroit handling, the situation must indeed be desperate. She was on the edge of something—that was the impression left with him. He seemed to see her poised on the brink of a chasm, with one graceful foot advanced to assert her unconsciousness that the ground was failing her.

On the Promenade des Anglais, where Ned Silverton hung on him for the half hour before dinner, he received a deeper impression of the general insecurity. Silverton was in a mood of Titanic pessimism. How any one could come to such a damned hole as the Riviera—any one with a grain of imagination—with the whole Mediterranean to choose from: but then, if one's estimate of a place depended on the way they broiled a spring chicken! Gad! what a study might be made of the tyranny of the stomach—the way a sluggish liver or insufficient gastric juices might affect the whole course of the universe, overshadow everything in reach—chronic dyspepsia ought to be among the "statutory causes"; a woman's life might be ruined by a man's inability to digest fresh bread. Grotesque? Yes—and tragic—like most absurdities. There's nothing grimmer than the tragedy that wears a comic mask. . . . Where was he? Oh—the reason they chucked Sicily and rushed back? Well—partly, no doubt, Miss Bart's desire to get back to bridge and smartness. Dead as a stone to art and poetry—the light never *was* on sea or land for her! And of course she persuaded Dorset that the Italian food was bad for him. Oh, she could make him believe anything—*anything!* Mrs. Dorset was aware of it—oh, perfectly: nothing *she* didn't see! But she could hold her tongue—she'd had to, often enough. Miss Bart was an intimate friend—she wouldn't hear a word against her. Only it hurts a woman's pride—there are some things one doesn't get used to . . . All this in confidence, of course? Ah—and there were the ladies signalling from the balcony of the hotel. . . . He plunged across the Promenade, leaving Selden to a meditative cigar.

The conclusions it led him to were fortified, later in the evening, by some of those faint corroborative hints that generate a light of their own in the dusk of a doubting mind. Selden, stumbling on a chance acquaintance, had dined with him, and adjourned, still in his company, to the brightly lit Promenade, where a line of crowded stands commanded the glittering darkness of the waters. The night was soft and persuasive. Overhead hung a summer sky furrowed with the rush of rockets; and from the east a late moon, pushing up beyond the lofty bend of the coast, sent across the bay a shaft of brightness which paled to ashes in the red glitter of the illuminated boats. Down the lantern-hung Promenade, snatches of band-music floated above the hum of the crowd and the soft tossing of boughs in dusky gardens; and between these gardens and the backs of the stands there flowed a subdued stream of people, in whom the vociferous carnival mood seemed tempered by the growing languor of the season.

Selden and his companion, unable to get seats on one of the stands facing the bay, had wandered for a while with the throng, and then found a point of vantage on a high garden-parapet above the Promenade. Thence they caught but a triangular glimpse of the water, and of the flashing play of boats across its surface; but the crowd in the street was under their immediate view, and seemed to Selden, on the whole, of more interest than the show itself. After a while, however, he wearied of his perch, and, dropping alone to the pavement, pushed his way to the first corner and turned into the moonlit silence of a side-street. Long garden-walls overhung by trees made a dark boundary to the pavement; an empty cab trailed along the deserted thoroughfare, and presently Selden saw two persons emerge from the opposite shadows, signal to the cab, and drive off in it toward the centre of the town. The moonlight touched them as they paused to enter the carriage, and he recognized Mrs. Dorset and young Silverton.

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Beneath the nearest lamp-post he glanced at his watch and saw that the time was close on eleven. He took another cross street, and without breasting the throng on the Promenade, made his way to the fashionable Club which overlooks that thoroughfare. Here, amid the blaze of crowded baccarat tables, he caught sight of Lord Hubert Dacey, seated with his habitual worn smile behind a rapidly dwindling heap of gold. The heap being in due course wiped out, Lord Hubert rose with a shrug, and joining Selden, adjourned with him to the deserted terrace of the Club. It was now past midnight, and the throng on the stands was dispersing, while the long trails of red-lit boats scattered and faded beneath a sky repossessed by the tranquil splendour of the moon.

Lord Hubert looked at his watch. "By Jove, I promised to join the Duchess for supper at the *London House;* but it's past twelve, and I suppose they've all scattered. The fact is, I lost them in the crowd soon after dinner, and took refuge here, for my sins. They had seats on one of the stands, but of course they couldn't stop quiet: the Duchess never can. She and Miss Bart went off in quest of what they call adventures—gad, it ain't their fault if they don't have some queer ones!" He added tentatively, after pausing to grope for a cigarette: "Miss Bart's an old friend of yours, I believe? So she told me.—Ah, thanks—I don't seem to have one left." He lit Selden's proffered cigarette, and continued, in his high-pitched drawling tone: "None of my business, of course, but I didn't introduce her to the Duchess. Charming woman, the Duchess, you understand; and a very good friend of mine; but *rather* a liberal education."

Selden received this in silence, and after a few puffs Lord Hubert broke out again: "Sort of thing one can't communicate to the young lady—though young ladies nowadays are so competent to judge for themselves; but in this case—I'm an old friend too, you know . . . and there seemed no one else to speak to. The whole situation's a little mixed, as I see it—but there used to be an aunt somewhere, a diffuse and innocent person, who was great at bridging over chasms she didn't see . . . Ah, in New York, is she? Pity New York's such a long way off!"

II

MISS BART, emerging late the next morning from her cabin, found herself alone on the deck of the Sabrina.

The cushioned chairs, disposed expectantly under the wide awning, showed no signs of recent occupancy, and she presently learned from a steward that Mrs. Dorset had not yet appeared, and that the gentlemen—separately—had gone ashore as soon as they had breakfasted. Supplied with these facts, Lily leaned awhile over the side, giving herself up to a leisurely enjoyment of the spectacle before her. Unclouded sunlight enveloped sea and shore in a bath of purest radiancy. The purpling water drew a sharp white line of foam at the base of the shore; against its irregular eminences, hotels and villas flashed from the greyish verdure of olive and eucalyptus; and the background of bare and finely-pencilled mountains quivered in a pale intensity of light.

How beautiful it was—and how she loved beauty! She had always felt that her sensibility in this direction made up for certain obtusenesses of feeling of which she was less proud; and during the last three months she had indulged it passionately. The Dorsets' invitation to go abroad with them had come as an almost miraculous release from crushing difficulties; and her faculty for renewing herself in new scenes, and casting off problems of conduct as easily as the surroundings in which they had arisen, made the mere change from one place to another seem, not merely a postponement, but a solution of her troubles. Moral complications existed for her only in the environment that had produced them; she did not mean to slight or ignore them, but they lost their reality when they changed their background. She could not have remained in New York without repaying the money she owed to Trenor; to acquit herself of that odious debt she might even have faced a marriage with Rosedale; but the accident of placing the Atlantic between herself and her obligations made them dwindle out of sight as if they had been milestones and she had travelled past them.

Her two months on the Sabrina had been especially calculated to aid this illusion of distance. She had been plunged into new

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scenes, and had found in them a renewal of old hopes and ambitions. The cruise itself charmed her as a romantic adventure. She was vaguely touched by the names and scenes amid which she moved, and had listened to Ned Silverton reading Theocritus by moonlight, as the yacht rounded the Sicilian promontories, with a thrill of the nerves that confirmed her belief in her intellectual superiority But the weeks at Cannes and Nice had really given her more pleasure. The gratification of being welcomed in high company, and of making her own ascendency felt there, so that she found herself figuring once more as the "beautiful Miss Bart" in the interesting journal devoted to recording the least movements of her cosmopolitan companions—all these experiences tended to throw into the extreme background of memory the prosaic and sordid difficulties from which she had escaped.

If she was faintly aware of fresh difficulties ahead, she was sure of her ability to meet them: it was characteristic of her to feel that the only problems she could not solve were those with which she was familiar. Meanwhile she could honestly be proud of the skill with which she had adapted herself to somewhat delicate conditions. She had reason to think that she had made herself equally necessary to her host and hostess; and if only she had seen any perfectly irreproachable means of drawing a financial profit from the situation, there would have been no cloud on her horizon. The truth was that her funds, as usual, were inconveniently low; and to neither Dorset nor his wife could this vulgar embarrassment be safely hinted. Still, the need was not a pressing one; she could worry along, as she had so often done before, with the hope of some happy change of fortune to sustain her; and meanwhile life was gay and beautiful and easy, and she was conscious of figuring not unworthily in such a setting.

She was engaged to breakfast that morning with the Duchess of Beltshire, and at twelve o'clock she asked to be set ashore in the gig. Before this she had sent her maid to enquire if she might see Mrs. Dorset; but the reply came back that the latter was tired, and trying to sleep. Lily thought she understood the reason of the rebuff. Her hostess had not been included in the Duchess's invitation, though she herself had made the most loyal efforts in that direction. But her grace was impervious to hints, and invited or omitted as she chose. It was not Lily's fault if Mrs. Dorset's complicated attitudes did not fall in with the Duchess's easy gait. The Duchess, who seldom explained herself, had not formulated her objection beyond saying: "She's rather a bore, you know. The only one of your friends I like is that little Mr. Bry—*he's* funny—" but Lily knew enough not to press the point, and was not altogether sorry to be thus distinguished at her friend's expense. Bertha certainly *had* grown tiresome since she had taken to poetry and Ned Silverton.

On the whole, it was a relief to break away now and then from the Sabrina; and the Duchess's little breakfast, organized by Lord Hubert with all his usual virtuosity, was the pleasanter to Lily for not including her travelling-companions. Dorset, of late, had grown more than usually morose and incalculable, and Ned Silverton went about with an air that seemed to challenge the universe. The freedom and lightness of the ducal intercourse made an agreeable change from these complications, and Lily was tempted, after luncheon, to adjourn in the wake of her companions to the hectic atmosphere of the Casino. She did not mean to play; her diminished pocket-money offered small scope for the adventure; but it amused her to sit on a divan, under the doubtful protection of the Duchess's back, while the latter hung above her stakes at a neighbouring table.

The rooms were packed with the gazing throng which, in the afternoon hours, trickles heavily between the tables, like the Sunday crowd in a lion-house. In the stagnant flow of the mass, identities were hardly distinguishable; but Lily presently saw Mrs. Bry cleaving her determined way through the doors, and, in the broad wake she left, the light figure of Mrs. Fisher bobbing after her like a row-boat at the stern of a tug. Mrs. Bry pressed on, evidently animated by the resolve to reach a certain point in the rooms; but Mrs. Fisher, as she passed Lily, broke from her towing-line, and let herself float to the girl's side.

"Lose her?" she echoed the latter's query, with an indifferent glance at Mrs. Bry's retreating back. "I daresay—it doesn't

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matter: I *have* lost her already." And, as Lily exclaimed, she added: "We had an awful row this morning. You know, of course, that the Duchess chucked her at dinner last night, and she thinks it was my fault—my want of management. The worst of it is, the message—just a mere word by telephone—came so late that the dinner had to be paid for; and Bécassin *had* run it up—it had been so drummed into him that the Duchess was coming!" Mrs. Fisher indulged in a faint laugh at the remembrance. "Paying for what she doesn't get rankles so dreadfully with Louisa: I can't make her see that it's one of the preliminary steps to getting what you haven't paid for—and as I was the nearest thing to smash, she smashed me to atoms, poor dear!"

Lily murmured her commiseration. Impulses of sympathy came naturally to her, and it was instinctive to proffer her help to Mrs. Fisher.

"If there's anything I can do—if it's only a question of meeting the Duchess! I heard her say she thought Mr. Bry amusing——"

But Mrs. Fisher interposed with a decisive gesture. "My dear, I have my pride: the pride of my trade. *I* couldn't manage the Duchess, and I can't palm off your arts on Louisa Bry as mine. I've taken the final step: I go to Paris tonight with the Sam Gormers. *They're* still in the elementary stage; an Italian Prince is a great deal more than a Prince to them, and they're always on the brink of taking a courier for one. To save them from that is my present mission." She laughed again at the picture. "But before I go I want to make my last will and testament—I want to leave you the Brys."

"Me?" Miss Bart joined in her amusement. "It's charming of you to remember me, dear; but really——"

"You're already so well provided for?" Mrs. Fisher flashed a sharp glance at her. "*Are* you, though, Lily—to the point of rejecting my offer?"

Miss Bart coloured slowly. "What I really meant was, that the Brys wouldn't in the least care to be so disposed of."

Mrs. Fisher continued to probe her embarrassment with an unflinching eye. "What you really meant was that you've snubbed the Brys horribly; and you know that they know it——"

"Carry!"

"Oh, on certain sides Louisa bristles with perceptions. If you'd even managed to have them asked once on the Sabrina—especially when royalties were coming! But it's not too late," she ended earnestly, "it's not too late for either of you."

Lily smiled. "Stay over, and I'll get the Duchess to dine with them."

"I shan't stay over—the Gormers have paid for my *salon-lit*," said Mrs. Fisher with simplicity. "But get the Duchess to dine with them all the same."

Lily's smile again flowed into a slight laugh: her friend's importunity was beginning to strike her as irrelevant. "I'm sorry I have been negligent about the Brys ——" she began.

"Oh, as to the Brys—it's you I'm thinking of," said Mrs. Fisher abruptly. She paused, and then, bending forward, with a lowered voice: "You know we all went on to Nice last night when the Duchess chucked us. It was Louisa's idea—I told her what I thought of it."

Miss Bart assented. "Yes—I caught sight of you on the way back, at the station."

"Well, the man who was in the carriage with you and George Dorset—that horrid little Dabham who does 'Society Notes from the Riviera'—had been dining with us at Nice. And he's telling everybody that you and Dorset came back alone after midnight."

"Alone—? When he was with us?" Lily laughed, but her laugh faded into gravity under the prolonged implication of Mrs. Fisher's look. "We *did* come back alone—if that's so very dreadful! But whose fault was it? The Duchess was spending the night at Cimiez with the Crown Princess; Bertha got bored with the show, and went off early, promising to meet us at the station. We turned up on time, but she didn't—she didn't turn up at all!"

Miss Bart made this announcement in the tone of one who presents, with careless assurance, a complete vindication; but Mrs. Fisher received it in a manner almost inconsequent. She seemed to have lost sight of her friend's part in the incident: her inward vision had taken another slant.

"Bertha never turned up at all? Then how on earth did she get back?"

"Oh, by the next train, I suppose; there were two extra ones for the *fête*. At any rate, I know she's safe on the yacht, though

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I haven't yet seen her; but you see it was not my fault," Lily summed up.

"Not your fault that Bertha didn't turn up? My poor child, if only you don't have to pay for it!" Mrs. Fisher rose—she had seen Mrs. Bry surging back in her direction. "There's Louisa, and I must be off—oh, we're on the best of terms externally; we're lunching together; but at heart it's *me* she's lunching on," she explained; and with a last hand-clasp and a last look, she added: "Remember, I leave her to you; she's hovering now, ready to take you in."

Lily carried the impression of Mrs. Fisher's leave-taking away with her from the Casino doors. She had accomplished, before leaving, the first step toward her reinstatement in Mrs. Bry's good graces. An affable advance—a vague murmur that they must see more of each other—an allusive glance to a near future that was felt to include the Duchess as well as the Sabrina—how easily it was all done, if one possessed the knack of doing it! She wondered at herself, as she had so often wondered, that, possessing the knack, she did not more consistently exercise it. But sometimes she was forgetful—and sometimes, could it be that she was proud? Today, at any rate, she had been vaguely conscious of a reason for sinking her pride, had in fact even sunk it to the point of suggesting to Lord Hubert Dacey, whom she ran across on the Casino steps, that he might really get the Duchess to dine with the Brys, if *she* undertook to have them asked on the Sabrina. Lord Hubert had promised his help, with the readiness on which she could always count: it was his only way of ever reminding her that he had once been ready to do so much more for her. Her path, in short, seemed to smooth itself before her as she advanced; yet the faint stir of uneasiness persisted. Had it been produced, she wondered, by her chance meeting with Selden? She thought not—time and change seemed so completely to have relegated him to his proper distance. The sudden and exquisite reaction from her anxieties had had the effect of throwing the recent past so far back that even Selden, as part of it, retained a certain air of unreality. And he had made it so clear that they were not to meet again; that he had merely dropped down to Nice for a day or two, and had almost his foot on the next steamer. No—that part of the past had merely surged up for a moment on the fleeing surface of events; and now that it was submerged again, the uncertainty, the apprehension persisted.

They grew to sudden acuteness as she caught sight of George Dorset descending the steps of the Hôtel de Paris and making for her across the square. She had meant to drive down to the quay and regain the yacht; but she now had the immediate impression that something more was to happen first.

"Which way are you going? Shall we walk a bit?" he began, putting the second question before the first was answered, and not waiting for a reply to either before he directed her silently toward the comparative seclusion of the lower gardens.

She detected in him at once all the signs of extreme nervous tension. The skin was puffed out under his sunken eyes, and its sallowness had paled to a leaden white against which his irregular eyebrows and long reddish moustache were relieved with a saturnine effect. His appearance, in short, presented an odd mixture of the bedraggled and the ferocious.

He walked beside her in silence, with quick precipitate steps, till they reached the embowered slopes to the east of the Casino; then, pulling up abruptly, he said: "Have you seen Bertha?"

"No—when I left the yacht she was not yet up."

He received this with a laugh like the whirring sound in a disabled clock. "Not yet up? Had she gone to bed? Do you know at what time she came on board? This morning at seven!" he exclaimed.

"At seven?" Lily started. "What happened—an accident to the train?"

He laughed again. "They missed the train—all the trains—they had to drive back."

"Well——?" She hesitated, feeling at once how little even this necessity accounted for the fatal lapse of hours.

"Well, they couldn't get a carriage at once—at that time of night, you know—" the explanatory note made it almost seem as though he were putting the case for his wife—"and when they finally did, it was only a one-horse cab, and the horse was lame!"

"How tiresome! I see," she affirmed,

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with the more earnestness because she was so nervously conscious that she did not; and after a pause she added: "I'm so sorry—but ought we to have waited?"

"Waited for the one-horse cab? It would scarcely have carried the four of us, do you think?"

She took this in what seemed the only possible way, with a laugh intended to sink the question itself in his humorous treatment of it. "Well, it would have been difficult; we should have had to walk by turns. But it would have been jolly to see the sunrise."

"Yes: the sunrise *was* jolly," he agreed.

"Was it? You saw it, then?"

"I saw it, yes; from the deck. I waited up for them."

"Naturally—I suppose you were worried. Why didn't you call me to share your vigil?"

He stood still, dragging at his moustache with a lean weak hand. "I don't think you would have cared for its *dénouement*," he said with sudden grimness.

Again she was disconcerted by the abrupt change in his tone, and as in one flash she saw the peril of the moment, and the need of keeping her sense of it out of her eyes.

"*Dénouement*—isn't that too big a word for such a small incident? The worst of it, after all, is the fatigue which Bertha has probably slept off by this time."

She clung to the note bravely, though its futility was now plain to her in the glare of his miserable eyes.

"Don't—don't——!" he broke out, with the hurt cry of a child; and while she tried to merge her sympathy, and her resolve to ignore any cause for it, in one ambiguous murmur of deprecation, he dropped down on the bench near which they had paused, and poured out the wretchedness of his soul.

It was a dreadful hour—an hour from which she emerged shrinking and seared, as though her lids had been scorched by its actual glare. It was not that she had never had premonitory glimpses of such an outbreak; but rather because, here and there throughout the three months, the surface of life had shown such ominous cracks and vapours that her fears had always been on the alert for an upheaval. There had been moments when the situation had presented itself under a homelier yet more vivid image—that of a shaky vehicle, dashed by unbroken steeds over a bumping road, while she cowered within, aware that the harness wanted mending, and wondering what would give way first. Well—everything had given way now; and the wonder was that the crazy outfit had held together so long. Her sense of being involved in the crash, instead of merely witnessing it from the road, was intensified by the way in which Dorset, through his furies of denunciation and wild reactions of self-contempt, made her feel the need he had of her, the place she had taken in his life. But for her, what ear would have been open to his cries? And what hand but hers could drag him up again to a footing of sanity and self-respect? All through the stress of the struggle with him, she had been conscious of something faintly maternal in her efforts to guide and uplift him. But for the present, if he clung to her, it was not in order to be dragged up, but to feel some one floundering in the depths with him: he wanted her to suffer with him, not to help him to suffer less.

Happily for both, there was little physical strength to sustain his frenzy. It left him, collapsed and breathing heavily, to an apathy so deep and prolonged that Lily almost feared the passers-by would think it the result of a seizure, and stop to offer their aid. But Monte Carlo is, of all places, the one where the human bond is least close, and odd sights are the least arresting. If a glance or two lingered on the couple, no intrusive sympathy disturbed them; and it was Lily herself who broke the silence by rising from her seat. With the clearing of her vision the sweep of peril had extended, and she saw that the post of danger was no longer at Dorset's side.

"If you won't go back, I must—don't make me leave you!" she urged.

But he remained mutely resistant, and she added: "What are you going to do? You really can't sit here all night."

"I can go to an hotel. I can telegraph my lawyers." He sat up, roused by a new thought. "By Jove, Selden's at Nice—I'll send for Selden!"

Lily, at this, reseated herself with a cry of alarm. "No, no, *no!*" she protested.

He swung round on her distrustfully. "Why not Selden? He's a lawyer, isn't he? One will do as well as another in a case like this."

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"As badly as another, you mean. I thought you relied on *me* to help you."

"You do—by being so sweet and patient with me. If it hadn't been for you I'd have ended the thing long ago. But now it's got to end." He rose suddenly, straightening himself with an effort. "You can't want to see me ridiculous."

She looked at him kindly. "That's just it." Then, after a moment's pondering, almost to her own surprise she broke out with a flash of inspiration: "Well, go over and see Mr. Selden. You'll have time to do it before dinner."

"Oh, *dinner*——" he mocked her; but she left him with the smiling rejoinder: "Dinner on board, remember; we'll put it off till nine if you like."

It was past four already; and when a cab had dropped her at the quay, and she stood waiting for the gig to put off for her, she began to wonder what had been happening on the yacht. Of Silverton's whereabouts there had been no mention. Had he returned to the Sabrina? Or could Bertha —the dread alternative sprang on her suddenly—could Bertha, left to herself, have gone ashore to rejoin him? Lily's heart stood still at the thought. All her concern had hitherto been for young Silverton, not only because, in such affairs, the woman's instinct is to side with the man, but because his case made a peculiar appeal to her sympathies. He was so desperately in earnest, poor youth, and his earnestness was of so different a quality from Bertha's, though hers too was desperate enough. The difference was that Bertha was in earnest only about herself, while he was in earnest about her. But now, at the actual crisis, this difference seemed to throw the weight of destitution on Bertha's side, since at least he had her to suffer for, and she had only herself. At any rate, viewed less ideally, all the disadvantages of such a situation were for the woman; and it was to Bertha that Lily's sympathies now went out. She was not fond of Bertha Dorset, but neither was she without a sense of obligation, the heavier for having so little personal liking to sustain it. Bertha had been kind to her, they had lived together, during the last months, on terms of easy friendship, and the sense of friction of which Lily had recently become aware seemed to make it the more urgent that she should work undividedly in her friend's interest.

It was in Bertha's interest, certainly, that she had despatched Dorset to consult with Lawrence Selden. Once the grotesqueness of the situation accepted, she had seen at a glance that it was the safest in which Dorset could find himself. Who but Selden could thus miraculously combine the skill to save Bertha with the obligation of doing so? The consciousness that much skill would be required made Lily rest thankfully in the greatness of the obligation. Since he would *have* to pull Bertha through she could trust him to find a way; and she put the fulness of her trust in the telegram she managed to send him on her way to the quay.

Thus far, then, Lily felt that she had done well; and the conviction strengthened her for the task that remained. She and Bertha had never been on confidential terms, but at such a crisis the barriers of reserve must surely fall: Dorset's wild allusions to the scene of the morning made Lily feel that they were down already, and that any attempt to rebuild them would be beyond Bertha's strength. She pictured the poor creature shivering behind her fallen defenses and awaiting with suspense the moment when she could take refuge in the first shelter that offered. If only that shelter had not already offered itself elsewhere! As the gig traversed the short distance between the quay and the yacht, Lily grew more than ever alarmed at the possible consequences of her long absence. What if the wretched Bertha, finding in all the long hours no soul to turn to—but by this time Lily's eager foot was on the side-ladder, and her first step on the Sabrina showed the worst of her apprehensions to be unfounded; for there, in the luxurious shade of the after-deck, the wretched Bertha, in full command of her usual attenuated elegance, sat dispensing tea to the Duchess of Beltshire and Lord Hubert.

The sight filled Lily with such surprise that she felt that Bertha, at least, must read its meaning in her look, and she was proportionately disconcerted by the blankness of the look returned. But in an instant she saw that Mrs. Dorset had, of necessity, to look blank before the others, and that, to mitigate the effect of her own surprise, she must at once produce some simple reason for it. The long habit of rapid transitions made it easy for her to exclaim to the Duchess: "Why, I thought you'd gone back

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to the Princess!" and this sufficed for the lady she addressed, if it was hardly enough for Lord Hubert.

At least it opened the way to a lively explanation of how the Duchess was, in fact, going back the next moment, but had first rushed out to the yacht for a word with Mrs. Dorset on the subject of tomorrow's dinner —the dinner with the Brys, to which Lord Hubert had finally insisted on dragging them.

"To save my neck, you know!" he explained, with a glance that appealed to Lily for some recognition of his promptness; and the Duchess added, with her noble candour: "Mr. Bry has promised him a tip, and he says if we go he'll pass it on to us."

This led to some final pleasantries, in which, as it seemed to Lily, Mrs. Dorset bore her part with astounding bravery, and at the close of which Lord Hubert, from half way down the side-ladder, called back, with an air of numbering heads: "And of course we may count on Dorset too?"

"Oh, count on him," his wife assented gaily. She was keeping up well to the last—but as she turned back from waving her adieux over the side, Lily said to herself that the mask must drop and the soul of fear look out.

Mrs. Dorset turned back slowly; perhaps she wanted time to steady her muscles; at any rate, they were still under perfect control when, dropping once more into her seat behind the tea-table, she remarked to Miss Bart with a faint touch of irony: "I suppose I ought to say good morning."

If it was a cue, Lily was ready to take it, though with only the vaguest sense of what was expected of her in return. There was something unnerving in the contemplation of Mrs. Dorset's composure, and she had to force the light tone in which she answered: "I tried to see you this morning, but you were not yet up."

"No—I got to bed late. After we missed you at the station I thought we ought to wait for you till the last train." She spoke very gently, but with just the least tinge of reproach.

"You missed us? You waited for us at the station?" Now indeed Lily was too far adrift in bewilderment to measure the other's words or keep watch on her own. "But I thought you didn't get to the station till after the last train had left!"

Mrs. Dorset, examining her between lowered lids, met this with the immediate query: "Who told you that?"

"George—I saw him just now in the gardens."

"Ah, is that George's version? Poor George—he was in no state to remember what I told him. He had one of his worst attacks this morning, and I packed him off to see the doctor. Do you know if he found him?"

Lily, still lost in conjecture, made no reply, and Mrs. Dorset settled herself indolently in her seat. "He'll wait to see him; he was horribly frightened about himself. It's very bad for him to be worried, and whenever anything upsetting happens, it always brings on an attack."

This time Lily felt sure that a cue was being pressed on her; but it was put forth with such startling suddenness, and with so incredible an air of ignoring what it led up to, that she could only falter out doubtfully: "Anything upsetting?"

"Yes—such as having you so conspicuously on his hands in the small hours. You know, my dear, you're rather a big responsibility in such a scandalous place after midnight."

At that—at the complete unexpectedness and the inconceivable audacity of it—Lily could not restrain the tribute of an astonished laugh.

"Well, really—considering it was you who burdened him with the responsibility!"

Mrs. Dorset took this with an exquisite mildness. "By not having the superhuman cleverness to discover you in that frightful rush for the train? Or the imagination to believe that you'd take it without us—you and he all alone—instead of waiting quietly in the station till we *did* manage to meet you?"

Lily's colour rose: it was growing clear to her that Bertha was pursuing an object, following a line she had marked out for herself. Only, with such a doom impending, why waste time in these childish efforts to avert it? The puerility of the attempt disarmed Lily's indignation: did it not prove how horribly the poor creature was frightened?

"No; by our simply all keeping together at Nice," she returned.

"Keeping together? When it was you who seized the first opportunity to rush off

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with the Duchess and her friends? My dear Lily, you are not a child to be led by the hand!"

"No—nor to be lectured, Bertha, really; if that's what you are doing to me now."

Mrs. Dorset smiled on her reproachfully. "Lecture you—I? Heaven forbid! I was merely trying to give you a friendly hint. But it's usually the other way round, isn't it? I'm expected to take hints, not to give them: I've positively lived on them all these last months."

"Hints—from me to you?" Lily repeated.

"Oh, negative ones merely—what not to be and to do and to see. And I think I've taken them to admiration. Only, my dear, if you'll let me say so, I didn't understand that one of my negative duties was *not* to warn you when you carried your imprudence too far."

A chill of fear passed over Miss Bart: a sense of remembered treachery that was like the gleam of a knife in the dusk. But compassion, in a moment, got the better of her instinctive recoil. What was this outpouring of senseless bitterness but the tracked creature's attempt to cloud the medium through which it was fleeing? It was on Lily's lips to exclaim: "You poor soul, don't double and turn—come straight back to me, and we'll find a way out!" But the words died under the impenetrable insolence of Bertha's smile. Lily sat silent, taking the brunt of it quietly, letting it spend itself on her to the last drop of its accumulated falseness; then, without a word, she rose and went down to her cabin.

III

MISS BART'S telegram caught Lawrence Selden at the door of his hotel; and having read it, he turned back to wait for Dorset. The message necessarily left large gaps for conjecture; but all that he had recently heard and seen made these but too easy to fill in. On the whole he was surprised; for though he had perceived that the situation contained all the elements of an explosion, he had often enough, in the range of his personal experience, seen just such combinations subside into harmlessness. Still, Dorset's spasmodic temper, and his wife's reckless disregard of appearances, gave the situation a peculiar insecurity; and it was less from the sense of any special relation to the case than from a purely professional zeal, that Selden resolved to guide the pair to safety. Whether, in the present instance, safety for either lay in repairing so damaged a tie, it was no business of his to consider: he had only, on general principles, to think of averting a scandal, and his desire to avert it was increased by his fear of its involving Miss Bart. There was nothing specific in this apprehension; he merely wished to spare her the embarrassment of being ever so remotely connected with the public washing of the Dorset linen.

How exhaustive and unpleasant such a process would be, he saw even more vividly after his two hours' talk with poor Dorset. If anything came out at all, it would be such a vast unpacking of accumulated moral rags, as left him, after his visitor had gone, with the feeling that he must fling open the windows and have his room swept out. But nothing should come out; and happily for his side of the case, the dirty rags, however pieced together, could not, without considerable difficulty, be turned into a homogeneous grievance. The torn edges did not always fit—there were missing bits, there were disparities of size and colour, all of which it was naturally Selden's business to make the most of in putting them under his client's eye. But to a man in Dorset's mood the completest demonstration could not carry conviction, and Selden saw that for the moment all he could do was to soothe and temporize, to offer sympathy and to counsel prudence. He let Dorset depart charged to the brim with the sense that, till their next meeting, he must maintain a strictly noncommittal attitude; that. in short, his share in the game consisted for the present in looking on. Selden knew, however, that he could not long keep such violences in equilibrium; and he promised to meet Dorset, the next morning, at an hotel in Monte Carlo. Meanwhile he counted not a little on the reaction of weakness and self-distrust that, in such natures, follows on every unwonted expenditure of moral force; and his telegraphic reply to Miss Bart consisted simply in the injunction: "Assume that everything is as usual."

On this assumption, in fact, the early part of the following day was lived through. Dorset, as if in obedience to Lily's impera-

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tive bidding, had actually returned in time for a late dinner on the yacht. The repast had been the most difficult moment of the day. Dorset was sunk in one of the abysmal silences which so commonly followed on what his wife called his "attacks" that it was easy, before the servants, to refer it to this cause; but Bertha herself seemed, perversely enough, little disposed to make use of this obvious means of protection. She simply left the brunt of the situation on her husband's hands, as if too absorbed in a grievance of her own to suspect that she might be the object of one herself. To Lily this attitude was the most ominous, because the most perplexing, element in the situation. As she tried to fan the weak flicker of talk, to build up, again and again, the crumbling structure of "appearances," her own attention was perpetually distracted by the question: "What on earth can she be driving at?" There was something positively exasperating in Bertha's attitude of isolated defiance. If only she would have given her friend a hint they might still have worked together successfully; but how could Lily be of use, while she was thus obstinately shut out from participation? To be of use was what she honestly wanted; and not for her own sake but for the Dorsets'. She had not thought of her own situation at all: she was simply engrossed in trying to put a little order in theirs. But the close of the short dreary evening left her with a sense of effort hopelessly wasted. She had not tried to see Dorset alone: she had positively shrunk from a renewal of his confidences. It was Bertha whose confidence she sought, and who should as eagerly have invited her own; and Bertha, as if in the infatuation of self-destruction, was actually pushing away her rescuing hand.

Lily, going to bed early, had left the couple to themselves; and it seemed part of the general mystery in which she moved that more than an hour should elapse before she heard Bertha walk down the silent passage and regain her room. The morrow, rising on an apparent continuance of the same conditions, revealed nothing of what had occurred between the confronted pair. One fact alone outwardly proclaimed the change they were all conspiring to ignore; and that was the non-appearance of Ned Silverton. No one referred to it, and this tacit avoidance of the subject kept it in the immediate foreground of consciousness. But there was another change, perceptible only to Lily; and that was that Dorset now avoided her almost as pointedly as his wife. Perhaps he was repenting his rash outpourings of the previous day; perhaps only trying, in his clumsy way, to conform to Selden's counsel to behave "as usual." Such instructions no more make for easiness of attitude than the photographer's behest to "look natural"; and in a creature as unconscious as poor Dorset of the appearance he habitually presented, the struggle to maintain that ghostly pose was sure to result in queer contortions.

It resulted, at any rate, in throwing Lily strangely on her own resources. She had learned, on leaving her room, that Mrs. Dorset was still invisible, and that Dorset had left the yacht early; and feeling too restless to remain alone, she too had herself ferried ashore. Straying toward the Casino, she attached herself to a group of acquaintances from Nice, with whom she lunched, and in whose company she was returning to the rooms when she encountered Selden crossing the square. She could not, at the moment, separate herself definitely from her party, who had hospitably assumed that she would remain with them till they took their departure; but she found time for a momentary pause of enquiry, to which he promptly returned: "I've seen him again—he's just left me."

She stood before him anxiously. "Well? what has happened? What *will* happen?"

"Nothing as yet—and nothing in the future, I think."

"It's over, then? It's settled? You're sure?"

He smiled. "Give me time. I'm not sure—but I'm a good deal surer." And with that she had to content herself, and hasten on to the expectant group on the steps.

Selden had in fact given her the utmost measure of his sureness, had even stretched it a shade to meet the anxiety in her eyes. And now, as he turned away, strolling down the hill toward the station, that anxiety remained with him as the visible justification of his own. It was not, indeed, anything specific that he feared: there had been a literal truth in his declaration that he did not think anything would happen. What troubled him was that, though Dorset's attitude had perceptibly

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changed, the change was not clearly to be accounted for. It had certainly not been produced by Selden's arguments, or by the action of his own soberer reason. Five minutes' talk sufficed to show that some alien influence had been at work, and that it had not so much subdued his resentment as weakened his will, so that he moved under it in a state of apathy, like a dangerous lunatic who has been drugged. Temporarily, no doubt, however exerted, it worked for the general safety: the question was how long it would last, and by what kind of reaction it was likely to be followed. On these points Selden could gain no light; for he saw that one effect of the transformation had been to shut him off from free communion with Dorset. The latter, indeed, was still moved by the irresistible desire to discuss his wrong; but, though he revolved about it with the same forlorn tenacity, Selden was aware that something always restrained him from full expression. His state was one to produce first weariness and then impatience in his hearer; and when their talk was over, Selden began to feel that he had done his utmost, and might justifiably wash his hands of the sequel.

It was in this mind that he had been making his way back to the station when Miss Bart crossed his path; but though, after his brief word with her, he kept mechanically on his course, he was conscious of a gradual change in his purpose. The change had been produced by the look in her eyes; and in his eagerness to define the nature of that look, he dropped into a seat in the gardens, and sat brooding upon the question. It was natural enough, in all conscience, that she should appear anxious: a young woman placed, in the close intimacy of a yachting-cruise, between a couple on the verge of disaster, could hardly, aside from her concern for her friends, be insensible to the awkwardness of her own position. The worst of it was that, in interpreting Miss Bart's state of mind, so many alternative readings were possible; and one of these, in Selden's troubled mind, took the ugly form suggested by Mrs. Fisher. If the girl was afraid, was she afraid for herself or for her friends? And to what degree was her dread of a catastrophe intensified by the sense of being fatally involved in it? The burden of offense lying manifestly with Mrs. Dorset, this conjecture seemed on the face of it gratuitously unkind; but Selden knew that in the most one-sided matrimonial quarrel there are generally counter-charges to be brought, and that they are brought with the greater audacity where the original grievance is so emphatic. Mrs. Fisher had not hesitated to suggest the likelihood of Dorset's marrying Miss Bart, if "anything happened;" and though Mrs. Fisher's conclusions were notoriously rash, she was shrewd enough in reading the signs from which they were drawn. Dorset had apparently shown marked interest in the girl, and this interest might be used to cruel advantage in his wife's struggle for rehabilitation. Selden knew that Bertha would fight to the last round of powder: the rashness of her conduct was illogically combined with a cold determination to escape its consequences. She could be as unscrupulous in fighting for herself as she was reckless in courting danger, and whatever came to her hand at such moments was likely to be used as a defensive missile. He did not, as yet, see clearly just what course she was likely to take, but his perplexity increased his apprehension, and with it the sense that, before leaving, he must speak again with Miss Bart. Whatever her share in the situation—and he had always honestly tried to resist judging her by her surroundings—however free she might be from any personal connection with it, she would be better out of the way of a possible crash; and since she had appealed to him for help, it was clearly his business to tell her so.

This decision at last brought him to his feet, and carried him back to the gambling rooms, within whose doors he had seen her disappearing; but a prolonged exploration of the crowd failed to put him on her traces. He saw instead, to his surprise, Ned Silverton loitering somewhat ostentatiously about the tables; and the discovery that this actor in the drama was not only hovering in the wings, but actually inviting the exposure of the footlights, though it might have seemed to imply that all peril was over, served rather to deepen Selden's sense of foreboding. Charged with this impression he returned to the square, hoping to see Miss Bart move across it, as every one in Monte Carlo seemed inevitably to do at least a dozen times a day; but here again he waited vainly for a glimpse of her, and the conclusion was slowly forced on him that she had gone back to the Sabrina. It would be

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difficult to follow her there, and still more difficult, should he do so, to contrive the opportunity for a private word; and he had almost decided on the unsatisfactory alternative of writing when the ceaseless diorama of the square suddenly unrolled before him the figures of Lord Hubert and Mrs. Bry.

Hailing them at once with his question, he learned from Lord Hubert that Miss Bart had just returned to the Sabrina in Dorset's company; an announcement so evidently disconcerting to him that Mrs. Bry, after a glance from her companion, which seemed to act like the pressure on a spring, brought forth the prompt proposal that he should come and meet his friends at dinner that evening—"At Bécassin's—a little dinner to the Duchess," she flashed out before Lord Hubert had time to remove the pressure.

Selden's sense of the privilege of being included in such company brought him early in the evening to the door of the restaurant, where he paused to scan the ranks of diners approaching down the brightly lit terrace. There, while the Brys hovered within over the last agitating alternatives of the *menu*, he kept watch for the guests from the Sabrina, who at length rose on the horizon in company with the Duchess, Lord and Lady Skiddaw and the Stepneys. From this group it was easy to detach Miss Bart on the pretext of a moment's glance into one of the brilliant shops along the terrace, and to say to her, while they lingered together in the white dazzle of a jeweller's window: "I stopped over to see you—to beg of you to leave the yacht."

The eyes she turned on him showed a quick gleam of her former fear. "To leave—? What do you mean? What has happened?"

"Nothing. But if anything should, why be in the way of it?"

The glare from the jeweller's window, deepening the pallour of her face, gave to its delicate lines the definiteness of a tragic mask. "Nothing will, I am sure; but while there's even a doubt left, how can you think I would leave Bertha?"

The words rang out on a note of contempt—was it possibly of contempt for himself? Well, he was willing to risk its renewal to the extent of insisting, with an undeniable throb of added interest: "You have yourself to think of, you know—" to which, with a strange fall of sadness in her voice, she answered, meeting his eyes: "If you knew how little difference that makes!"

"Oh, well, nothing *will* happen," he said, more for his own reassurance than for hers; and "Nothing, nothing, of course!" she valiantly assented, as they turned to overtake their companions.

In the thronged restaurant, taking their places about Mrs. Bry's illuminated board, their confidence seemed to gain support from the familiarity of their surroundings. Here were Dorset and his wife once more presenting their customary faces to the world, she engrossed in establishing her relation with an intensely new gown, he shrinking with dyspeptic dread from the multiplied solicitations of the *menu*. The mere fact that they thus showed themselves together, with the utmost openness the place afforded, seemed to declare beyond a doubt that their differences were composed. How this end had been attained was still matter for wonder, but it was clear that for the moment Miss Bart rested confidently in the result; and Selden tried to achieve the same view by telling himself that her opportunities for observation had been ampler than his own.

Meanwhile, as the dinner advanced through a labyrinth of courses, in which it became clear that Mrs. Bry had occasionally broken away from Lord Hubert's restraining hand, Selden's general watchfulness began to lose itself in a particular study of Miss Bart. It was one of the days when she was so handsome that to be handsome was enough, and all the rest—her grace, her quickness, her social felicities—seemed the overflow of a bounteous nature. But what especially struck him was the way in which she detached herself, by a hundred undefinable shades, from the persons who most abounded in her own style. It was in just such company, the fine flower and complete expression of the state she aspired to, that the differences came out with special poignancy, her grace cheapening the other women's smartness as her finely-discriminated silences made their chatter dull. The strain of the last hours had restored to her face the deeper eloquence which Selden had lately missed in it, and the bravery of her words to him still fluttered in her voice and eyes. Yes, she was matchless—it was the

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one word for her; and he could give his admiration the freer play because so little personal feeling remained in it. His real detachment from her had taken place, not at the lurid moment of disenchantment, but now, in the sober after-light of discrimination, where he saw her definitely divided from him by the crudeness of a choice which seemed to deny the very differences he felt in her. It was before him again in its completeness—the choice in which she was content to rest: in the stupid costliness of the food and the showy dulness of the talk, in the freedom of speech which never arrived at wit and the freedom of act which never made for romance. The strident setting of the restaurant, in which their table seemed set apart in a special glare of publicity, and the presence at it of little Dabham of the "Riviera Notes," emphasized the ideals of a world in which conspicuousness passed for distinction, and the society column had become the roll of fame.

It was as the immortalizer of such occasions that little Dabham, wedged in modest watchfulness between two brilliant neighbours, suddenly became the centre of Selden's scrutiny. How much did he know of what was going on, and how much, for his purpose, was still worth finding out? His little eyes were like tentacles thrown out to catch the floating intimations with which, to Selden, the air at moments seemed thick; then again it cleared to its normal emptiness, and he could see nothing in it for the journalist but leisure to note the elegance of the ladies' gowns. Mrs. Dorset's in particular, challenged all the wealth of Mr. Dabham's vocabulary: it had surprises and subtleties worthy of what he would have called "the literary style." At first, as Selden had noticed, it had been almost too preoccupying to its wearer; but now she was in full command of it, and was even producing her effects with unwonted freedom. Was she not, indeed, too free, too fluent, for perfect naturalness? And was not Dorset, to whom his glance had passed by a natural transition, too jerkily wavering between the same extremes? Dorset indeed was always jerky; but it seemed to Selden that tonight each vibration swung him farther from his centre.

The dinner, meanwhile, was moving to its triumphant close, to the evident satisfaction of Mrs. Bry, who, throned in apoplectic majesty between Lord Skiddaw and Lord Hubert, seemed in spirit to be calling on Mrs. Fisher to witness her achievement. Short of Mrs. Fisher her audience might have been called complete; for the restaurant was crowded with persons mainly gathered there for the purpose of spectatorship, and accurately posted as to the names and faces of the celebrities they had come to see. Mrs. Bry, conscious that all her feminine guests came under that heading, and that each one looked her part to admiration, shone on Lily with all the pent-up gratitude which Mrs. Fisher had failed to deserve. Selden, catching the glance, wondered what part Miss Bart had played in organizing the entertainment. She did, at least, a great deal to adorn it; and as he watched the bright security with which she carried herself, he smiled to think that he should have fancied her in need of help. Never had she appeared more serenely mistress of the situation than when, at the moment of dispersal, detaching herself a little from the group about the table, she turned with a smile and a graceful slant of the shoulders to receive her cloak from Dorset.

The dinner had been protracted over Mr. Bry's exceptional cigars and a bewildering array of liqueurs, and many of the other tables were empty; but a sufficient number of diners still lingered to give relief to the leave-taking of Mrs. Bry's distinguished guests. This ceremony was drawn out and complicated by the fact that it involved, on the part of the Duchess and Lady Skiddaw, definite farewells, and pledges of speedy reunion in Paris, where they were to pause and replenish their wardrobes on the way to England. The quality of Mrs. Bry's hospitality, and of the tipsher husband had presumably imparted, lent to the manner of the English ladies a general effusiveness which shed the rosiest light over their hostess's future. In its glow Mrs. Dorset and the Stepneys were also visibly included, and the whole scene had touches of intimacy worth their weight in gold to the watchful pen of Mr. Dabham.

A glance at her watch caused the Duchess to exclaim to her sister that they had just time to dash for their train, and the flurry of this departure over, the Stepneys, who had their motor at the door, offered to convey the Dorsets and Miss Bart to the quay. The offer was accepted, and Mrs. Dorset moved

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away with her husband in attendance. Miss Bart had lingered for a last word with Lord Hubert, and Stepney, on whom Mr. Bry was pressing a final, and still more expensive, cigar, called out: "Come on, Lily, if you're going back to the yacht."

Lily turned to obey; but as she did so, Mrs. Dorset, who had paused on her way out, moved a few steps back toward the table.

"Miss Bart is not going back to the yacht," she said in a voice of singular distinctness.

A startled look ran from eye to eye; Mrs. Bry crimsoned to the verge of congestion, Mrs. Stepney slipped nervously behind her husband, and Selden, in the general turmoil of his sensations, was mainly conscious of a longing to grip Dabham by the collar and fling him out into the street.

Dorset, meanwhile, had stepped back to his wife's side. His face was ghastly, and he looked about him with cowed angry eyes. "Bertha!—Miss Bart . . . this is some misunderstanding . . . some mistake . . . "

"Miss Bart remains here," his wife rejoined incisively. "And, I think, George, we had better not detain Mrs. Stepney any longer."

Miss Bart, during this brief exchange of words, remained in admirable erectness, slightly isolated from the embarrassed group about her. She had paled a little under the shock of the insult, but the discomposure of the surrounding faces was not reflected in her own. The faint disdain of her smile seemed to lift her high above her antagonist's reach, and it was not till she had given Mrs. Dorset the full measure of the distance between them that she turned and extended her hand to her hostess.

"I am joining the Duchess tomorrow," she explained, "and it seemed easier for me to remain on shore for the night."

She held firmly to Mrs. Bry's wavering glance while she gave this explanation, but when it was over Selden saw her send a tentative look from one to another of the women's faces. She read their incredulity at once in their averted looks, and in the mute wretchedness of the men behind them, and for a miserable half-second he thought she quivered on the brink of failure. Then, turning to him with an easy gesture, and the pale bravery of her recovered smile—"Dear Mr. Selden," she said, "you promised to see me to my cab."

Outside, the sky was gusty and overcast, and as Lily and Selden moved toward the deserted gardens below the restaurant, spurts of warm rain blew fitfully against their faces. The fiction of the cab had been tacitly abandoned; they walked on in silence, her hand on his arm, till the deeper shade of the gardens received them, and pausing beside a bench, he said: "Sit down a moment."

She dropped to the seat without answering, but the electric lamp at the bend of the path shed a gleam on the struggling misery of her face. Selden sat down beside her, waiting for her to speak, fearful lest any word he chose should touch too roughly on her wound, and kept also from free utterance by the wretched doubt which had slowly renewed itself within him. What had brought her to this pass? What weakness had placed her so abominably at her enemy's mercy? And why should Bertha Dorset have turned into an enemy at the very moment when she so obviously needed the support of her sex? Even while his nerves raged at the subjection of husbands to their wives, and at the cruelty of women to their kind, reason obstinately harped on the proverbial relation between smoke and fire. The memory of Mrs. Fisher's hints, and the corroboration of his own impressions, while they deepened his pity also increased his constraint, since, whichever way he sought a free outlet for sympathy, it was blocked by the fear of committing a blunder.

Suddenly it struck him that his silence must seem almost as accusatory as that of the men he had despised for turning from her; but before he could find the fitting word she had cut him short with a question.

"Do you know of a quiet hotel? I can send for my maid in the morning."

"An hotel—*here*—that you can go to alone? It's not possible."

She met this with a pale gleam of her old playfulness. "What *is*, then? It's too wet to sleep in the gardens."

"But there must be some one—— "

"Some one to whom I can go? Of course—any number—but at *this* hour? You see my change of plan was rather sudden——"

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"Good God—if you'd listened to me!" he cried, venting his helplessness in a burst of anger.

She still held him off with the gentle mockery of her smile. "But haven't I?" she rejoined. "You advised me to leave the yacht, and I'm leaving it."

He saw then, with a pang of self-reproach, that she meant neither to explain nor to defend herself; that by his miserable silence he had forfeited all chance of helping her, and that the decisive hour was past.

She had risen, and stood before him in a kind of clouded majesty, like some deposed princess moving tranquilly to exile.

"Lily!" he exclaimed, with a note of despairing appeal; but—"Oh, not now," she gently admonished him; and then, in all the sweetness of her recovered composure: "Since I must find shelter somewhere, and since you're so kindly here to help me——"

He gathered himself up at the challenge. "You will do as I tell you? There's but one thing, then; you must go straight to your cousins, the Stepneys."

"Oh—" broke from her with a movement of instinctive resistance; but he insisted: "Come—it's late, and you must appear to have gone there directly."

He had drawn her hand into his arm, but she held him back with a last gesture of protest. "I can't—I can't—not that—you don't know Gwen: you mustn't ask me!"

"I *must* ask you—you must obey me," he persisted, though infected at heart by her own fear.

Her voice sank to a whisper: "And if she refuses?"—but, "Oh, trust me—trust me!' he could only insist in return; and yielding to his touch, she let him lead her back in silence to the edge of the square.

In the cab they continued to remain silent through the brief drive which carried them to the illuminated portals of the Stepneys' hotel. He left her outside, in the darkness of the raised hood, while his name was sent up to Stepney, and he paced the showy hall, awaiting the latter's descent. Ten minutes later the two men passed out together between the gold-laced custodians of the threshold; but in the vestibule Stepney drew up with a last flare of reluctance.

"It's understood, then?" he stipulated nervously, with his hand on Selden's arm. "She leaves tomorrow by the early train—and my wife's asleep, and can't be disturbed."

(To be continued.)

A NIGHT-PRAYER

By Elizabeth Hale Gilman

O God, O Perfect Love, I pray thee care
For him because it is forbidden me.
Grant that his sleep may soft and hallowed be,
Because these prayer-clasped hands may never dare
To smooth nor bless his bed. Close with Thy rare,
Caressing peace his weary star-eyes. Free
From other ward some angel-guard, that he
May keep the dark watch that I may not share.
Greet with Thy new day's joy his waking soul,
Inspire him lest in weariness he slip
Upon the day's ascent. Grant me the bliss
Of praying for him—Lord, take Thou a coal
From out Thy altar-fire, and on the lip
That I may never touch lay Thou its kiss.

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THE FATE OF FRANCESCO

By Sophie Jewett

Illustrations by W. M. Berger

I

"IT is the will of the Madonna!" groaned Francesco, sitting bent and melancholy on the box of No. 45. Masaccio, with his head in a bag, munched his breakfast and did not listen. It was literally impossible for him to see beyond his present need. The midsummer morning was hot, and, at nine o'clock, the shadow of the wall was growing narrow. Masaccio's bag and ears and neck were already in the sun, yet it would not do to abandon the post which commanded the entrance to the one inn of the town, for Francesco knew that the two foreign ladies whom he had unsuccessfully pursued all the afternoon of the day before had not yet come out at the door. In the hope of their appearance he had neglected to meet the nine o'clock train.

Masaccio finished his breakfast; the nine o'clock train whistled far away, and Francesco still drooped on his box. Things were going from bad to worse. In the spring, a month of good fortune had inspired him with the idea of buying Masaccio from the padrone. As soon as he should be himself padrone, he had thought gayly, he and Masaccio could earn a good living, and before Christmas—well before Christmas—he would marry Concetta in the church of San Bartolommeo. This morning he wondered how he had dreamed that dream. Day after day it had faded before him, and only last Sunday he had sworn to Concetta that unless he saved twenty lire before the week ended he would give up the struggle and go to America. He could sell his interest with the padrone to Antonio of No. 107 for the price of a third-class ticket to "Buonaria." To-day was Friday, and the two lire that Francesco now rattled in his pocket made the sum of his week's earnings. Even through his despondency, Francesco smiled in the sunshine, remembering how little Concetta had looked at

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him with steady eyes that Sunday afternoon under the olive trees in the farm garden, declaring almost fiercely: "If you go, Checco *mio*, I shall go also." Concetta could never go, he thought, because of the old grandmother, yet the memory of her words comforted him.

Concetta was kneeling at the stream, washing linen.—Page 103.

Francesco started. He was upright in a second, flourishing his whip. "*Vuole Madama?*" he cried, for there, close beside him, was the *Inglese* in the gray gown. She had come out from the door and crossed the *piazza* while he was dreaming of Concetta.

A bargain for the drive to Montecorbo was quickly concluded, and, as the carriages from the station came rattling up, all empty, the *Inglese*, half deafened by the cries of "*Vuole Madama? Vuole Madama?*" gladly seated herself in No. 45, which drove proudly to the inn door to receive the fair lady in blue.

As they clattered along the narrow streets Francesco gave thanks to the Madonna, who had blessed him with luck at last. Before his eyes danced the eighteen lire of his bargain, in a radiant if vague halo of a good *mancia*, for these were kindly strangers, it appeared. Deeper than this simple joy of receiving lay the delight of a little secret that promised two or three lire more if the Madonna continued favorable. His present passengers were, he saw, old travellers, yet they had forgotten to stipulate that the drive should include San Fortunato, which lies beyond the farther gate of Montecorbo. Francesco was too sage to speak of it, but waited his time, and meanwhile performed the duties of coachman and guide in his most engaging manner.

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"How pretty she is!" said a Florentine.—Page 107.

Masaccio sped gayly along the level road beyond the gate of San Pietro, that looks toward Montecorbo. Where the carriage crossed a stream, a girl was kneeling, washing linen. She wore a faded blue gown and green stays trimmed with magenta, and the kerchief that covered her bright curls was the color of a half-ripe lemon.

"*Buon giorno*, Concetta!" called Francesco.

The girl looked up, and the smile that flashed from the full lips to the great, grave eyes, was something for even a stranger to remember.

"*Buon giorno*, Checco; *buon viaggio*," she said.

"'A smile that might make a man happy in the fire,'" quoted the blonde lady softly. Francesco did not know his Dante, but he understood, and he laughed aloud in pure delight.

"We are betrothed," he said simply. "The signora sees that she is beautiful."

As they left the plain and climbed the steep mountain road where a good coachman walks to spare his horse, Francesco, with his hand on the carriage beside the blonde lady, confided to these strangers the whole story of his hopes and his disappointments, and of the love between him and little Concetta.

Yet he did not forget to give his patrons "good service," and he easily won his coveted three lire for San Fortunato. As they returned toward the city, when the blue, summer distance of the far-reaching valley was like that in Perugino's "Adoration" left behind them in the church on the hill-top, it was, in fact, the astute Francesco

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"Do not cry, Checco. We shall yet do well."—Page 108.

who arranged a delightful programme for the following morning.

Francesco's face next day as he said good-by to his *signore forestiere* and pocketed his *mancia*, was so bright that Padre Innocenti, arriving by the train from Rome, singled him out for the drive to the Convent of San Lorenzo. This seemed to Francesco the continued favor of the Madonna, but to Masaccio it appeared to be unexplained and arduous destiny.

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When the padre had been set down at the convent gate it was past three o'clock. Masaccio was tired almost to the point of tears or speech. The level road stretched white and unshaded and no wind stirred. Vine leaves hung limp above pale clusters of half-ripened grapes. The brave, tasselled heads of the *gran turco* drooped ingloriously and the broad, red poppies shrivelled. Here and there in the acacia hedges a bee hummed over some sweet, belated blossom, and on every side *cicalas* sang lustily for joy of the midsummer heat.

Francesco sang even more lustily, as his left hand fingered the leathern bag in his trousers' pocket that contained in coin and paper thirty-two lire. He, like Masaccio, was tired, but the restorative touch of the leather bag set cheeks and eyes a-flame, and he flicked his whip at his poor comrade, who, unconscious of their bettered fortune, crawled ruefully along the blazing road.

Now Francesco was a good master and he knew that he ought to let Masaccio take the shortest road toward food and shelter; and yet, if he turned here, beyond the villa, it would be but scant two miles to the *podere* where Concetta lived with her grandmother and Uncle Pietro in the little garden-house.

Concetta must at once be told of the thirty-two lire; Francesco could wait no longer, and he turned the aggrieved but submissive Masaccio into the road beyond the villa. "Take your own time, lazy-legs," he said condescendingly, as he curled himself upon the seat under the white umbrella, with his hand on his money-bag and his thoughts on Concetta's great eyes.

Masaccio staggered over the vacant road; there was not a creature in sight; man and beast and even bird were hidden away from the deadly sun. Masaccio was too weary to wonder what his master might mean; he only regretted dimly the quiet days when he had stood in the little square of San Donnino with his head in his dinner-bag.

Masaccio lifted his ears and sniffed. A light sound ran along the acacia hedges; the close-set plumes of the *gran turco* waved softly, rank after rank. Francesco started; he drew a long breath and the air felt cool. "*Il temporale!*" he muttered. From somewhere, unannounced, suddenly, clouds gathered. Dust rose and whirled on the white road. The breeze grew to great gusts that tore the hedges and vine-garlands, and bent the proud *gran turco* to the earth. Francesco drew up the reins and urged on his tired horse; then he stood up and looked off over the valley. Beyond the city, far away, where the plain narrowed in the grasp of the southern mountains, rose a dense black cloud. It seemed to reach from plain to sky, clean-cut and straight as a column, and it moved up the valley, swift and terrible.

Francesco shivered, "*Su, via!* Get along!" he cried to Masaccio. "It will be a hurricane!" Night seemed to fall suddenly. Forked lightning played across the black cloud-column, and thunder crashed among the hills.

The white road led almost directly toward the advancing terror, yet there would be no hope in turning back. The nearest shelter was Pietro's garden-house and the stables of the *podere*. But Masaccio was too weary. Not even fear could put speed into his stumbling feet.

And now the whole valley was a-quiver with the lightning, and here and there a bolt seemed to rend the ground. Masaccio threw up his terrified head and plunged heavily forward. Francesco called upon many saints, and made reckless vows to the Madonna. In answer she seemed to send him a thought of hope, for he recalled that, a few rods ahead, beside the road under a walnut tree, stood her very shrine. Had not Concetta gathered red poppies as they walked together only last Sunday, and laid them at the blessèd feet? The Madonna was a figure in blue and white, he remembered. She held *Gesù Bambino* upon her knee, and she bent her head a little, smiling always, very pitiful.

The black column was upon them; the city had disappeared; there was no light, save flashes of fire; and bolts seemed to crash at their feet. Masaccio fairly reared in terror. Francesco sprang from the carriage and ran to the horse's bridle, for there, at the roadside, was the walnut tree and Our Lady's shrine.

"Madonna *mia!* have pity!" cried Francesco.

He turned a beseeching glance toward the shrine. The white figure of Our Lady shone softly through the blackness. A blind impulse seized him to drag himself

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and his frightened horse somehow closer to that protecting presence.

The heavens opened in swift, awful fire. There was hideous crashing and splintering, and a moment later Masaccio, trembling from head to foot and tangled in his broken harness, stood and gazed helplessly at the roadside where his master lay crushed beneath a great bough of the walnut tree. From her shattered shrine the Madonna looked down, smiling always, very pitiful.

A mile away, at Pietro's garden-house, little Concetta hid her face in her grandmother's bed and cried for fear.

"Madonna protect thee, Checco *mio!*" she sobbed.

II

From the fig tree in the corner of the garden, Pietro was gathering the last basketful of figs, black and small and wrinkled like himself. "They are not worth the trouble," he said. At the door of the garden-house the grandmother, with an earthen bowl on her knee, sat slicing bright tomatoes and spreading them to dry in the sun. Francesco lay on the ground with a pair of long crutches beside him. His left leg was cut off above the knee and his left hand lacked two fingers. He was in his shirt sleeves, for Concetta, sitting near him on a low stool, was darning a rent in his shabby coat. The lemon-colored kerchief had slipped from her dark curls, and Francesco could see the pretty line of her neck. When the darn was finished, she bit the thread off close, holding the worn sleeve against her lips that trembled a little. Then she spoke pleadingly: "Be content, Checco *mio*. It is of the Madonna's mercy that thou wert not killed by the lightning. What should I have done then, *bene mio?*"

"That had been better fortune for thee, little one!" Francesco answered gloomily, "and for me also."

"Do not say it! do not say it! Never say that again, *angelo mio!*" and Concetta dropped on her knees, and taking Francesco's head in her two little brown hands she covered his hair with kisses. The soft locks were almost as dark as her own and quite as curling. But Francesco would not smile. He drew himself up heavily, and felt for his crutches. "Come with me," he said. "I have something to say to thee."

Concetta helped him with coat and crutches, and they went slowly down the garden, across a bit of vineyard, stripped and golden, across the olive orchard to a stone bench that stood against the crumbling stuccoed wall, and here they sat down side by side. Near Francesco's end of the bench stood a great olive tree, gaunt and hollow and broken. It looked a hundred years old.

When Francesco spoke, it was in the very words he had said on the midsummer Sunday when last they sat here. Concetta's chief comfort in the cruel months between had been the thought that she should never hear them again.

"Concetta *mia*, I am going to America." The girl grasped his arm:

"No, no, Francesco. It is not possible. Never, never! Why dost thou say that?"

"I am worth nothing here," Francesco said bitterly. "And listen, Concetta. Carlo tells me that in America I can earn money, even without my leg."

"What wilt thou do, Checco? How—wilt—thou—earn money?" The words came slowly, as if each one hurt.

"I shall sing in the streets, for *soldi;*" and he dug vindictively into the ground with the end of his crutch.

Concetta's voice was like a little cry.

"And I? What will become of me? Dost thou think of me, Francesco?"

But Francesco answered brutally, not looking at her. "It will be better for thee. Thou wilt forget. Thou must marry a sound man, not a miserable cripple—a thing useless and broken, half dead, like that old olive tree." Francesco struck the tree with his crutch and startled two tiny lizards that lay a-sunning on the gray trunk. Concetta's big eyes, bright with tears, followed the swift green flight of the lizards up, up to the small, topmost branches that stood out against the sky, above the orchard wall. Among the silvery leaves half-ripened olives dangled, streaked with color, as if stained with dregs of wine.

Francesco turned a sidelong glance upon the girl's lifted face. He began to be ashamed of having hurt her.

As he looked, the pain slipped away from the beautiful lips and eyes, and the whole face lightened with some joyous thought.

"Checco *mio*," she said, and there was no reproach in her voice, only measureless

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tenderness, "the olive tree has been hurt and broken like thyself, yet it is not useless. See, the olives ripen upon it as when the tree was strong; and it is strong still, *caro mio*, very strong, very brave, and so art thou."

"Concetta! Concetta! Checco! Checco!" It was Pietro's voice calling. "*Iddio sa*, where those *promessi sposi* have hidden themselves."

Concetta came running. '*Eccoci! Zio mio*, what is the matter?"

"It is Tonino who waits. He is in haste. Checco must come at once! *Subito, subito.*"

At the garden gate stood Masaccio, physically none the worse for the shock of that unfortunate August afternoon, but more than ever puzzled in mind. He could not understand why Tonino occupied the box of No. 45, and even less could he conjecture why Francesco, if he rode at all, sat behind in the carriage like a *signore*, and why his old, gay master no longer sang and whistled, only patted him and called him *poveretto* in a low, sad voice.

Concetta stood beside the carriage and spoke softly to her lover: "If thou goest, Checco *mio*, I shall go also."

Francesco shook his head. "*Addio*, little one; be content," he said kindly.

"If thou goest, I shall go also," said Concetta, but this time she did not say it aloud.

III

The rain fell steadily. Black streams trickled from the roof of the Roman express, drawn up before the station. Two *signori*, the only two, closed their dripping umbrellas and vanished into the first-class carriage. But the crowd, pushing back and forth before the doors of the third-class carriages, carried no umbrellas, and seemed not to notice the rain. They carried shapeless parcels tied up in shawls, in bits of sacking, even in soaking newspaper; they carried babies and wine bottles, sausages and loaves of bread.

It was a small company, but the train had come from Florence and appeared to be already full. The guards were ruthlessly separating families and friends. "Two places here! one more place! Go to the next carriage! You'll find seats at the rear!" From the door of the waiting-room came sobs and piteous farewells, for this forlorn band of pilgrims was bound for Naples and the sea, and for that far-off country whose very name is a thing of enchantment and of terror.

At the door of the last carriage Francesco waited his turn, with his little bundle of clothing slung over his shoulder. Suddenly he felt a soft touch on his arm.

"*Eccomi, Francesco mio!*" said the sweetest voice in the world.

"*Dio mio!* It is Concetta," he cried, more in terror than in joy.

"Two places here!" said the guard sharply. "There is no more time; make haste!" There was a click of closing doors. Francesco was pushed up the step, not knowing how, Concetta following at his heels. The carriage was full. The guard closed the door. "*Pronti!*" he shouted. "*Pronti!*" echoed the guard ahead.

"*Come mai*, Concetta! How didst thou leave home?" gasped Francesco.

"I said that I should come," she answered simply. "I am going out with the mother of Angela and Maria. They are in the next carriage."

"And the grandmother? What hast thou done with her?"

"*La cugina Luigia* has come to care for her," Concetta whispered, but the big eyes filled.

A bell rang. "*Partenza! par—ten—za!*" called the guards, and the train started.

The two were silent, looking out into the twilight wonderingly; for the girl had never made a journey, and the man's farthest adventure had been Perugia. Concetta gazed wistfully into the gray rain, and her lips trembled; Francesco looked at Concetta. She wore a dark shawl, and her lemon-colored kerchief was dulled with the wet, but her hair curled more beautifully than ever and her cheeks were like the pomegranate blossoms above the villa wall in June.

"How pretty she is!" said a Florentine *popolana*. "And such a sweet voice! He is a beautiful youth, also," said another; "but that leg! What a pity! *Dio mio, che peccato!* and he so young!"

Francesco's left hand caressed Concetta as she leaned against his shoulder. They were utterly lacking in self-consciousness; they had never heard of conventions, and they thought only of each other. It grew quite dark. Some of their fellow-passen-

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gers were sleeping; some were eating luncheons which they took from newspaper parcels; there was an odor of cheese and sausage and red wine.

"Chiusi! Chiusi! Ten minutes to wait!" and the door flew open. "Tickets! tickets!" said the guard.

Francesco leaned down over Concetta's curly head.

"We have twenty hours in Naples, *carina mia.* We will find Padre Innocenti and be married, *nevvero?*"

"As thou wilt, Checco *mio,*" Concetta answered softly.

"Art thou happy, little one?"

"*Si carino, contentissima,* very happy."

IV

"But you cannot go, I tell you. It is impossible!" The agent almost shouted, but Francesco did not seem to understand.

The emigrants, in line, were moving slowly toward the windows where the passage-tickets were to be secured, but Francesco had been stopped by an official.

"I tell you that you cannot go; the company takes no cripples; step out, you are delaying things." The officer fairly dragged Francesco from his place in the line. Concetta, always at his elbow, slipped out also. There were cries of astonishment, rage, and sympathy, but the crowd pressed from behind and the space closed quickly.

Francesco struggled and shouted like a good Italian. "Let me alone! I will go! I have the money! Not go! *Che diavolo!* I will go, I say!"

A second officer stepped forward. He was older and he spoke kindly. "It is not possible, my poor fellow; they should have told you. You have lost a leg and your hand is crippled. If we were to let you go aboard it would do no good; you would have all the long voyage for nothing; they would send you back from New York by the next ship."

"But Carlo told me that I could go; I can earn money; I shall sing in the streets; in Nuova York all are rich; they shower *soldi.* It is for that I go to Nuova York—because there are many, many rich signori. Carlo has told me that. It will be better than Buonaria. *Dio mio! Dio mio!* But I must go!"

"*Povero ragazzo,* poor boy!" "*Che peccato!*" "They will not let him go!" The exclamations of sympathy went up and down the line, women sobbed, and children cried out in fear of they knew not what. The older officer drew Francesco away from the crowd and explained to him his hopeless case. His statement was short, but not unkind.

"I am sorry," he said, "but there is nothing else to do. Have patience. Go home; you will find work; the city may help you. *Addio!*" and he walked away swiftly. There were thirteen hundred emigrants to be inspected before sundown, and the officer had not time for protracted sympathy. The cripple raged for a little; he called upon his saints; he wept. And Concetta? All this time she had not made a sound, she had not even cried, and the great eyes held no tears.

A bench ran along the wall, and Francesco sat upon it, his crutch beside him. His head was buried in his hands and he was crying, quietly now, like a tired child. He had not once noticed Concetta; but now she bent over him; she stroked his forehead; she took off his hat and kissed the tangled curls.

"Do not cry, Checco *mio, carissimo!* Do not cry. Madonna will not forget us. We shall yet do well."

Francesco started. Beneath the absorbing sense of his own pain stirred at last some thought of the girl who loved him, and whom, in his boyish way, he loved.

"*Ma* Concetta! *come mai?* But thou must not stay! Where are Angela and Maria?—" He stopped short; for Concetta, with her two hands on his shoulders, was looking at him. First anger, then pain, then wonder looked out from the great eyes; but only for an instant. The beautiful face softened suddenly and the eyes grew tender, even glad; then the dimples showed in her cheeks, and she laughed outright, a low sweet laugh that showed her white teeth. "But Checco, Checco *mio!* didst thou think I wanted to go? I was afraid even with thee; and without thee—on that terrible sea? No, no, *grazia di Dio!*" and she hugged her lover's black head in sheer delight.

"But we must find Angela and Maria—I must say good-by. They will be looking for us, and be anxious. Come, Francesco."

They passed out upon the great wharf.

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It was but eight o'clock and the November morning was keen with a sea wind. They looked upon the smoke-crowned mountain and shuddered; they gazed upon the tossing gray water, and Concetta clung to Francesco's arm, and was unashamed of her joy. Far away lay the huge New York liner. Lighters were already loading with groups of frightened peasants — inland folk, nearly all of them, in abject terror of this cruel, unknown ocean; and cruel enough it looked on this bleak morning.

The emigrants were everywhere; huddled in miserable groups along the water front, sitting on their bags and bundles. Many were talking in sharp, excited voices; some were wailing aloud; a few were sleeping. Only the Neapolitans seemed gay, for they knew the sea, and were less afraid; and they need not wait for their turn in the ship's lighters. Had they not friends among the many boatmen, plying back and forth in little black boats, between the wharves and the great ships, shouting, laughing, and singing as if there were no heart-break in the world?

"Do you wish some matches, Signore?" he asked with the old smile. —Page 110.

Angela, Maria, and their mother were soon found. They cried over Concetta, they lamented with Francesco. They left tremulous messages for friends at home. At last, with many tears and piteous fear, they let themselves be led aboard the lighter that steamed away toward the black hull and red smoke-stacks in the distance.

Francesco's brow had grown dark again with disappointment and wounded pride. He had said *addio* to youths of his own age, no stronger, no braver than himself, who were nevertheless sailing away, in full confidence that fortune waited them across the sea — and he was left behind, crippled, useless, his life ruined at the start.

"Let us go away, Checco *mio!* Let us go home!" said Concetta, with her hand upon his arm.

They knew that there was a train at evening. Carlo had taken it once, Carlo the

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deceiver, who had so roused the ambition of poor Francesco. All day they wandered through the streets of the vast city, inquiring from time to time for San Antonio, where, Francesco thought, they would find Padre Innocenti. By chance they stood before the vast cathedral.

"Let us go in," Concetta whispered. Throngs of people were passing up and down the steps. The curtain at the central door was held up for them by a cripple with a wooden leg and a crutch. He was white-haired and his face looked like the leather of the curtain which he held. Francesco shivered and felt in his pocket for a *soldo*.

"God bless you and pity you, poor boy!" muttered the old man.

To Francesco and Concetta the great church, with its gilded ceiling, gorgeous paintings, and shining marble pavement, seemed beautiful as Paradise might be. With a sure instinct Concetta led her lover on, on, up the long nave, till at the left, in the last chapel they saw a hundred candles burning before a tall statue of Our Lady. Concetta forgot everything, and Francesco almost forgot his pain. The Madonna had pink cheeks, and her dress was pink and blue silk, with tinsel. A score of worshippers knelt on the chapel steps among the votive wreaths of wax and glittering beads. On the lowest stair, half-frightened by this splendid vision of the Queen of Heaven, so unlike the little figure in the roadside shrine, Concetta knelt with Francesco beside her. His crutch rattled on the pavement as he laid it down.

Outside in the porch, as they came away, Concetta plucked at her lover's arm. "Look, Francesco!"

In a corner stood a boy on crutches, with a tray of small merchandise slung about his neck. He was laughing as he made change. His hair curled about his head, and his dark face was beautiful.

"Thou couldst do that, thou also, Checco *mio!*" said Concetta timidly.

V

"WHAT do you suppose has become of No. 45?" said the blonde lady. "I believe that I stayed over the train in the hope of seeing him. We are the only people in the world who ever came twice to this place."

"I stopped over to see that Niccolò once more," said the dark lady severely. "I may be extravagant enough to stay till to-morrow and go again to Montecorbo—at least I may, if I find No. 45;" and they laughed at their mutual folly.

"Listen," said the blonde lady. "What a wonderful voice!"

A man was singing a Neapolitan love song. The voice was full of sweetness and of pain. The visitors turned the corner, and on the steps of the little cathedral they saw the singer.

His quick eye instantly noted the strangers, and he came nimbly toward them.

"Do you wish some matches, Signore?" he asked with the old smile.

"*Sì, sì*"—began the blonde lady, and stopped.

"*Madonna mia!*" exclaimed Francesco. "It is my signora!"

"Helen," cried the blonde lady, "Helen, it is No. 45!"

. . . . . .

"If the signore would have the kindness to stay," said Francesco, as he stumped beside them toward their hotel, "Tonino will give good service. *Sì, sì*, I might go also on the box with Tonino. It would be a great honor to accompany the signore."

"Will you take us by way of the farm, to see Concetta?" asked the blonde lady.

"*Ma sì*, Signora, surely. The signora is very kind. And there is the *bambina*. She has eleven months, Signore; she is beautiful, you know."

"Is she as beautiful as her mother?"

Francesco shrugged his shoulders, and smiled wisely.

"*É sempre bellissima*, Concetta," he said. "Always very beautiful."

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THE ESCAPE OF WILKINS

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

I

"PARTY to see you, sir, in the visitors' room. Didn't have a card. Said you would know him, sir."

Although Peter spoke in his customary deferential tones, there was a queer look upon his face that did not escape McAllister as the latter glanced up from the afternoon paper which he had been perusing in the window.

"Hm!" remarked the clubman, gazing out at the rain falling in torrents. Who in thunder could be calling upon him a day like this, when there wasn't even a cab in sight and the policemen had sought sanctuary in convenient vestibules. It was evident that this "party" must want to see him very badly indeed.

McAllister.

"What shall I say, sir?" continued Peter gently.

McAllister glanced sharply at him. Of course it was absurd to suppose that Peter, or anyone else, had heard of the extraordinary events at the Blairs' the night before; of the theft of the Benson pearls, the escape of the burglar in McAllister's coat and hat under the very nose of the best detective on the New York police, and the clubman's own part in the transaction, during which he had not only recovered the famous jewels but had also connived at the escape of the criminal—his old valet, Wilkins. No, Peter could know nothing of them, yet vaguely McAllister felt that this stranger must in some mysterious way be connected with the occurrences referred to. In any case there was no use trying to duck the consequences of the adventure, whatever they might prove to be.

"I'll see him," said the clubman. Maybe it was another detective after additional information, or perhaps a reporter. Without hesitation he crossed the marble hall and parted the portières of the visitors' room. Before him stood the rain-soaked, bedraggled figure of the valet.

"Wilkins!" he gasped.

The burglar raised his head and disclosed a countenance haggard from lack of sleep and the strain of the pursuit. Little rivers of rain streamed from his cuffs, his (McAllister's) coat-tails, and from the brim of his master's hat, which he held deprecatingly before him. There was a look of fear in his eyes and he trembled like a hare which pauses uncertain in which direction to escape.

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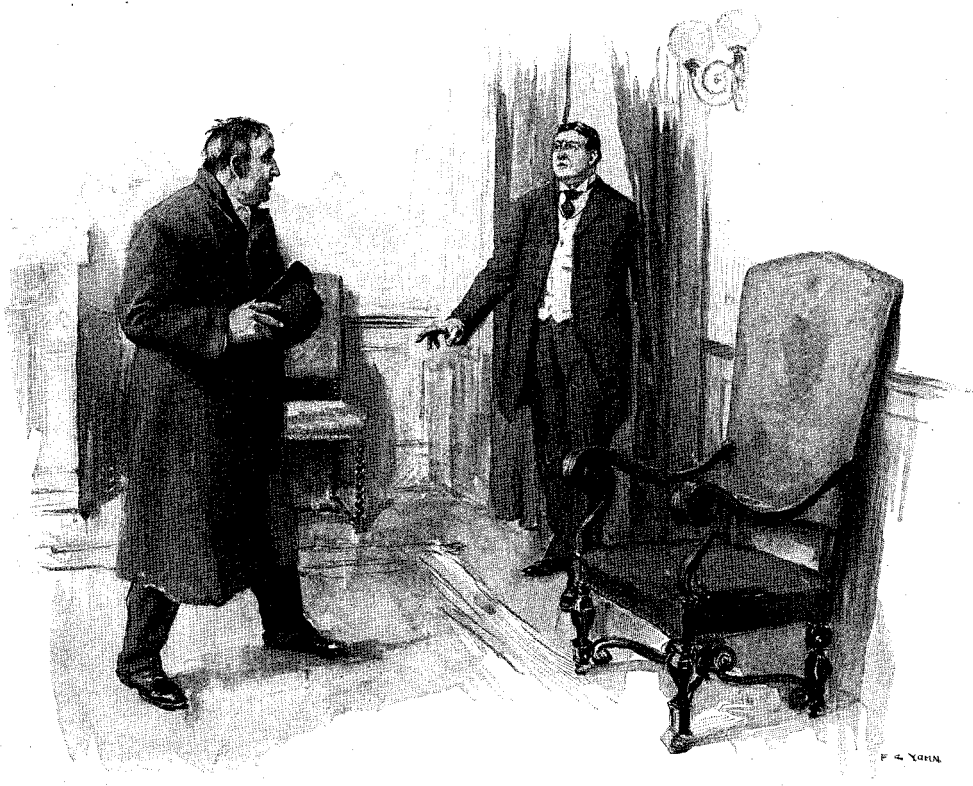

"Wilkins!" he gasped.—Page 111.

"Forgive me, sir! Oh, sir, forgive me! They're right hafter me! Just houtside, sir! It was my honly chance!"

McAllister gazed at him horrified and speechless.

"You see, sir," continued Wilkins in accents of breathless terror, "I caught the train last night and reached the city a'ead of the detective. I knew 'e'd 'ave telegraphed a general halarm, so I 'id in a harea all night. This mornin' I thought I'd given 'im the slip, but I walked square into 'im on Fiftieth Street. I took it on a run hup Sixth Havenue, doubled 'round a truck, an' thought I'd lost 'im, but 'e saw me on Fifty-third Street an' started dead after me. I think 'e saw me stop in 'ere, sir. Wot shall I do, sir? You won't give me hup, will you, sir?"

Before McAllister could reply there was a commotion at the door of the club, and he recognized the clear tones of Barney Conville.

"Who am I? I'm a sergeant of police—Detective Bureau. You've just passed in a burglar! He must be right inside. Let me in, I say."

Wilkins shrank back toward the curtains.

There was a slight scuffle, but the servant outside placed his foot behind the door in such a position that the detective could not enter. Then Peter came to the rescue.

"What do you mean by tryin' to force your way into a private club, like this? I'll telephone the inspector. Get out of here, now! Get away from that door!"

"Inspector nothin'! Let me in!"

"Have you got a warrant?"

The question seemed to stagger the detective for a moment and his adversary seized the opportunity to close the door. Then Peter knocked politely upon the other side of the curtains.

"I'm afraid, Mr. McAllister, I can't keep the officer out much longer. It's only a question of time. You'll pardon me, sir?"

"Of course, Peter," answered McAllister.

He stepped to the window. Outside he could see Conville stationing two plain-clothes men so as to guard both exits from the club. McAllister's breath came fast. Wilkins crouched in terror by the centre-table.

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Then a momentary inspiration came to the clubman.

"Er—Peter! This is my friend, Mr. Lloyd-Jones. Take his coat and hat, give me a check for them, and then show him upstairs to a room. He'll be here for an hour or so."

"Very good, sir," replied Peter without emotion, as he removed Wilkins's dripping coat and hat. "This way, sir."

Casting a look of dazed gratitude at his former master, the valet followed Peter toward the elevator.

"Here's a nice mess!" thought McAllister, as he returned to the big room. "How am I ever goin' to get rid of him? And ain't I liable somehow as an accomplice?"

He wrinkled his brows, lit a Perfecto, and sank again into his accustomed place by the window.

"That policeman wants to see you, sir," said the doorman, suddenly appearing at his elbow. "Says he knows you, and it's somethin' very important."

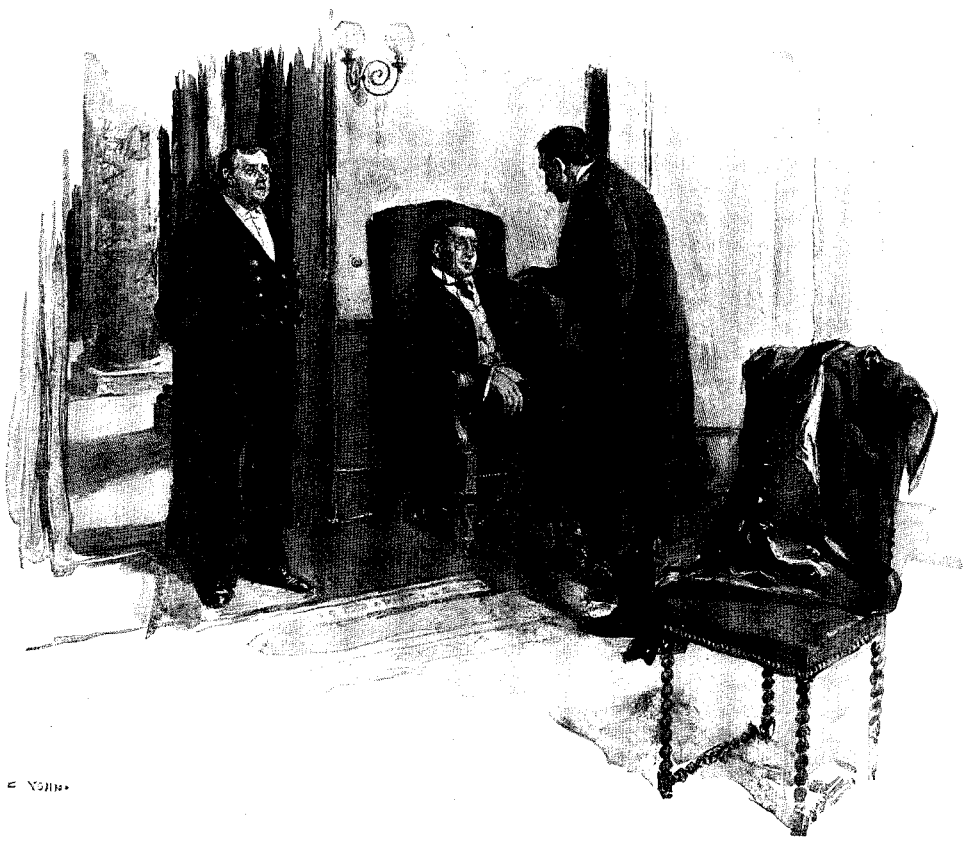
The clubman smothered a curse. His first impulse was to tell the impudent fellow to go to the devil, but then he thought better of it. He had beaten Conville once, and he would do so again. When it came to a show-down he reckoned his brains were about as good as a policeman's.

"All right," he replied. "Tell him to sit down;—that I've just come in, and will be with him in a few moments."

"Very good, sir," answered the servant.

McAllister perceived that he must think rapidly. There was no escape from the conclusion that he was certainly assisting in the escape of a felon; that he was an accessory after the fact, as it were. The idea did not increase his happiness at all. His one experience in the Tombs, however adventitious, had been quite sufficient. Nevertheless, he could not go back on Wilkins particularly now that he had promised to assist him. McAllister rubbed his broad forehead in perplexity.

"The officer says he's in a great hurry,



"You think you're a sure winner. But I *know* you I know your *face*."—Page 115.

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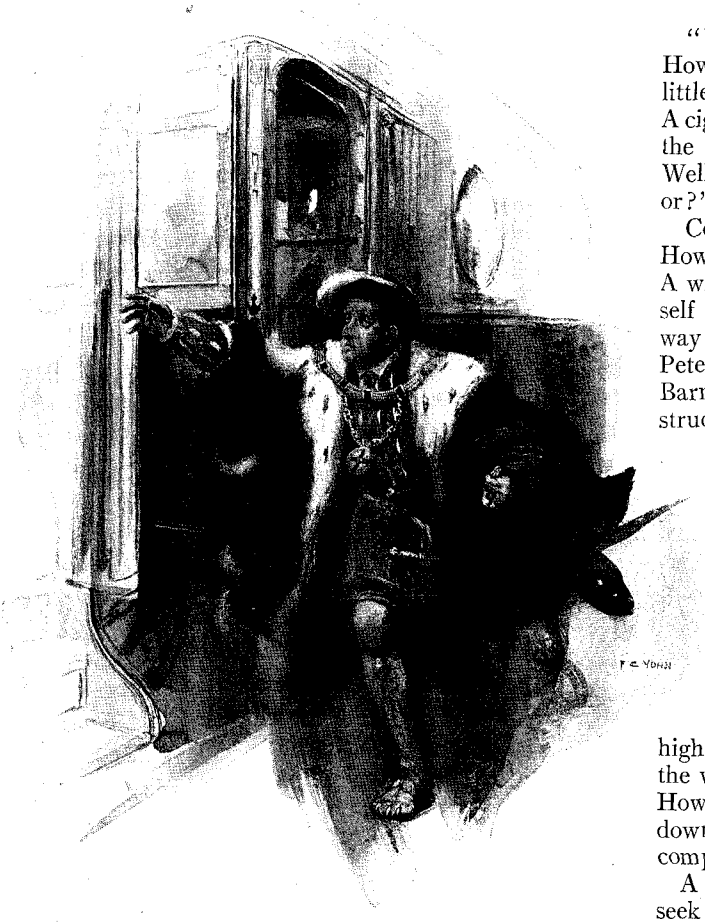

McAllister, gasping for breath, stumbled upon the platform of the next to the last car.—Page 118.

sir, and wants to know can you see him at once, sir," said the doorman, coming back.

"Hang it!" exclaimed our hero. "Yes, I'll *see* him."

He got up and walked slowly to the visitors' room again, while Peter, with a studiously unconscious expression, held the portières open. He entered, prepared for the worst. As he did so, Conville sprang to his feet, leaving a pool of water in front of the sofa and tossing little drops of rain from the ends of his mustache.

"Look here, Mr. McAllister. There's been enough of this. Where's Welch, the crook who ran in here a few moments ago? Oh, he's here fast enough. I've got your club covered, front and behind. Don't try to 'con' *me*."

McAllister slowly adjusted his monocle, smiled affably, and sank comfortably into an arm-chair.

"Why, it's you, Baron, isn't it! How are you? Won't you have a little nip of somethin' warm? No? A cigar, then. Here, Peter, bring the gentleman an Obsequio. Well, to what do I owe this honor?"

Conville glared at him enraged. However, he restrained his wrath. A wise detective never puts himself at a disadvantage by giving way to useless emotion. When Peter returned with the cigar, Barney took it mechanically and struck a match, meanwhile keeping one eye upon the door of the club.

"I suppose," he presently remarked, "you think you're smart. Well, you're mistaken. I had you wrong last night, I admit—that is, so far as your identity was concerned. You're a real high roller, all right, but that ain't the whole thing by a long shot. How would you like to wander down to headquarters as an accomplice?"

A few chills played hide and seek around the base of the clubman's spine.

"Don't be an ass!" he finally managed to ejaculate.

"Oh, I can't connect you with the necklace. You're safe enough there," Barney continued. "But how about this little game right here in this club? You're aiding in the escape of a felon. That's *felony*. You know that yourself. Besides, when you locked me in the bathroom last night you assaulted an officer in the performance of his duty. I've got you dead to rights, *see?*"

McAllister laughed lightly.

"By jiminy," he exclaimed. "I *thought* you were crazy all the time, and now I *know* it. What in thunder are you driving at?"

Conville knocked the ashes off his cigar impatiently.

"Drivin' at? Drivin' at? Where's Welch?—Fatty Welch, that ran in here five minutes ago?"

McAllister assumed a puzzled expression.

"Welch? No one ran in here except

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myself. *I* came in about that time. Got off the L at Fiftieth Street, footed it pretty fast up Sixth Avenue, and then through Fifty-third Street to the club. I got mighty well wet, too, I tell you!"

"Don't think you can throw that game into *me*!" shouted Conville. "You can't catch me twice *that* way. It was *Welch* I saw, not you."

"You don't believe me?"

McAllister pressed the bell and Peter entered.

"Peter, tell this gentleman how many persons have come into the club within the hour."

"Why, only *you*, sir," replied Peter, without hesitation. "Your clothes was wringin' wet, sir. No one else has entered the club since twelve o'clock."

"Bah!" exclaimed Conville. "If it was *you* that came in," he added cunningly, "suppose you show me the check and let me have a look at your coat!"

"Certainly," responded McAllister, beginning to regain his equanimity, as he drew Wilkins's check from his pocket. "Here it is. You can step over and get the coat for yourself."

Barney seized the small square of brass, crossed to the coat-room, and returned with the dripping garment, which he held up to the light at the window.

"You ought to find Poole's name under the collar, and my own inside the breast-pocket," remarked "Chubby" encouragingly. "It's there, isn't it?"

Conville threw the soaked object over a chair-back and made a rapid inspection, then turned to McAllister with an expression of bewilderment.

"I—you—how——" he stammered.

"Don't you remember," laughed his tormentor, "that there was a big truck on the corner as I turned into Fifty-third Street?"

Barney set his teeth.

"I see you *do*," continued McAllister. "Well, what more can I do for you? Are you sure you won't have that drink?"

But Conville was in no mood for drinking. Stepping up to the clubman, he looked searchingly down into his face.

"Mr. McAllister," he hissed, "you think you've got me criss-crossed. You think you're a sure winner. But I *know* you. I know your *face*. And this time I don't lose you, *see?* You're in cahoots with Welch. You're his side-partner. You'll see me again. Remember, you're a *common felon*."

The detective made for the door.

"Wot do you want?" drawled the fat man, blinking at the lantern.—Page 120.

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Drawn by F. C Yohn

"Who in thunder are *you?*"—Page 123.

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"Don't say 'common,'" murmured McAllister, as Conville disappeared. Then his nonchalant look gave place to one of extreme dejection. "Peter," he gasped, "tell Mr. Lloyd-Jones I must see him at once."

Peter soon returned with the unexpected information that "Mr. Lloyd-Jones" had gone to bed and wouldn't get up.

"Says he's sick, sir," said Peter, trying hard to retain his gravity.

McAllister made one jump for the elevator. Peter followed. Of course, *he* had known Wilkins when the latter was in McAllister's employ.

"I put him in number thirteen, sir," remarked the major domo.

Sure enough, Wilkins was in bed. His clothes were nowhere visible and the quilt was pulled well up around his fat neck. He seemed utterly to have lost his nerve.

"Oh, sir," he cried apologetically, "I was hafraid to come down, sir. *Without my clothes* they never could hidentify me, sir!"

"What on earth have you done with 'em?" cried his master.

"Oh Mr. McAllister," wailed Wilkins, "I couldn't think o' nothin' else, so I just threw 'em hout the window, into the hair-shaft."

At this intelligence Peter, who had lingered by the door, choked violently and retired down the hall.

"Wilkins" exclaimed McAllister, "I never took you for a fool before. Pray what do you propose to do now?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Can't you see what an awkward position you've placed me in?" went on McAllister. "I'm liable for arrest for aidin' in your escape. In fact, that detective has just threatened to take me to headquarters."

"'Oly Moses!" moaned Wilkins. "Oh, wot shall I do! If you only get me haway, sir, I promise you I'll never return."

McAllister closed the door, sat down by the bed, and puffed hard at his cigar.

"I'll try it!" he muttered at length. "Wilkins, you remember you always wore my clothes."

"Yessir," sighed Wilkins.

"Well, to-night you shall leave the club in my dress-suit, tall hat, and Inverness—understand? You'll take a cab from here at eleven forty. Go to the Grand Central and board the twelve o'clock train for Boston. Here's a ticket and the check for the drawing-room. You'll be Mr. McAllister of the Colophon Club, if anyone speaks to you. You're going on to Mr. Cabot's wedding to-morrow, to act as best man. Turn in as soon as you go on board, and don't let anyone disturb you. I'll be on the train myself, and after it starts I'll knock three times on the door."

"Very good, sir," murmured Wilkins.

"I'll send to my rooms for the clothes at once. Do you think you can do it?"

"Oh, certainly, sir. Thank you, sir. I'll be there, sir, never fail."

"Well, good luck to you!"

McAllister returned to the big room downstairs. The longer he thought of his plan the better he liked it. He was going to the Winthrops' Twelfth Night party that evening as Henry VIII. He would dress at the club and leave it in costume about nine o'clock. Conville would never recognize him in doublet and hose, and, when Wilkins departed at eleven forty, would in all likelihood take the latter for McAllister. If he could thus get rid of his ex-valet for good and all it would be cheap at twice the trouble. So far as spiriting away Wilkins was concerned the whole thing seemed easy enough, and McAllister, once more in his usual state of genial placidity, ordered as good a dinner as the *chef* could provide.

II

THE revelry was at its height when Henry VIII realized with a start that it was already half after eleven. First there had been a professional presentation of the scene between Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Sir Toby Belch that had made McAllister shake with merriment. He thought Sir Andrew the drollest fellow that he had seen for many a day. Maria and the clown were both good, too. McAllister had a fleeting wish that he had essayed Sir Toby. The champagne had been excellent and the characters most amusing, and altogether, McAllister did not blame himself for having overstayed his time—in fact, he didn't care much whether he had or not. He had intended going back to his rooms for the purpose of changing his costume, but he had plenty of clothes on the train and there really seemed no need of it at all. He bade his hostess good-night in a most optimistic frame of mind and hailed a cab. The long

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ulster which he wore entirely concealed his costume save for his shoes, strange creations of undressed leather, red on the uppers and white between the toes. As for his cap and feather, he was quite too happy to mind them for an instant. The assembled crowd of lackeys and footmen cheered him mildly as he drove away, but Henry VIII, smoking a large cigar, noticed them not. Neither did he observe a slim young man who darted out from behind a flight of steps and followed the cab, keeping about half a block in the rear. The rain had stopped. The clouds had drawn aside their curtains, and a big friendly moon beamed down on McAllister from an azure sky, bright almost as day.

The cabman hit up his pace as they reached the slope from the Cathedral down Fifth Avenue and the runner was distanced by several blocks. McAllister, happy and sleepy, was blissfully unconscious of being an actor in a drama of vast import to the New York police, but as they reached Forty-third Street he saw by the illuminated clock upon the Grand Central Station that it was two minutes to twelve. At the same moment a trace broke. The driver sprang from his seat, but before he could reach the ground McAllister had leaped out. Tossing a bill to the perturbed cabby, our hero threw off his ulster and sped with an agility marvellous to behold down Forty-third Street toward the station. As he dashed across Madison Avenue, directly in front of an electric car, the hand on the clock slipped a minute nearer. At that instant the slim man turned the corner from Fifth Avenue and redoubled his speed. Thirty seconds later McAllister, in sword, doublet, hose, and feathered cap, burst into the waiting-room, carrying an ulster, cleared half its length in six strides threw himself through the revolving door to the platform, and sprang past the astonished gate-man just as he was sliding-to the gate.

"Hi, there, give us yer ticket!" yelled that official after the retreating form of Henry VIII, but royalty made no response.

The gate closed, a gong rang twice, somewhere up ahead an engine gave half a dozen spasmodic coughs, and the forward section of the train began to pull out. McAllister, gasping for breath, a terrible pain in his side, his ulster seeming to weigh a thousand pounds, stumbled upon the platform of the car next the last. As he did so, the slim young man rushed to the gate and commenced to beat frantically upon it. The gate-man, indignant, approached to make use of severe language.

"Open this gate!" yelled the man. "There's a burglar on that train in disguise. Didn't you see him run through? Open up!"

"Whata yer givin' us?" answered Gate. "Who are yer, anyhow?"

"I'm a detective sergeant!" shrieked the one outside, excitedly exhibiting a shield. "I order you to open this gate and let me through."

Gate looked with exasperating deliberateness after the receding train; the red lights were just passing out of the station.

"Oh, go to ——!" said he through the bars.

"Is this car 2241?" inquired the breathless McAllister at the same moment, as he staggered inside.

"Sho, boss," replied the porter, grinning from ear to ear, as he received the ticket and its accompanying half-dollar. "Draw-in'-room, sah? Yessah. Right here, sah! Yo' frien', he arrived some time ago. May Ah enquire what personage yo represent, sah? A most magnificent sword, sah!"

"Where's the smoking compartment?" asked McAllister.

"Udder end, sah!"

Now McAllister had no inclination to feel his way the length of that swaying car. He perceived that the smoking compartment of the car behind would naturally be much more convenient.

"I'm goin' into the next car to smoke for awhile," he informed the darky.

No one was in the smoking compartment of the "Benvolio," which was bright and warm, and, McAllister, throwing down his ulster, stretched luxuriously across the cushions, lit a cigar, and watched with interest the myriad lights of the greater city marching past, those near at hand flashing by with the velocity of meteors, and those beyond swinging slowly forward along the outer rim of the circle. And the idea of this huge circle, its circumference ever changing with the forward movement of its pivot, beside which the train was rushing, never passing that mysterious edge which fled before them into infinity, took

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hold on McAllister's imagination, and he fancied, as he sped onward, that in some mysterious way, if he could only square that circle or calculate its radius, he could solve the problem of existence. What was it he had learned when a boy at St. Timothy's about the circle? Pi R— one—two—two Pi R! That was it! "$2\ \pi r$"—"$2\ \pi r$."—— The smoke from his cigar swirled thickly around the Pintsch light in the ceiling, and Henry VIII, oblivious of the anachronism, with his sword and feathered cap upon the sofa beside him, gazed solemnly into space.

"Br—r—clink!—br—r—clink!" went the track.

"Two Pi R!" murmured McAllister. "Two Pi R!"

III

UNDER the big moon's yellow disk, beside and past the roaring train, along the silent reaches of the Sound, leaping on its copper thread from pole to pole, jumping from insulator to insulator, from town to town, sped a message concerning Henry VIII. The night operator at New Haven, dozing over a paper in the corner, heard his call four times before he came to his senses. Then he sent the answer rattling back with a simulation of indignation.

"Yes—yes— What's your rush?"

"Special—Police—Headquarters—New Haven. Escaped ex-convict Welch on No. 13 from New York. Notify McGinnis. In complete disguise. Arrest and notify. Particulars long-distance phone in morning.

"EBSTEIN."

The operator crossed the room and unhooked the telephone.

"Headquarters, please."

"Yes. Headquarters! Is McGinnis of the New York Detective Bureau there? Tell him he's wanted to make an important arrest on board No. 13 when she comes through at two-twenty. Sorry. Say, tell him to bring along some cigars. I'll give him the complete message down here."

Then the operator went back to his paper. In a few moments he suddenly sat up.

"By gum!" he ejaculated.

"BOLD ATTEMPT AT BURGLARY IN COUNTRY HOUSE

It was learned to-day that a well-known crook had been successful recently in securing a position as a servant at Mr. Gordon Blair's, at Scarsdale. Last evening one of the guests missed her valuable pearl necklace. In the excitement which followed the burglar made his escape, leaving the necklace behind him. The perpetrator of this bold attempt is the notorious "Fatty Welch," now wanted in several states as a fugitive from justice."

"By gum!" repeated the operator throwing down the paper. Then he went to the drawer and took out a small bull-dog revolver, which he carefully loaded.

"Br—r—clink!—br—r—clink!" went the track, as the train swung round the curve outside New Haven. The brakes groaned, the porters waked from troubled slumbers in wicker chairs, one or two old women put out their arms and peered through the window shades, and the train thundered past the depot and slowly came to a full stop. Ahead the engine panted and steamed. Two gnomes ran, Mimi-like, out of a cavernous darkness behind the station and by the light of flaring torches began to hammer and tap the flanges. The conductor, swinging off the rear car, ran into the embrace of a huge Irishman. At the same moment a squad of policemen separated and scattered to the different platforms.

"Here! Let me go!" gasped the conductor. "What's all this?"

"Say, Cap., I'm McGinnis—Central Office, New York. You've got a burglar on board. They're after wirin' me to make the arrest."

"Burglar be damned!" yelled the conductor. "Do you think you can hold me up and search my train? Why, I'd be two hours late!"

"I won't take more'n fifteen minutes," continued McGinnis, making for the rear car.

"Come back there, you!" shouted the conductor, grasping him firmly by the coat-tails. "You can't wake up all the passengers."

"Look here, Cap.," expostulated the detective. "Don't ye see I've got to make this arrest? It won't take a minute. The

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porters 'll know who they've got, and you're runnin' awful light. Have a good cigar?"

The conductor took the weed so designated and swore loudly. It was the biggest piece of gall on record. Well, hang it, he didn't want to take McGinnis all the way to Boston and, even if he did, there would be the same confounded mix-up at the other end. He admitted finally that it was a fine night. Did McGinnis want a nip? He had a bottle in the porter's closet. Yes, call out those niggers and make 'em tell what they knew.

The conductor was now just as insistent that the burglar should be arrested then and there as he had been before that the train should not be held up. He rushed through the cars telling the various porters to go outside. Eight or ten presently assembled upon the platform. They filled McGinnis with unspeakable repulsion.

The conductor began with car No. 2204.

"Now, Deacon, who have you got?"

The Deacon, an enormously fat darky, rolled his eyes and replied that he had "Two ole women an' er gen'elman gwine ortermobublin with his cheffonier."

The conductor opined that these would prove unfertile candidates for McGinnis. He therefore turned to Moses, of car No. 2201. Moses, however, had only half a load. There was a fat man, a Mr. Huber, who travelled regularly; two ladies on passes; and a very thin man, with his wife, her sister, a maid, two nurses, and three children.

"Nothin' doin'!" remarked the captain. "Now, Colonel, what have *you* got?"

But the Colonel, a middle-aged colored man of aristocratic appearance, had an easy answer. His entire car was full, as he expressed it, "er frogs."

"Frenchmen!" grunted McGinnis.

The conductor remembered. Yes, they were Sanko's Orchestra going on to give a matinée concert in Providence.

The next car had only five drummers; every one of whom was known to the conductor, as taking the trip twice a week. They were, therefore, counted out. That left only one car, No. 2205.

"Well, William, what have you got?"

William grinned. Though sleepy, he realized the importance of the disclosure he was about to make and was correspondingly dignified and ponderous. There was two trabblin' gen'elmen, Mr. Smith and Mr. Higgins. He'd handled dose gen'elmen fo' several years. There was a very old lady, her daughter and maid. Then there was Mr. Uberheimer, who got off at Middletown. And then—William smiled significantly—there was an awful strange pair in the drawin'-room. They could look for themselves. He didn't know nuff'n 'bout burglars in disguise, but dere was "one of 'em in er mighty curious set er fixtures."

"Huh! *Two* of 'em!" commented McGinnis.

"That's easy!" remarked the mollified conductor.

The telegraph operator, who read Laura Jean Libbey, now approached with his revolver.

McGinnis, another detective, and the conductor moved toward the car. William preferred the safety of the platform and the temporary distinction of being the discoverer of the fugitive. No light was visible in the drawing-room, and the sounds of heavy slumber were plainly audible. The conductor rapped loudly; there was no response. He rattled the door and turned the handle vigorously, but elicited no sign of recognition. Then McGinnis rapped with his knife on the glass of the door. He happened to hit three times. Immediately there were sounds within. Something very much like "All right, sir," and the door was opened. The conductor and McGinnis saw a fat man, in blue silk pajamas, his face flushed and his eyes heavy with sleep, who looked at them in dazed bewilderment.

"Wot do you want?" drawled the fat man, blinking at the lantern.

"Sorry to disturb you," broke in McGinnis briskly, "but is there any wan else, beside ye, to kape ye company?"

Wilkins shook his head with annoyance and made as if to close the door, but the detective thrust his foot across the threshold.

"Aisy there!" he remarked. "Conductor, just turn on that light, will ye?"

Wilkins scrambled heavily into his berth and the conductor struck a match and turned on the Pintsch light. Only one bed was occupied, and that by the fat man in the pajamas. On the sofa was an elegant alligator-skin bag, disclosing a row of massive silver-topped bottles. A tall silk hat and Inverness coat hung from a hook, and a suit of evening clothes, as well as a business suit of fustian, were neatly folded and lying on the upper berth.

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At this vision of respectability both McGinnis and the conductor recoiled, glancing doubtfully at one another. Wilkins saw his advantage.

"May I hinquire," remarked he, with dignity, "wot you mean by these hactions? W'y am I thus disturbed in the middle of the night? It is houtrageous!"

"Very sorry, sir," replied the conductor. "The fact is, we thought *two* people, suspicious characters, had taken this room together, and this officer here"—pointing to McGinnis—"had orders to arrest one of them."

Wilkins swelled with indignation.

"Suspicious characters! Two people! Look 'ere, conductor, I'll 'ave you to hunderstand that I will not tolerate such a performance. I am Mr. McAllister, of the Colophon Club, New York, and I am hon my way to hattend the wedding of Mr. Frederick Cabot in Boston, to-morrow. I am to be 'is best man. Can I give you any further hinformation?"

The conductor, who had noticed the initials "McA" on the silver bottle heads, and the same stamped upon the bag, stammered something in the nature of an apology.

"Say, Cap.," whispered McGinnis, "we've got him wrong, I guess. This feller ain't no burglar. Anywan can see he's a swell all right. Leave him alone."

"Very sorry to have disturbed you," remarked the conductor humbly, putting out the light and closing the door.

"That nigger must be 'nutty,'" he added to the detective. "By Joshua! Perhaps he's got away with some of my stuff!"

"Look here, William, what's the matter with you? Have you been swipin' my whiskey? They're ain't two men in that drawin'-room at all—just one—a swell," hollered the conductor, as they reached the platform.

"Fo' de Lawd, Cap'n, I ain't teched yo' whiskey," cried William in terror. "I swear dey was two of 'em, 'n' de udder was in *dis*guise. It was de fines' *dis*guise I ebber saw!" he added reminiscently.

"Aw, what yer givin' us!" exclaimed McGinnis, entirely out of patience. "What kind av a disguise was he in?"

"Dat's what I axed him," explained William, edging toward the rim of the circle. "I done ax him right away what character he done represent. He had on silk stockin's, an' a colored deglishay shirt, an' a belt an' mocassins, an' a sword an'——"

"A sword!" yelled McGinnis, making a jump in William's direction. "I'll break yer black head for ye!"

"Hold on," cried the conductor, who had disappeared into the car and had emerged again with a bottle in his hand. "The stuff's here."

"I tell ye the coon is drunk!" shouted the detective in angry tones. "He can't make small av *me*."

"I done tole you the truth," continued William from a safe distance, his teeth and eyeballs shining in the moonlight.

"Well, where did he go?" asked the conductor. "Did you put him in the drawin'-room?"

"I seen his ticket," replied William. "An' he said he wanted to smoke, so he went into the 'Benvolio,' the car behin'."

"Car behind!" cried McGinnis. "There ain't no car behind. This here is the last car."

"Sure," said the conductor, with a laugh, "we dropped the 'Benvolio' at Selma Junction for repairs. Say, McGinnis, you better have that drink."

IV

McAllister was awakened by a sense of chill. The compartment was dark, save for the pale light of the moon, hanging low over what seemed to be water and the masts of ships, which stole in and picked out sharply the silver buckles on his shoes and the buttons of his doublet. There was no motion—no sound. The train was apparently waiting somewhere, but McAllister could not hear the engine. He put on his ulster and stepped to the door of the car. All the lights had been extinguished and he could hear neither the sound of heavy breathing nor the other customary evidences of the innocent rest of the human animal. He looked across the platform for his own car and found that the train had totally disappeared. The "Benvolio" was stationary—side-tracked, evidently, on the outskirts of a town, not far from some wharves.

"Jiminy!" thought McAllister, looking at his uncheerful surroundings and his picturesque, if somewhat cool, costume.

For a moment his mental processes refused to answer the heavy draft upon them.

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Then he turned up his coat-collar, stepped out upon the platform, and lit a cigar. By the light of the match he looked at his watch and saw that it was four o'clock. Overhead the sky glowed with thousands of twinkling stars, and the moon, just touching the sea, made a limpid path of light across the water. At the docks silent ships lay fast asleep. A mile away a clock struck four, intensifying the stillness. It was very beautiful, but very cold, and McAllister shivered as he thought of Wilkins, and Freddy Cabot, and the wedding at twelve o'clock. So far as he knew he might be just outside of Boston—Quincy or somewhere,—yet, somehow, the moon didn't look as if it were at Quincy.

He jumped down and started along the track. His feet stung as they struck the cinder. His whole body was asleep. It was easy enough to walk in the direction in which the clock had sounded, and this he did. The rails followed the shore for about a hundred yards and then joined the main line. Presently he came in sight of a depot. Every now and then his sword would get between his legs, and this caused him so much annoyance that he took it off and carried it. It was queer how uncomfortable the old style of shoe was when used for walking on a railroad track! His ruffle, too, proved a confounded nuisance, almost preventing a satisfactory adjustment of coat-collar. Finally he untied it and put it in the pocket of his ulster. The cap was not so bad.

The depot had inspired the clubman with distinct hope, but as he approached, it appeared as dark and tenantless as the car behind him. It was impossible to read the name of the station owing to the fact that the sign was too high up for the light of a match to reach it. It was clear that there was nothing to do but to wait for the dawn, and he settled himself in a corner near the express office and tried to forget his discomfort

He had less time to wait than he had expected. Soon a great clattering of hoofs caused him to climb stiffly to his feet again. Three farmers' wagons, each drawn by a pair of heavy horses, backed in against the platform, and their drivers, throwing down the reins, leaped to the ground. All were smoking pipes and chaffing one another loudly. Then they began to unload huge cans of milk. This looked encouraging. If they were bringing milk at this hour there must be a train—going somewhere. It didn't matter where to McAllister, if only he could get warm. Presently a faint humming came along the rails, which steadily increased in volume until the approaching train could be distinctly heard.

"Pretty nigh on time," commented the nearest farmer. McAllister stepped forward, sword in hand. The farmer involuntarily drew back.

"Wall, I swan!" he remarked, removing his pipe.

"Do you mind telling me," inquired our friend, "what place this is and where this train goes to?"

"I reckon not," replied the other. "This is Selma Junction and this here train is due in New York at five. Who be you?"

"Well," answered McAllister, "I'm just an humble citizen of New York, forced by circumstances to return to the city as soon as possible."

"Reckon you're one o' them play-actors, bean't ye?"

"You've got it," returned McAllister. "Fact is, I've just been playin' Henry VIII —on the road."

"I've heard tell on't," commented the rustic. "But I ain't never seen it. Shakespeare, ain't it?"

"Yes, Shakespeare," admitted the clubman.

At this moment the milk-train roared in and the teamsters began passing up their cans. There were no passenger coaches—nothing but freight-cars and a caboose. Toward this our friend made his way. There did not seem to be any conductor, and without making inquiries, McAllister climbed upon the platform and pushed open the door. If warmth was what he desired he soon found it. The end of the car was roughly fitted with half a dozen bunks, two chairs and some spittoons. A small cast-iron stove glowed red-hot, but while the place was odoriferous its temperature was grateful to the shivering McAllister. The car was empty save for a gigantic Irishman sitting fast asleep in the farther corner.

Our hero laid down his sword, threw off his ulster, and hung his cap upon an adjacent hook. In a moment or two the train started again. Still no one came into the caboose. Now daylight began to filter in through the

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grimy windows. The sun jumped suddenly from behind a ridge and shot a beam into the face of the sleeper at the other end of the car. Slowly he awoke, yawned, rubbed his eyes, and, catching the glint of silver buttons, gazed stupidly in McAllister's direction. The random glance gradually gave place to a stare of intense amazement. He wrinkled his brows, and leaned forward, scrutinizing with care every detail of McAllister's make-up. The train stopped for an instant and a burly brakeman banged open the door and stepped inside. He, too, hung fire, as it were, at the sight of Henry VIII. Then he broke into a loud laugh.

"Who in thunder are *you?*"

Before McAllister could reply McGinnis, with a comprehensive smile, made answer:

"Shure, 'tis only a prisoner I'm after takin' back to the city!"

"Mr. McAllister," remarked Conville, two hours later, as the three of them sat in the visitors' room at the club, "I hope you won't say anything about this. You see, I had no business to put a kid like Ebstein on the job, but I was clean knocked out and had to snatch some sleep. I suppose he thought he was doin' a big thing when he nailed you for a burglar. But, after all, the only thing that saved Welch was your fallin' asleep in the "Benvolio.'"

"My dear Baron," sympathetically replied McAllister, who had once more resumed his ordinary attire, "why attribute to chance what is in fact due to intellect? No, I won't mention our adventure, and if our friend McGinnis——"

"Oh, McGinnis'll keep his head shut, all right, you bet!" interrupted Barney. "But say, Mr. McAllister, on the level, you're too good for us. Why don't you chuck this game and come in out of the rain? You'll be up against it in the end. Help us to land this feller!"

McAllister took a long pull at his cigar and half closed his eyes. There was a quizzical look around his mouth that Conville had never seen there before.

"Perhaps I will," said he softly. "Perhaps I will."

"Good! shouted the Baron; "put it there! Now, if you *get* anything, tip us off. You can always catch me at 3100 Spring."

"Well," replied the clubman, "don't forget to drop in here, if you happen to be goin' by. Sometime, on a rainy day perhaps, you might want a nip of somethin' warm."

But to this the Baron did not respond.

A plunge in the tank and a comfortable smoke almost restored McAllister's customary equanimity. Weddings were a bore, anyway. Then he called for a telegraph blank and sent the following:

"Was unavoidably delayed. Terribly disappointed. If necessary, use Wilkins.

"McA."

To which, about noon-time, he received the following reply:

"Don't understand. Wilkins arrived, left clothes and departed. You must have mixed your dates. Wedding to-morrow.

"F. C."

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THE POINT OF VIEW

A TRADE school for girls (such a school as was not long ago established in Boston) is a venture more significant than on the surface appears. The aim of the trade school is—or should be—to furnish those novel things, specific knowledge and detailed practical information, to girls of the working classes. And it has been thought recently that it would be a helpful move to enlist the interest of some of the women's clubs in the enterprise.

Femininity and the Trade School

It is odd enough that a subject that is positively at the very root of national life should be left so long and so entirely as this one has in the domain of sentimentalism. There have been times when we have all of us suspected that the whole feminine question was a good deal in the hands of the sentimentalists in America. But, in any case, it is assuredly so of young women wage-earners. The young women, more and more removed from the domestic training, good or bad, which they might get from living at home, and more and more the creatures of the training of shops and offices, are the mothers of the majority of coming citizens. The notions they in turn bring into their homes, the ideas on which they nurture sons, are transmitted into the legislation of the second generation. We ought to wish, then, that as many sensible and solid ingredients as possible might enter into the character-building they receive. How much is actually done to secure these sensible and solid ingredients? Do we not do a good deal, rather, to encourage the reverse?

The social position of the American working girl is, to begin with, not the same as that of her father and brothers; the chivalry (mistaken or not) of the American employer makes it not the same. She is the "young lady who is doing thus and so"; her male relative is "the man who has come to see to the job." Many things are developed from that little germ of difference. And it would not seem to be of much use to establish educational foundations that will give the truth of things to girls if you do not also give them the truth of life. That a very large and very rapidly increasing portion of the female population should chronically esteem itself as a little finer than its male consanguinity is not desirable. This, to be sure, is a big subject, and another story. The point directly at issue is whether the aid of the women's clubs would truly further the efficiency of the girls' trade schools?

In order that it should, it would be necessary that the animating spirit of women's clubs in relation to subjects affecting working girls should be practical purely, and not philanthropic. This is rarely the case. The sentimental consideration almost always obtrudes itself, in some form or other. Women's clubs have themselves existed too short a time, relatively, and the whole movement they express is too new, not to be still, so to say, in the metaphysical rather than the scientific stage. That all the practical problems of women's lives must be solved practically, however, if they are to be solved at all, is something that men are more apt to be able to see than the sex itself.

If this is not to be done, it is really a vain confusion to bring up the practical problems in any way. The trade school, if it teaches respect for thoroughness and single-minded devotion to specialized efficiency, must also teach subordination of the personality, of the sex—the setting aside of privilege. Anything else is illogical. Too many forces in American life war against this result—so much so that there is always a danger of any trade school for girls degenerating into essentially a "short-cut" school. In the present day and generation short-cut schools of all kinds may be indispensable; but we should do well frankly to acknowledge, all the same, that as agents of genuine intellectual and moral growth, little can be claimed for them. And there are those of us who can't get away from the notion that the factor of moral rightness in every form of education given to women is even more of the necessary essence than it is in the education given to men; meaning by moral rightness the perception of the just proportions and values of things, human and spiritual. A rather defective sense of their own proportionate personal value is the source of the æsthetic effectiveness of American young women of the ranks, but perhaps also the indirect source of many economic follies and social fallacies that trouble us today.

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE NEW YORK ALLIANCE OF ART SOCIETIES.

AN organization so beneficent as the Fine Arts Federation of New York, and so unique in the world of art, seems to warrant a brief statement as to its polity and policy, especially at a time when the tax-payers are awakening to the fact that the artistic aspects of municipal life, and in a great measure their personal comforts, have heretofore been utterly neglected. While in smaller communities but one or two societies have represented the æsthetic interests and activities of the people, and by reason of their smallness may have represented them adequately, in this large metropolis, devoted almost exclusively, and at any cost, to the acquirement of wealth, the case has been very different. There have been many guilds representing as many departments of art, working unselfishly perhaps for the furtherance of their particular interests; but until recently these guilds have been unrelated—almost unknown to each other—influencing but slightly, and only by the slow process of indirection, either the municipal authorities or public opinion. During the winter of 1895-96 Mr. George L. Heins, at present the State architect, conceived the happy idea of federating the well-known and important artistic societies of the city by means of a representative council, which should ensure united action in all matters "affecting their common interests", as well as "foster and protect the artistic interests of the community." It is just to observe, however, that the Architectural League of New York (somewhat misnamed) was the first exponent of artistic union on a more limited scale, its constitution and membership recognizing the great trinity of the arts—architecture, painting, and sculpture. Indeed, there is reason to doubt whether the Federation would have had its being had not the Architectual League pre-existed. Be this as it may, the union was effected, and early in 1896 Mr. Russell Sturgis was elected its first president.

At the date of writing the federation is composed of thirteen constituent societies, of which the names are here given even at the risk of wearying the reader: National Academy of Design, New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, American Water Color Society, Society of American Artists, Architectural League of New York, American Fine Arts Society, Municipal Art Society of New York, Society of Beaux-Arts Architects, National Sculpture Society, National Society of Mural Painters, New York Water Color Club, Brooklyn Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, Society of Illustrators. It will be seen that these societies represent a wide range of artistic thought, expression, and personality, from the small easel-picture and still smaller illustration on the one hand, to the towering commercial building on the other; from the product of the dreamy and unworldly habitant of the isolated studio to that of the most practical, bustling, and mundane architect; from the expositor of pure art to something very close to the engineer; running through a broad gamut of temperament and faculty, through every shade of artistic sensibility and output, including the framed picture, the drawing in black and white, the statuette, the minor productions of the "arts and crafts," the cottage, and the great monumental buildings—civic and ecclesiastic—with their adornments of heroic statuary, mural paintings, stained glass, and mosaic. Within the membership of these guilds, moreover, there are men competent to deal with such large problems as the laying out of a great city. Although several societies represent the same department of art, it cannot be said that in their constituent functions they duplicate one another. For instance, the Brooklyn Chapter of the Institute, while acting in the general interests of the municipality, safeguards those of Brooklyn in particular. A certain wise conservatism is characteristic of the New York Chapter. In the Beaux-Arts Society is evidenced a well-schooled Parisian tendency. A rather aggressive Americanism prevails in the Architectual League, which is also influenced by the sculptor and painter crafts. These qualifications are somewhat arbitrary,

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seeing that many architects are members of three out of the four societies. Nevertheless, it may be averred that each organization, as a unit, stands for a distinct idea; and the same may be said of the several societies representing the department of painting.

Every constituent society is represented in the council of the Federation by three delegates, each of whom has his respective alternate. The alternates have the right—and are encouraged—to attend the meetings, even though their principals be present. In this latter case they have the privilege to speak, not to vote. As the alternate serves in lieu of the absent representative in all cases, including commitee work, it is important that he should keep himself informed on all questions before the council. No rule is laid down by the Federation as to the manner of appointment. Some societies elect their representation; in others it is named by the president. Some change their delegates partially every year; others rarely change them. This system works well. The services of certain representatives are too valuable to lose, as would follow were there universal change in representation by means of annual elections. On the other hand, it is desirable that a moderate amount of fresh blood should be infused into the body politic every twelve months.

To guard against an overcentralization of power in the federate body, and to guarantee the autonomy of the societies comprising it, there is a special clause in the constitution which, under certain conditions, reserves initiatory action to the affected society. At first it was feared that the central body might interfere with, and weaken, the activities of the constituent units notwithstanding this clause. Such has not proved to be the case; and experience has shown that there is little to be feared in this direction. The central body, having but a limited executive machinery, encourages the societies to take the initiative in any matter that concerns their peculiar interests, reserving to itself the task, if called upon by any society, to support it with its larger and more disinterested influence. By way of illustration (an illustration that has been verified by the event) let us suppose there is a question as to the desirability of decorating a municipal building with sculpture. It is probable that the National Sculpture Society would resent any initial interference in the business by the Federation. Nor would the Federation attempt such interference. The society would claim as its prerogative the right to determine the expense and character of the work as well as its allotment. These details having been settled, it is probable that the society would request the Federation to exert its larger, more unbiassed, and more official influence (the Federation having a recognized status in the city's charter) to further the scheme. The request, together with all the necessary information, would be at once referred to the Standing Committee on Sculpture, examined by this committee, and reported at the next meeting of the Council, where the proposed scheme would be debated, and approved or rejected or amended according to its merits or demerits.

Almost the first and certainly the most beneficent work ever accomplished by the Federation was the creation of the Art Commission of the City of New York. Great credit must be given the first president, and a few other prominent men, for the zeal with which they undertook the discouraging task of persuading the Charter Commission officially to recognize the fine arts. The appointment of a body so obviously useful as an expert commission to protect the artistic appearance of the city seemed at that time almost revolutionary. Against a disheartening indifference these pioneers ultimately won—not what they wanted—far from it—but an official, legal recognition of their views. They were told in unglossed language to take what they could get, or nothing. Neither the composition nor the powers of the proposed commission were satisfactory to the federated artists; yet they were very grateful for their crust. These powers were—and still are—prohibitive, not constructive. No work of art could become the property of the city, "by purchase, gift, or otherwise, unless such work of art or a design of the same" should "first have been submitted to and approved by the commission." Furthermore, "when so requested by the mayor or the board of aldermen, the commission shall act in a similar capacity, with similar powers, in respect of the designs of municipal buildings, bridges, approaches, gates, fences, lamps," etc. That is to say, the consideration by the commission of such works was entirely dependent on the good will of the mayor or the board of aldermen. When a few years later the charter was amended, the following clause was inserted immediately after the above excerpt, "and said com-

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mission *shall* so act and its approval *shall* be required for every such structure which shall hereafter be erected or contracted for at an expense exceeding one million dollars." This qualifying addition vastly increased the power and importance of the commission. Moreover, the present mayor has shown a disposition to consult it in matters involving a less expenditure. Yet this increment of power is insufficient to guarantee a sound civic art. Even now the Federation, with the sympathy of the Mayor, is working further to extend it. To judge from the utterances of the press, it is apparently not known by the public that the Federation is responsible for the annual appointments on the commission to fill the vacancies caused by the retiring members—one professional and one layman. It is true that the final selection rests with the mayor, but this selection must be made from a list of names submitted by the Federation.

Besides this good work, which alone would justify its being—and should command the gratitude of every good citizen—other questions of municipal importance are brought before the Federation either by the artists themselves, or by individuals and non-artistic bodies desiring the sanction of the city's most competent æsthetic tribunal in some matter involving taste—such as the laying out of a park, the placing of a public monument, the preservation of an historical landmark, the defacement of the city's property by signs, and so on. The establishment of the Municipal Improvement Commission, which has recently made a preliminary report, was first mooted in the Federation, then vigorously pushed by the late president of the Borough of Manhattan, and the energetic Municipal Art Society—one of its constituent bodies. The proposed United Fine Arts Building is now under discussion. In addition to these questions of public moment, others more especially affecting the interests of the artists are constantly before the council.

The council of the Federation does not meet often; on an average not more than four times annually, though emergency meetings may be called at any time. Frequent meetings are undesirable—at least for the present. Architects especially are a very busy class, frequently absent, and at all seasons of the year, on professional journeys. A majority of the painters make their annual hegira to the country in May, or early June, not returning to the city before the middle or end of October. It is during these months of rural retreat that their hardest work is done—that needful annotation of Nature's multiform phenomena—that deep inhalation of her spirit which alone makes an art vital and durable. To interfere with this rustic life by calling them to the city for the purpose of attending meetings would be to interfere with the sources of their inspiration. To conduct meetings without them would be to deprive the Federation of half its authority. Moreover, in the art world, as in other worlds, the bulk of efficient work is done by a comparatively small number of competent, disinterested men whose energies should not be overtaxed to the detriment of their creative faculties. For while it sometimes happens that a competence for affairs is not conjoined with artistic talent, it is by no means the rule. In the Federation several of the clearest heads for business are equally gifted with æsthetic sensibility. In other words, they are good business men and good artists. Parenthetically it may be said that the services of the professional members of the Art Commission—the painter, sculptor, and architect—are unremunerated. It is on these members of the commission that the burden of work and responsibility must always fall, and it would seem that in the future, when this burden is still heavier, some means must be devised either modestly to remunerate these comparatively indigent men—indigent as compared with the other professions—or to lighten their labors by the employment of paid expert help.

The greater part of the Federation's work is done in committee. If its pronouncements are to be authoritative, it is necessary that all important questions should be predigested prior to their introduction into the larger body for discussion. One familiar with the doings of organized assemblies knows how injudiciously resolutions are passed under the temporary influence of a mood, or under the spell of plausible words. To avoid such inconsiderate legislation has always been the purpose of the Federation. Notwithstanding the "temperament" of the artist, the debates of the council are conducted with decorum and an adequate observance of parliamentary usage; so that a good deal of business is disposed of in a short time.

The policy of the Federation thus far has been conservative; its attitude toward the municipal authorities conciliatory and help-

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ful rather than antagonistic, receiving in return a sympathetic consideration of its views. A combative initiative has been taken by the constituent societies rather than by the central body. This is as it should be. Somebody must ever be hammering at the gates of Philistia; ever resisting the barbaric encroachments of unprincipled promoters; ever reminding the tax-paying public that they have æsthetic rights which must be respected. But the Federation believes that if its dicta are to carry weight they must be born of a ripe judgment; that it must be neither overzealous nor overmeddlesome; nor does it wish to assume the rôle of common scold. What it may do in the future depends entirely on circumstance. For the present it feels strong in the assurance that behind its criticism and suggestion there is a powerful body of experts which no community can afford to ignore.

However beneficial the Federation's influence on the public may be, its stimulating effect on the artists themselves is quite commensurate. The writer remembers that at a formative meeting of the council, one of the easel-picture painters naïvely asked if an architect were an artist. That such a question should be asked now seems hardly possible—thanks to the co-operation and association of all the arts; or that any work of architectural pre-eminence should not be discussed and criticised with almost as much zeal by the sculptors and painters—even by easel-picture painters—as by the architects themselves. And their views are by no means negligible. A man who is in constant touch with Nature, both in her more formal and picturesque aspects, who is ever balancing line with line, mass with mass, color with color, may not be able to detect constructive solecisms or anachronisms of detail, but he may be quicker than the architect himself to discover discords of tone or form. *Per contra*, an architect with an eye for construction and composition, with his experience in the distribution of voids and solids, in the correlation of the ornamental and the plain, is no mean judge of certain phases of a picture. The pure art of the painter cannot but felicitously affect the architect, whose talent is often jeoparded by business exigencies; and the painter must be benefited by the architect's worldly wisdom. The sculptor and the mural painter occupy the middle ground between these two extremes. Theirs the business to be familiar with the technics of paint and clay on the one hand, and decorative architecture on the other. The mere personal contact of these various elements cannot but make for good. Social intercourse often accomplishes more than prearranged programmes. A long debate on some proposed improvement may be sterile of results, or an energetic attack on a public nuisance may prove futile; but during the fray a painter of repute has met an architect of talent, a well-known illustrator has sat beside an equally well-known sculptor, and on adjournment they have all supped together, exchanging over the informal board valuable and exhilarating ideas. It is almost impossible to foretell the fruitful results of such commerce. We may already see them on the wall of a great building of state, in the fenestration of a church, on the ceiling of a salon, in the accessories of a painting, in the background of an illustration, nay, more—in the mien of the individual artist; for what lifts a man higher than converse with high talent? So evidently many think. Painters and sculptors have been heard to say that they deem it a privilege to serve their societies in a representative capacity, because it brings them in touch with able, serious minds having in view the welfare of the arts, capable of voicing interesting views on interesting topics—themselves acquiring thereby a riper judgment on subjects with which they are not quite familiar, as well as a certain confidence in the oral expression of their own thoughts. Architects of experience have been heard to say that they value their positions in the Federation because it keeps them in contact with a world of art wider than that of their guild. The younger men deem it worth their while to meet the veterans in debate and friendly intercourse.

So that should all its castles fall, the work of the Federation will not have been in vain. But its castles will not fall, if in the future the artists stand shoulder to shoulder, as they have stood since its birth.

FREDERIC CROWNINSHIELD.

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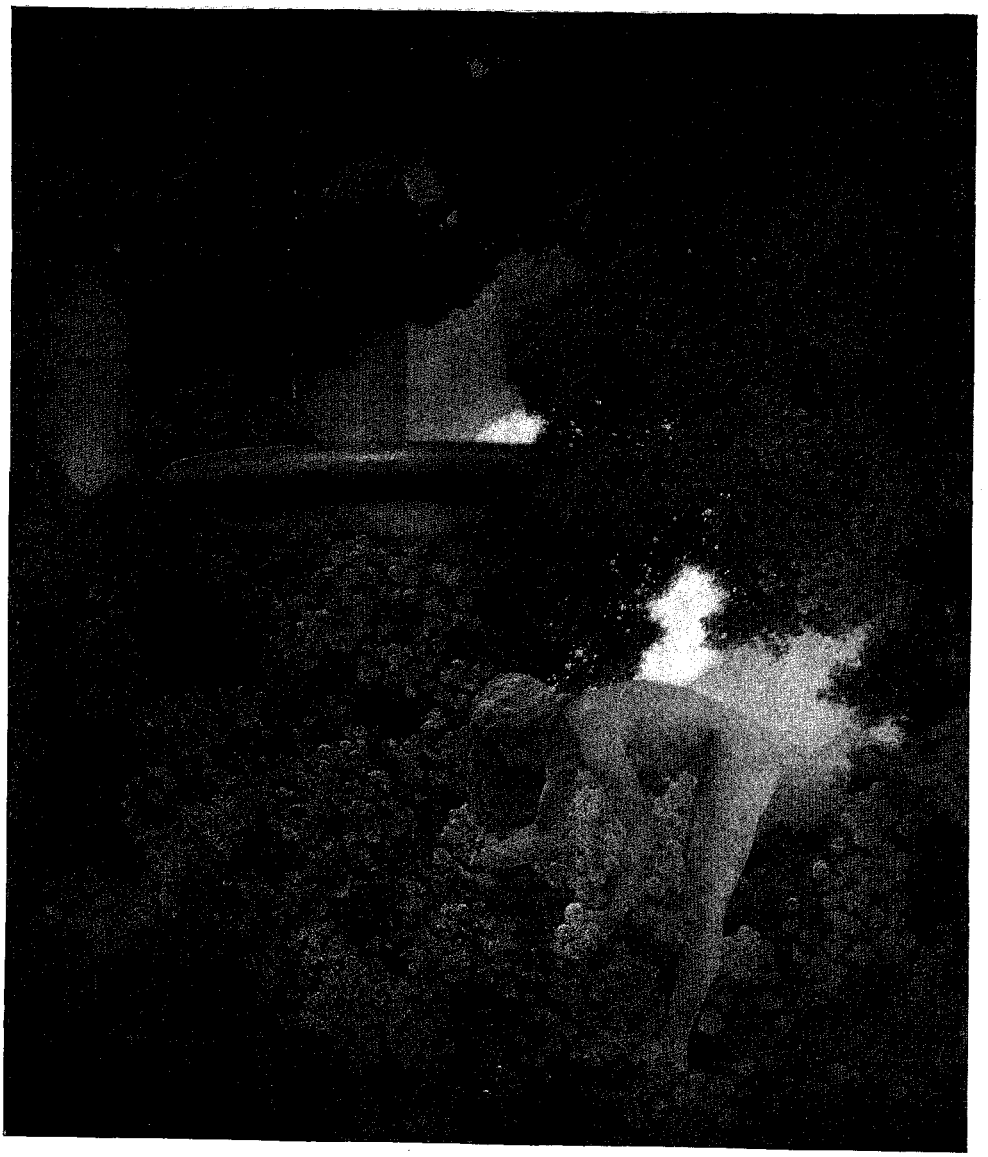

Drawn by Maxfield Parrish.

Ah, never in the world were there such roses
As once from that enchanted trellis hung.

—"Potpourri," page 232.

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